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THE

CHRISTIAN LYRE;

A COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

ADAPTED FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP, PRAYER MEETINGS, AND REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

THE WORK COMPLETE, TWO VOLUMES IN ONE, WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

BY JOSHUA LEAVITT.

SIXTEENTH EDITION, REVISED.

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BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the sixteenth day of October, A. D. 1830, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Joshua Leavitt, of the said District, has deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

"The Christian Lyre. By Joshua Leavitt."

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PREFACE.

3

Every person conversant with revivals must have observed, that whenever meetings for prayer and conference assume a special interest, there is a desire to use hymns and music of a different character from those ordinarily heard in the church. Nettleton's Village Hymns in a good degree meets the first want. Jocelyn's Zion's Harp partially supplies the other. But both are felt to be incomplete, as they are wanting in many pieces, which have proved of great use in revivals.

The usefulness also of many excellent hymns in all our modern collections, has been prevented by the inability of singers to find tunes adapted to the various subjects and metres. The "Christian Lyre" is undertaken with a view to meet both these deficiencies. It is intended to contain a collection of such pieces as are specially adapted to evening meetings and social worship, and chiefly such as are not found in our common collections of sacred music.

As the work is not designed to please scientific musicians, so much as to profit plain christians, reference will be had, chiefly, to the known popularity and good influence of what is selected. And it is intended to embrace the music that is most current among different denominations of christians.

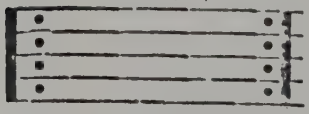
As the number of parts is apt to distract the attention of an audience, when to occupy them with the music instead of the sentiment, the tunes are printed will generally be accompanied with only a simple bass, and sometimes not even with that. In a vast multitude of cases the *devotious* effect of a hymn is heightened by having all sing the air only. Possessing no musical skill beyond that of ordinary plain singers, I send out my work, without pretensions. If it aids the progress of Christ's cause, I shall be rewarded. If not, I shall be accepted according to what I had, and not according to what I had not. And it will prepare the way for some other person to do it better.

OBSERVE,

In the treble the lines and spaces, beginning at the space beneath the lower line, are called, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. In the bass they are F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B.

The natural place of Mi is in B.

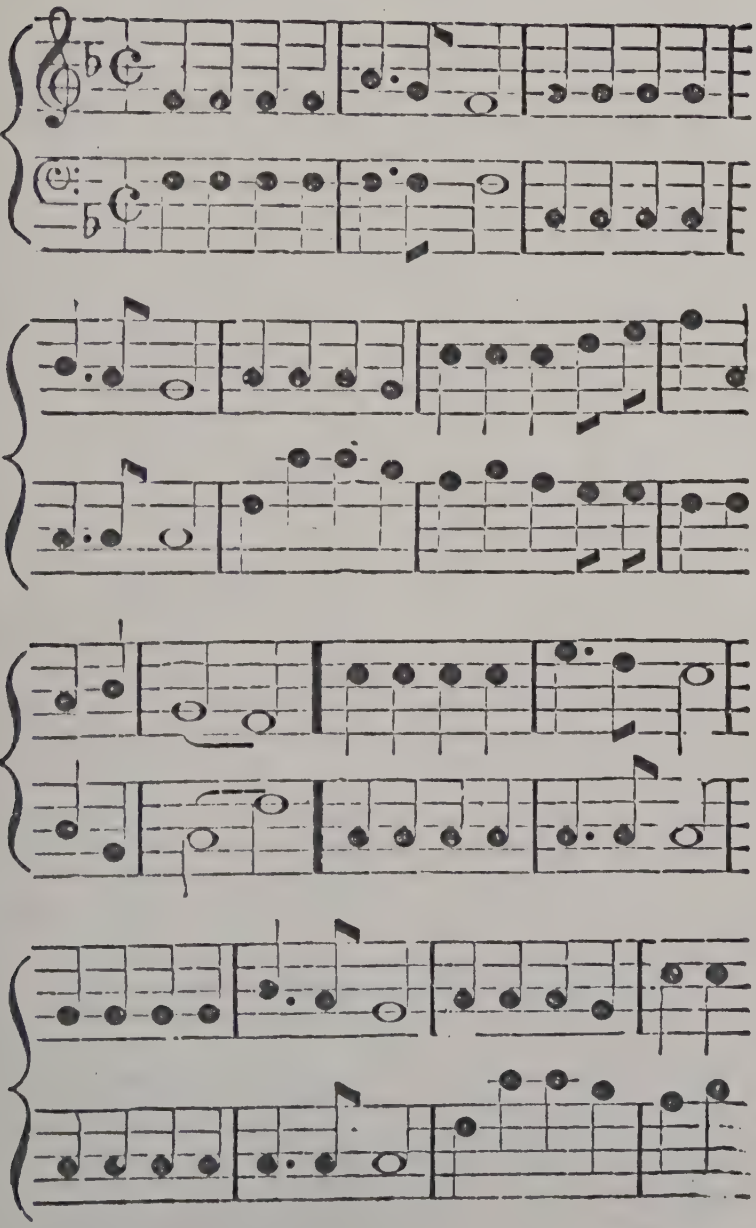
If B be flat, Mi is in E.
If B and E be flat, Mi is in A.
If B, E, and A be flat, Mi is in D.
If B, E, A, and D be flat, Mi is in G.
If B, E, A, D, and G be flat, Mi is in C
If F be sharp, Mi is in F.
If F and C be sharp, Mi is in C.
If F, C and G be sharp, Mi is in G.
If F, C, G and D be sharp, Mi is in D.
If F, C, G, D and A be sharp, Mi is in A.

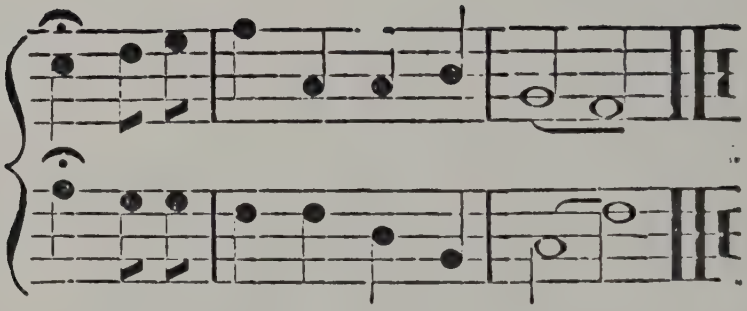


A Repeat, shows what part of a tune is to be sung over again.

Da. Capo. means that the tune is to close, by repeating the first strain.

BENEVENTO. 8 lines 7's.





1. THE NEW YEAR.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below,
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

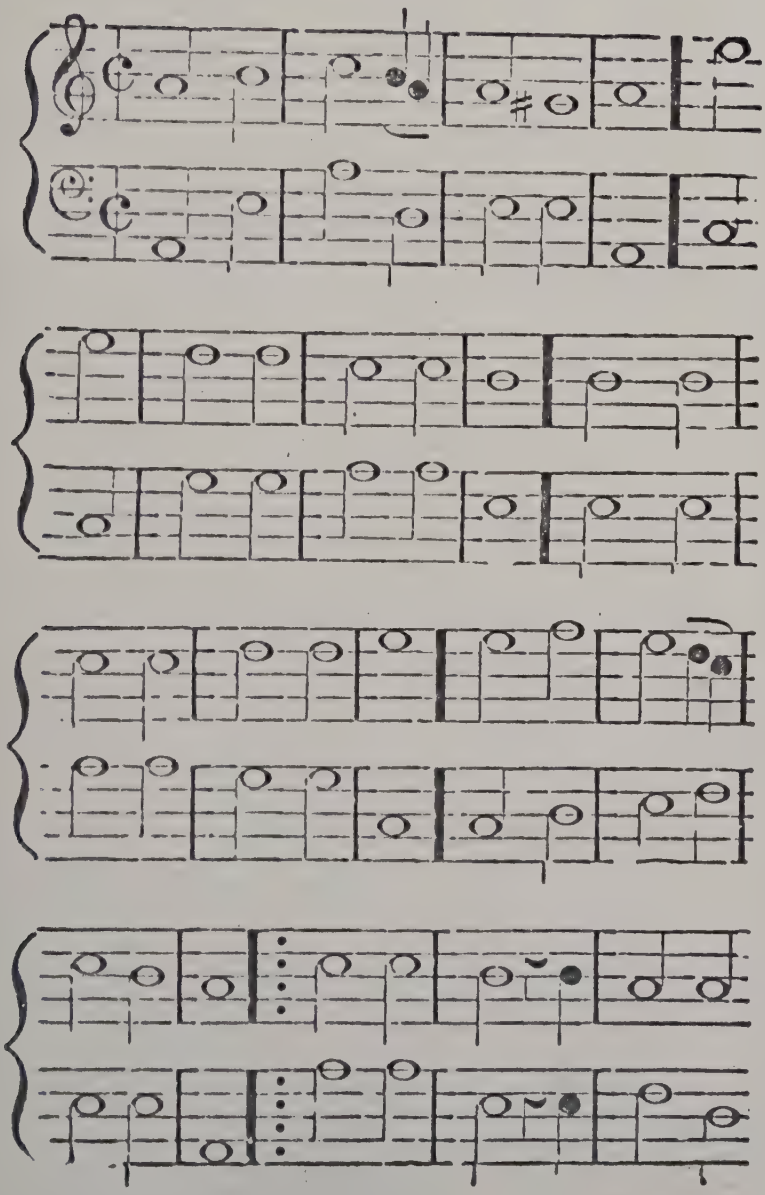
3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew:
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Savior's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

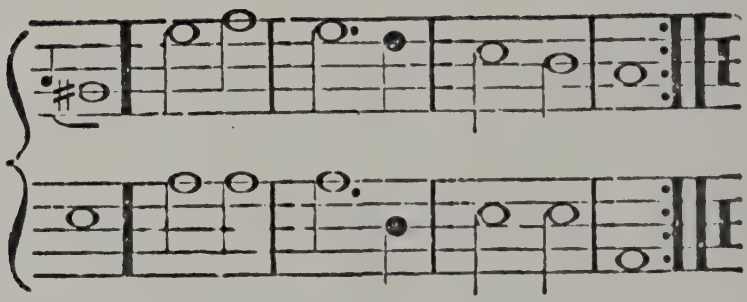
2. TURN, WHY WILL YE DIE.

1 SINNER's, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
Christ your Savior, asks you why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long sought sinners why
Will you grieve your God, and die?





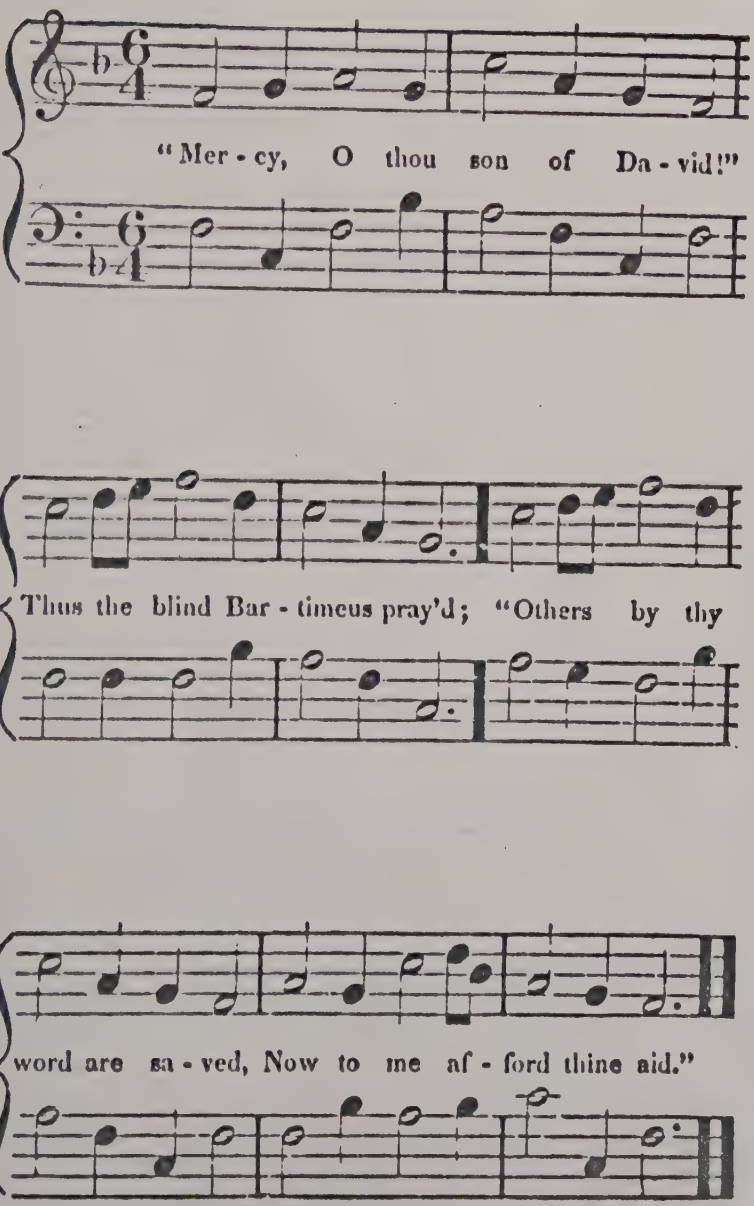
3. *Hearts of Stone.*

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled—rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood,
Sinful soul, what hast thou done!
Murder'd God's eternal Son.

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix'd him there
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear:
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Will you let him die in vain,
Still to death pursue your Lord;
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No! with all my sins I'll part,
Savior, take my broken heart.

BARTIMEUS. 8. 7.



4. *Bartimeus.*

1 "MERCY, O thou son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Savior bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."

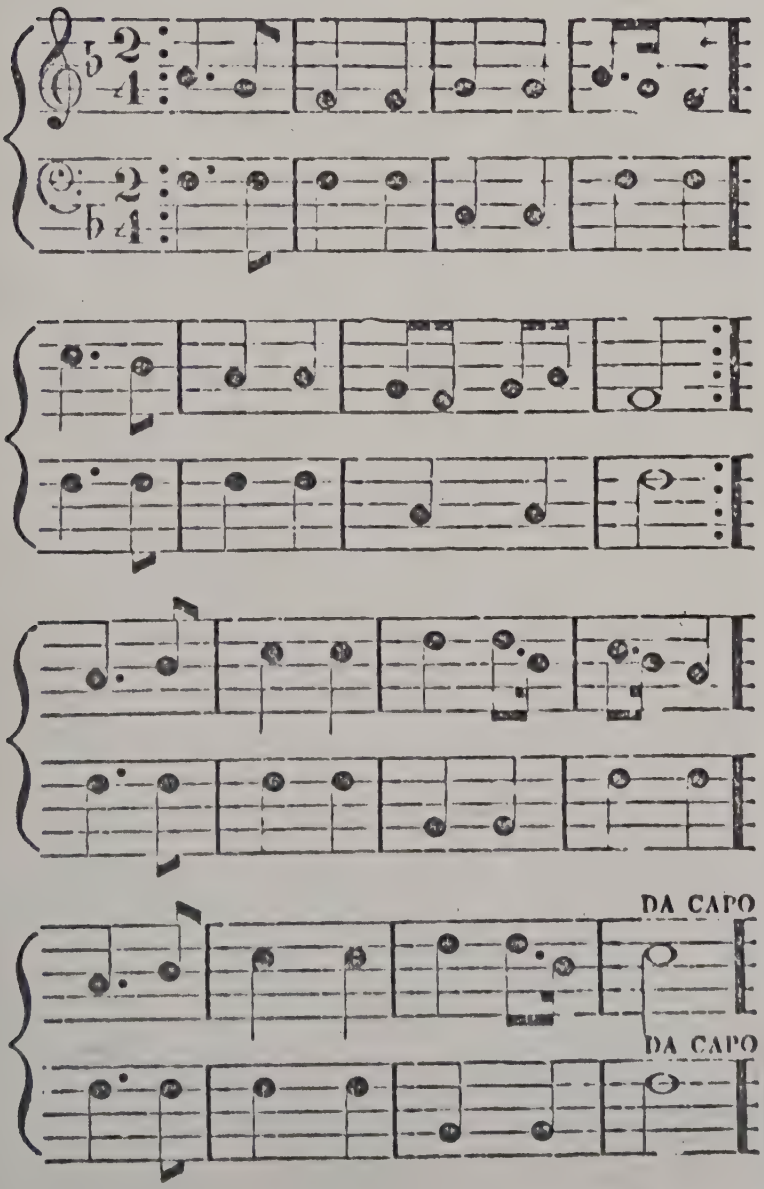
3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Savior I have found!

6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

GREENVILLE. 8. 7. 4. or 8. 7. D



5. GENTLY, LORD.

1 Gently, Lord, oh! gently lead us
Through this lowly vale of tears,
And, oh Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Oh! refresh us—
Oh! refresh us with thy grace.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin.
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

4 Oh, that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

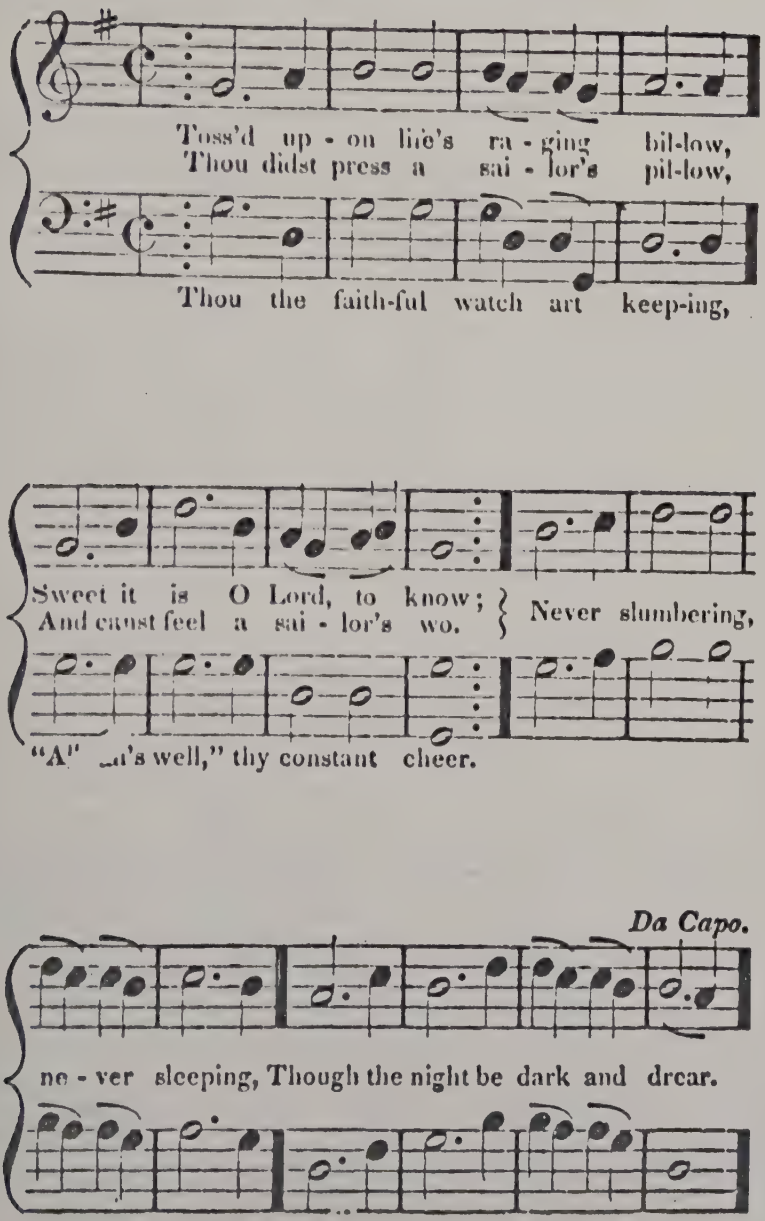
6. ONE THERE IS.

1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But 't'is Savior died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above.

7. ONCE, O LORD.

1 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

2 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,—
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither
Let not all our hopes be vain!

Toss'd up - on life's ra - ging bil-low,
Thou didst press a sai - lor's pil-low,
Thou the faith-ful watch art keep-ing,
Sweet it is O Lord, to know;
And canst feel a sai - lor's wo.
Never slumbering,
"All's well," thy constant cheer.
Da Capo.
ne - ver sleeping, Though the night be dark and drear.

8. LIFE'S BILLOWS.

1 Toss'n upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know;
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's wo.
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.

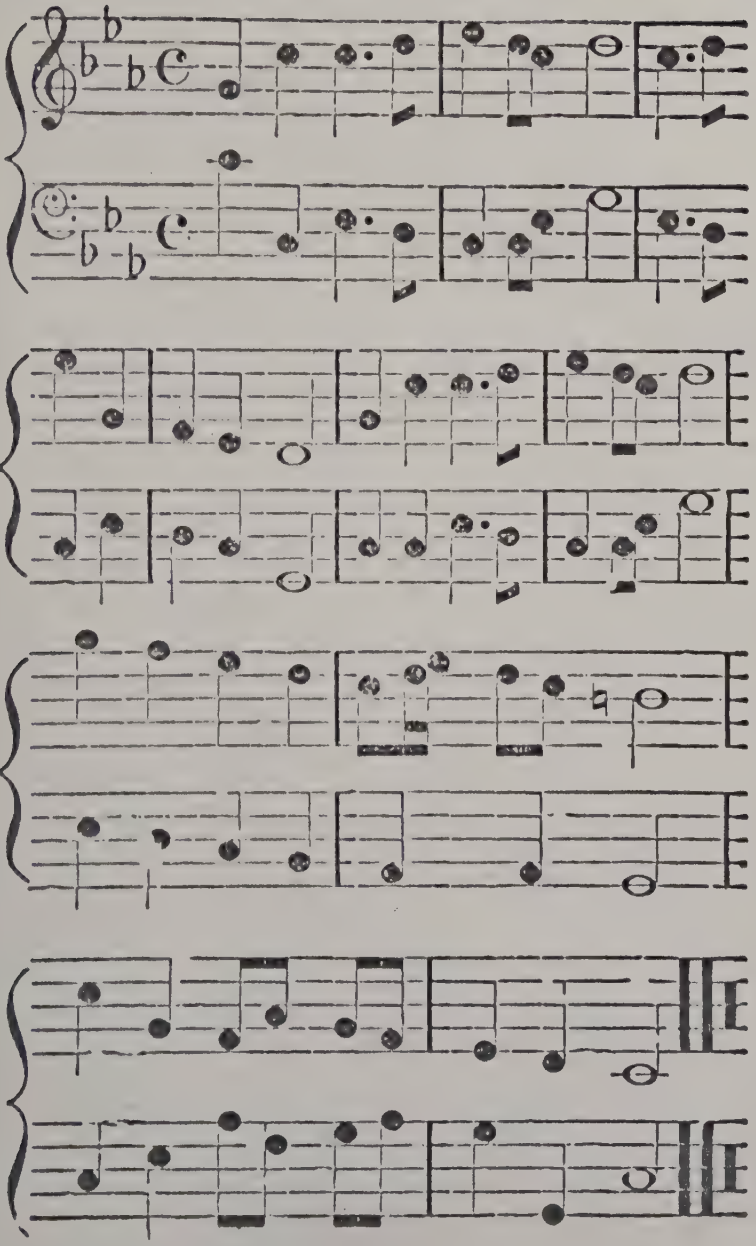
2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red;
Darkly, though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye;
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moor'd in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

9. LIGHT OF THOSE.

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love's revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favor
Thou hast for the ransom'd race;
Come, thou glorious God and Savior,
Come, and bring thy gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release!
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

10. 'TIS A POIN'.

1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hard'ly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove—
Every trifle give me pain—
If I knew a Savior's love?

4 When I turn mine eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin—
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all!

7 Lord decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun:
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

8 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

11. HASTEN, SINNER.

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinnner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done

4 Hasten sinner, to be blest:
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

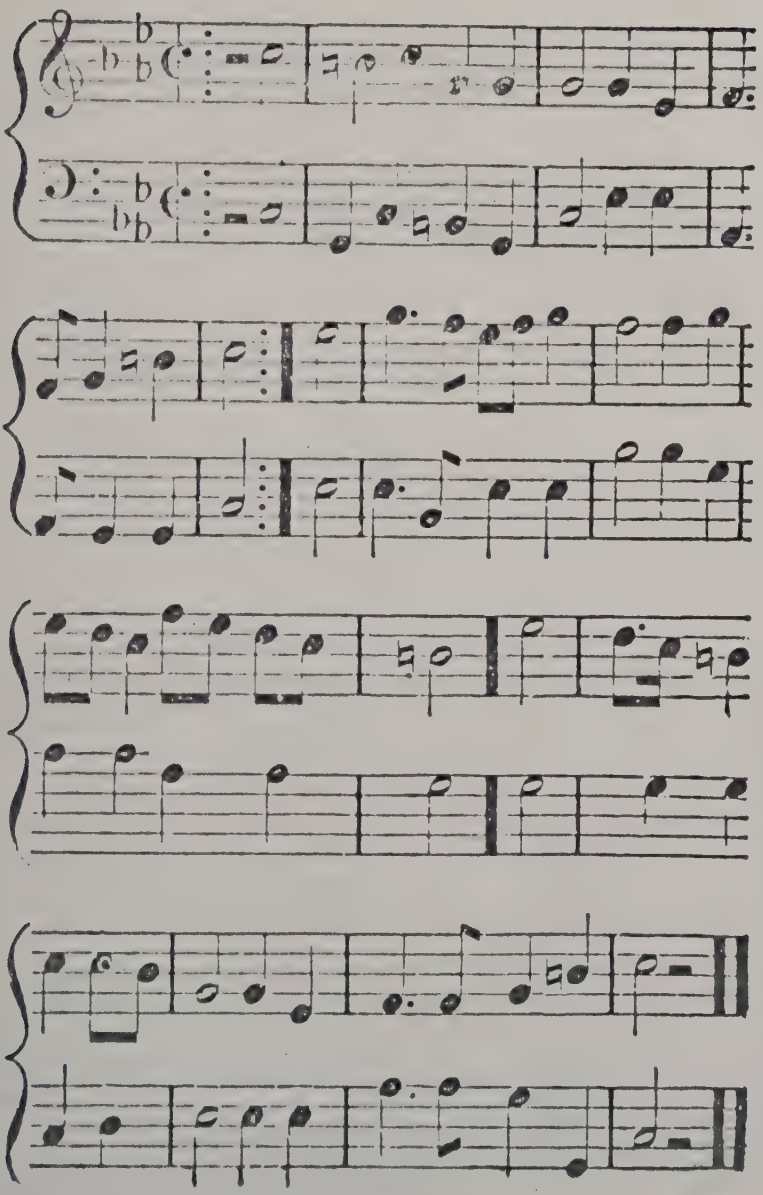
12. SEEK MY SOUL.

1 SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter, ere it be too late;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.

2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim—
Lord! we have profess'd thy name;
We have ate with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word

4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot—
Christ will say "I know you not."



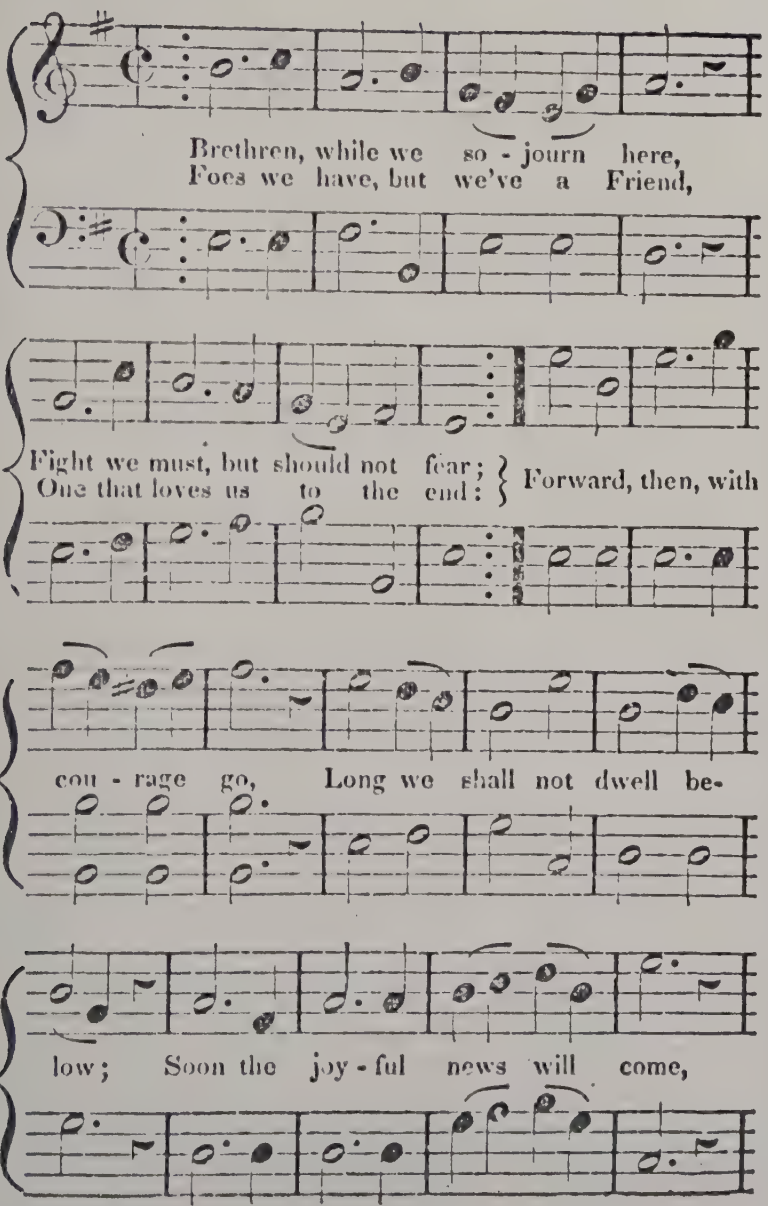
13. *Longing for heaven*

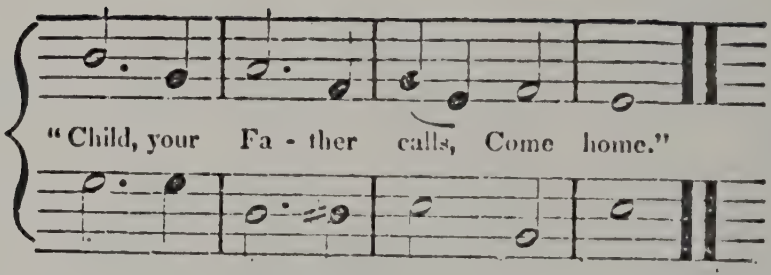
1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er;
And since he has proved faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace, I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love, I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
Then O my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.


Brethren, while we so - journ here,
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with
cou - rage go, Long we shall not dwell be-
low; Soon the joy - ful news will come,

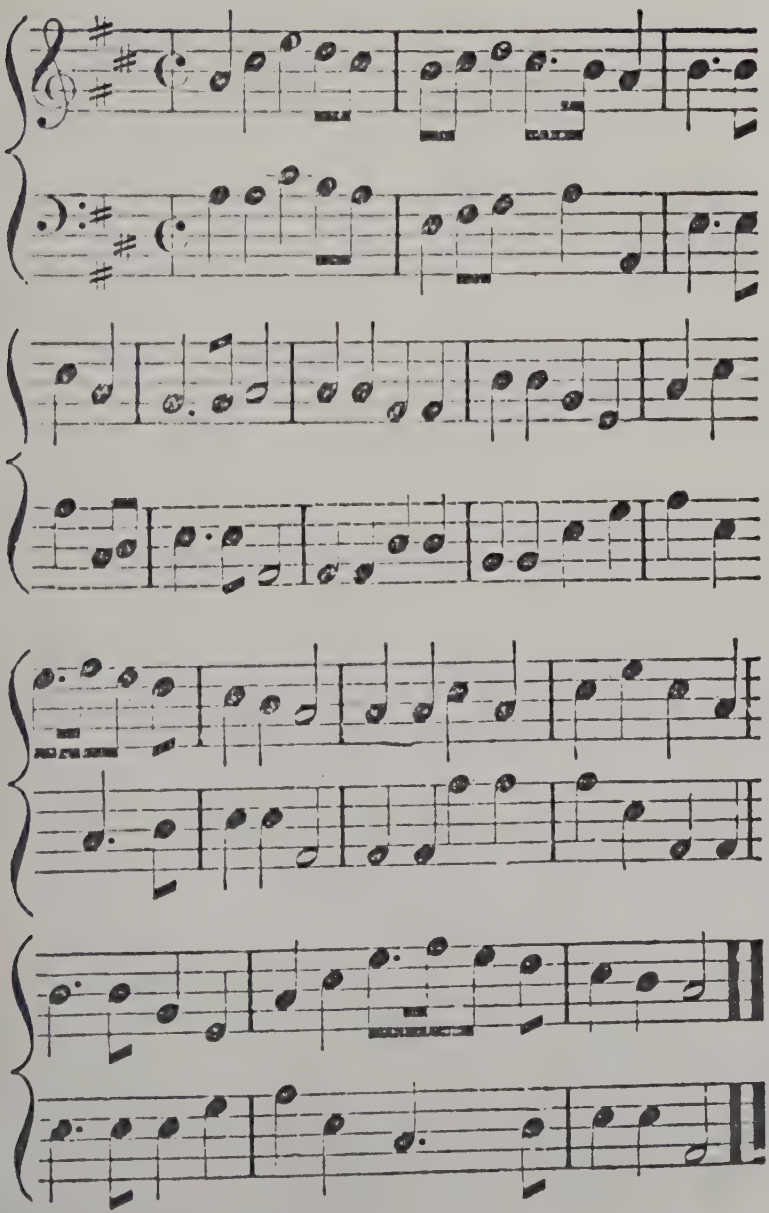


14. *Christian's Home.*

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home."

2 In the way, a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart:
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home."

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home."



15. *Sinners will you.* 8. 7. 4.

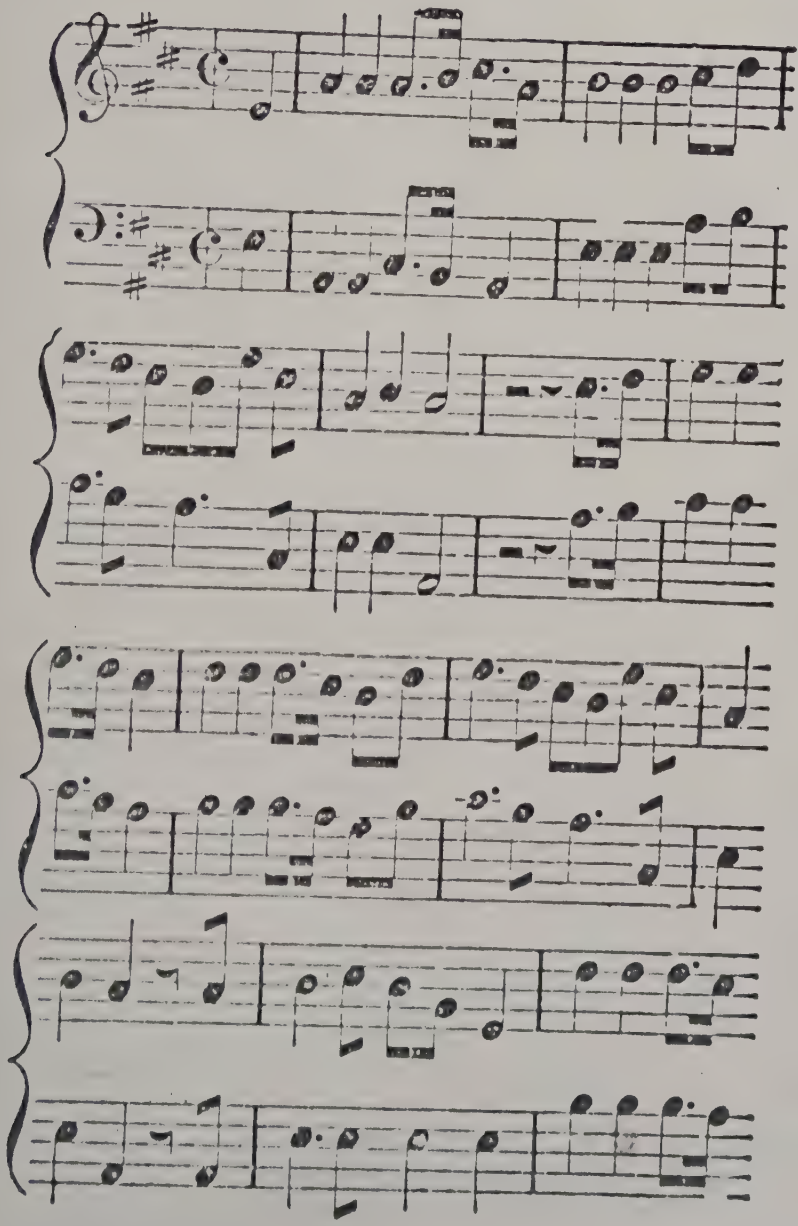
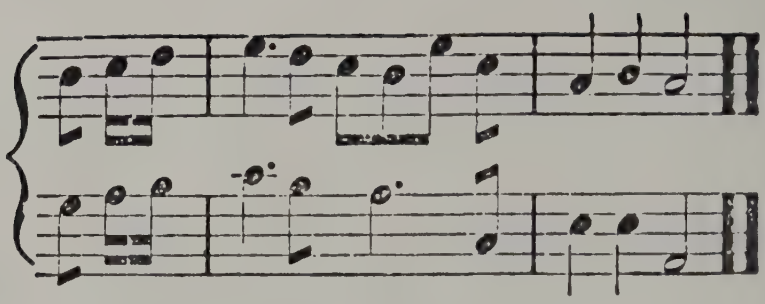
1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—O, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's king proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name?
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord!

5 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.



16. *Awake, my soul.* L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O, how free!

His loving-kindness—Loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, O, how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O, how great

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O, how good!

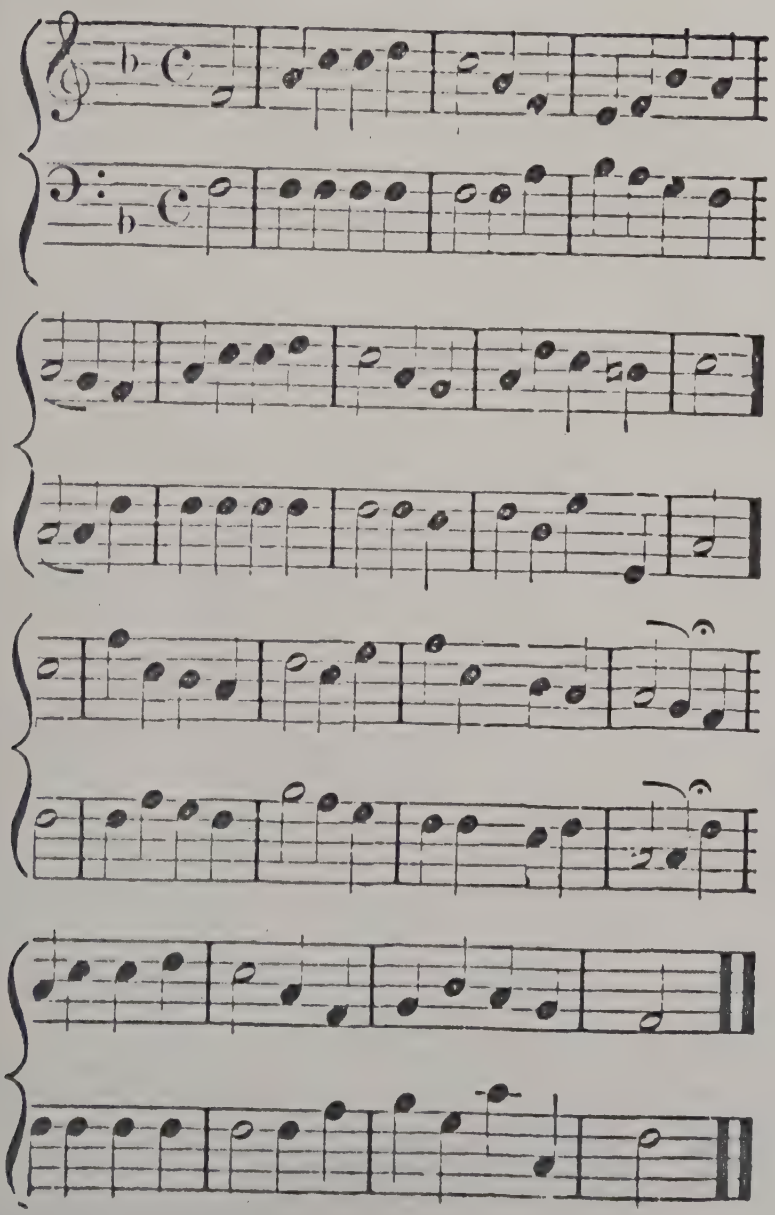
5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7. 6. D.

COMPOSED BY LOWELL MASON.



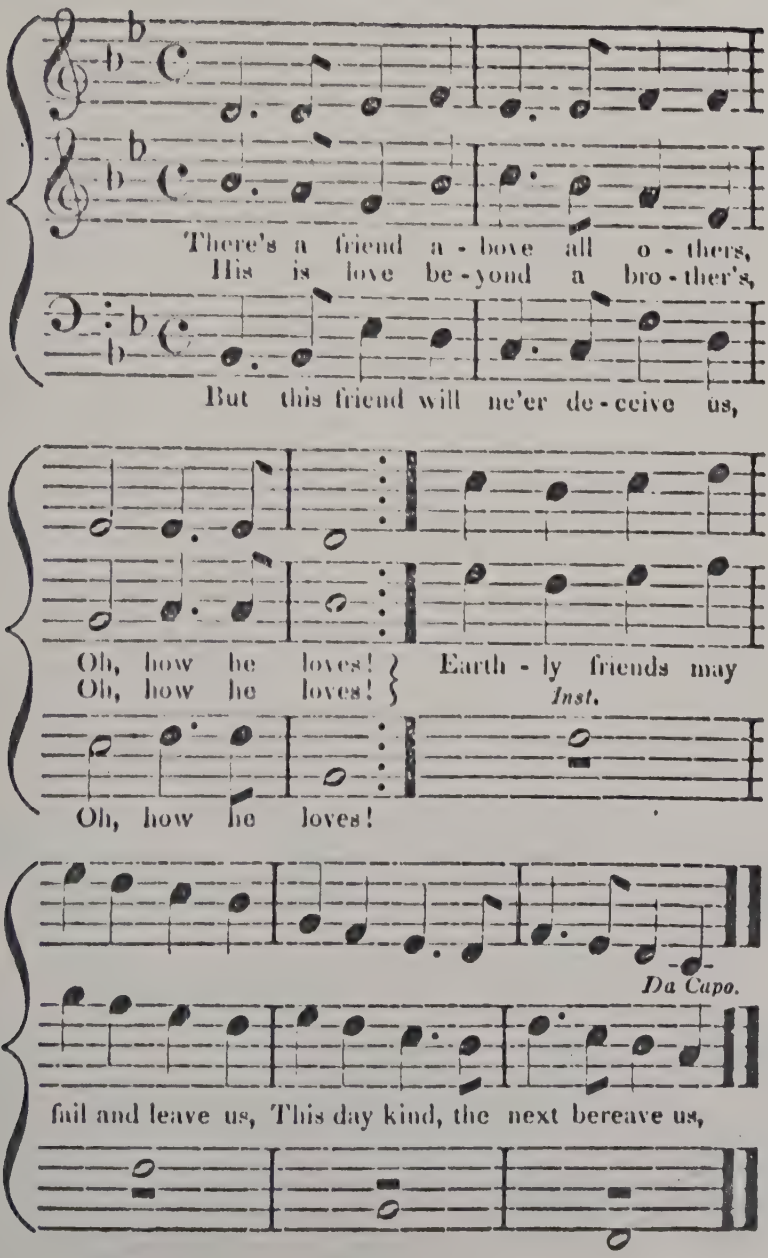
17. *Missionary Hymn.*

1. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain,

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.


There's a friend a - bove all o - thers,
His is love be - yond a bro - ther's,
But this friend will ne'er de - ceive us,
Oh, how he loves!
Oh, how he loves!
Earth - ly friends may
Inst.
Oh, how he loves!
Da Capo.
fail and leave us, This day kind, the next bereave us,

18. *The love of Jesus.*

1 There's a friend above all others,
Oh, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how he loves!

2 Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know him,
Oh, how he loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
Oh, how he loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
Oh, how he loves!

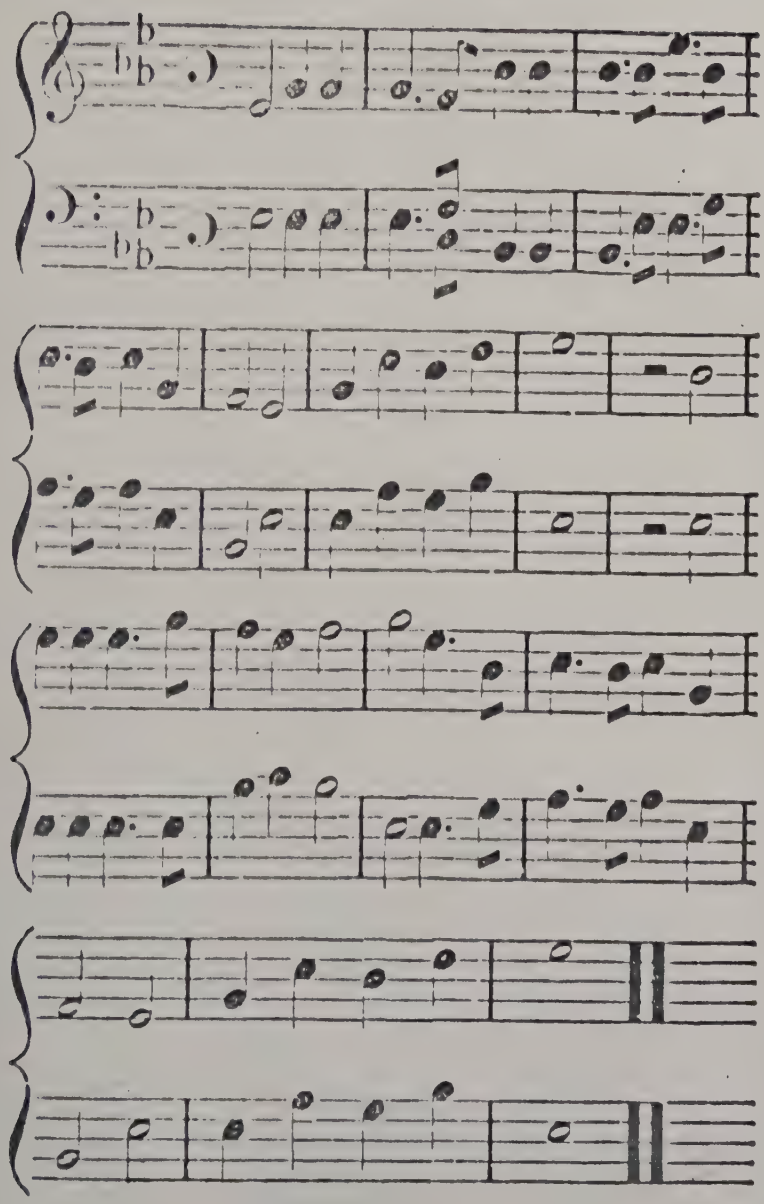
3 Love this friend who longs to save thee,
Oh, how he loves!
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,
Oh, how he loves!
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrows,
Oh, how he loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee;
Oh, how he loves!

5 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
Oh, how he loves!
Nought can cleave this love asunder,
Oh, how he loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation;
Oh, how he loves!

6 Let us still this love be viewing,
Oh, how he loves!
And though faint keep on pursuing,
Oh, how he loves!
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song for ever,
Oh, how he loves!

Note.—This is a favorite piece among the Welch, and much used in their revivals. It was sent in MS. from Bristol to a gentleman in New-York, who kindly gave it for the Lyre.



19. *Awaked by Sinai's.*

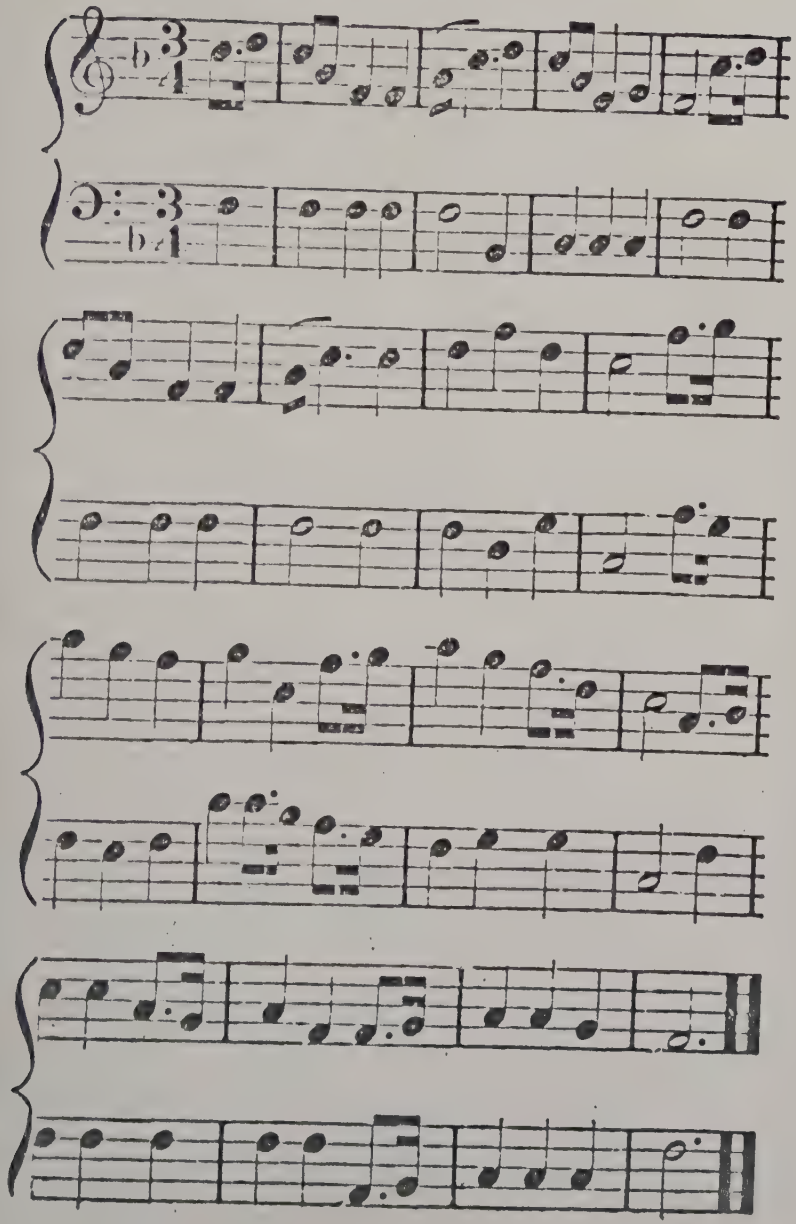
1. AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo."

2. When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelm'd my tortured mind.

3. Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load:
Alas, I read, and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God,"

4. The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd Death and Hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

5. But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Savior pass'd this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace *is* born again,
And sings redeeming love.



20. *Though troubles assail.*

1. THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide—
The scripture assures us, *the Lord will provide.*

2. The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
From them let us learn to trust in our Head;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written *the Lord will provide.*

3. We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, *the Lord will provide.*

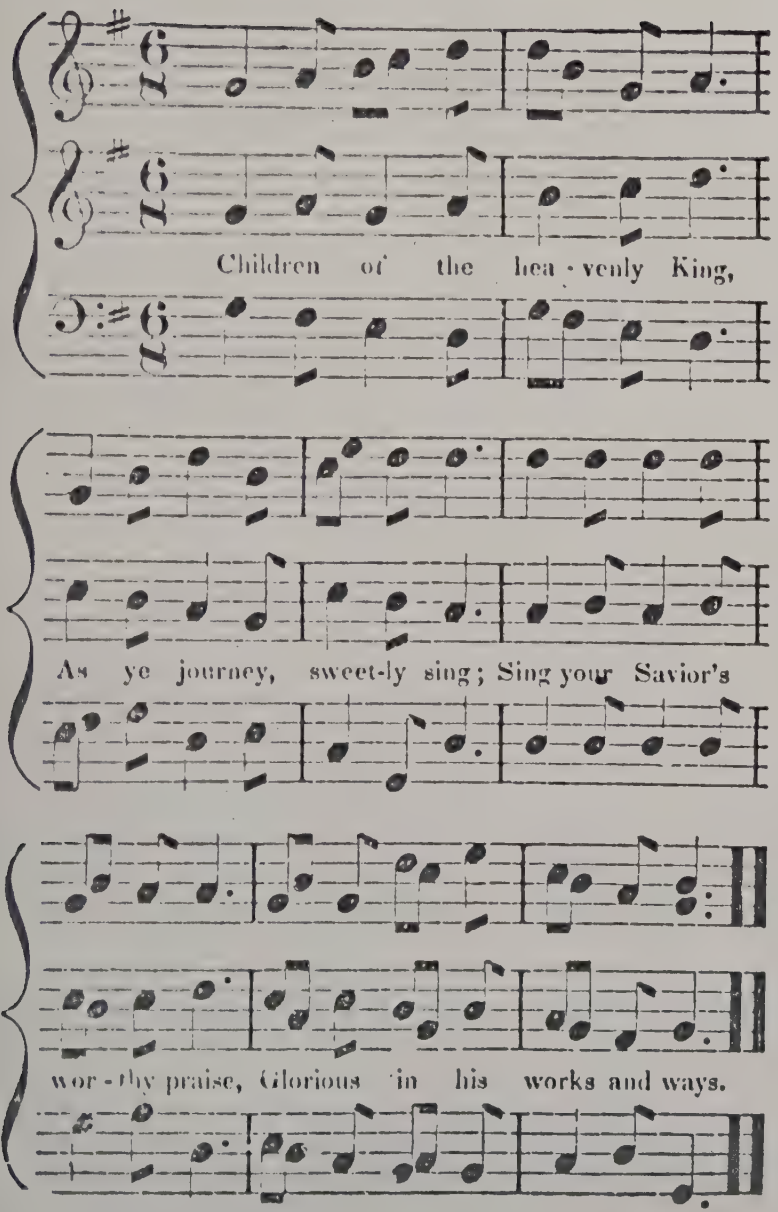
4. His call we obey, like Abraham of old;
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold:
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide
And trust, in all dangers, *the Lord will provide.*

5. When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith,
He cannot take from us, (though oft he has tried,)
The heart-cheering promise, *the Lord will provide.*

6. No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Savior's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, *the Lord will provide.*

7. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

WARREN. 7s.


Children of the hea-venly King,
As ye journey, sweet-ly sing; Sing your Savior's
wor-thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

21. JOY IN HOPE.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
Bids you, undismay'd, go on.

5 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

REDEEMING LOVE.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd—
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing—but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

FULL REDEMPTION.

1 When, my Savior, shall I be,
Perfectly resign'd to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below!
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might.

3 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove,
All the depths of humble love.

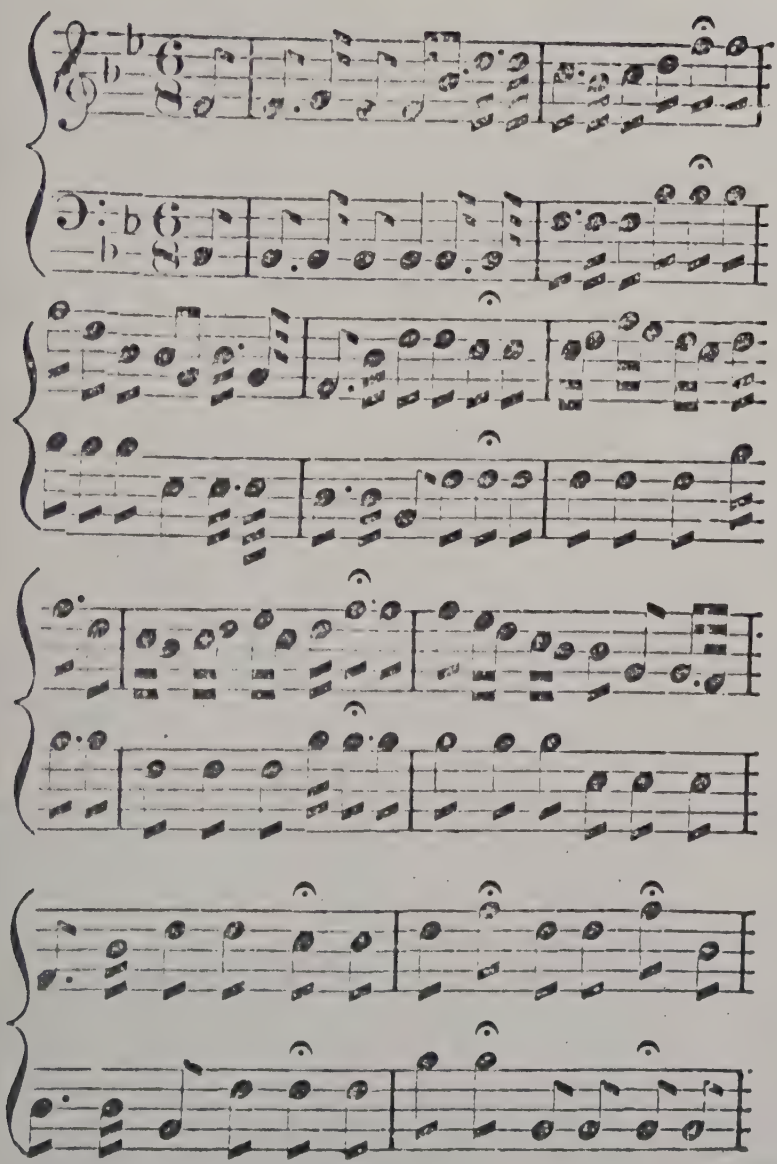
PERFECT LOVE.

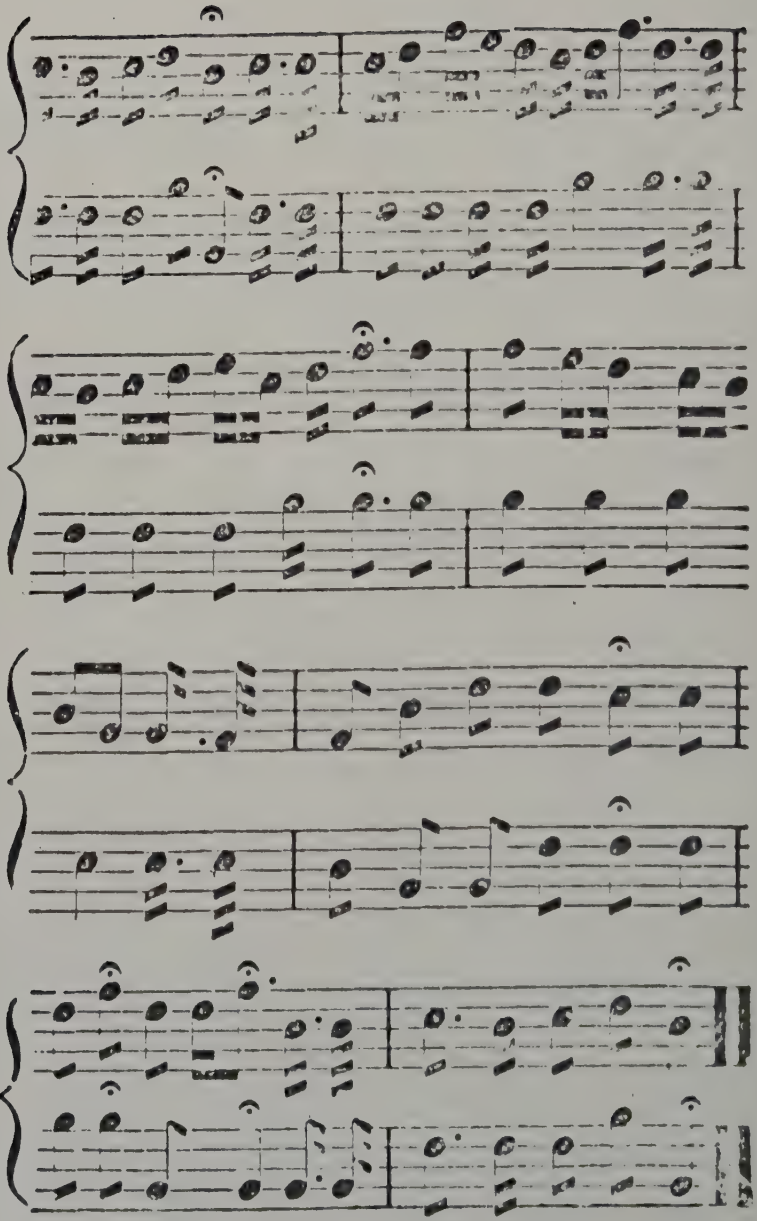
1 Jesus comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up!

2 He hath our salvation wrought;
He our captive souls hath bought:
He hath reconciled to God:
He hath wash'd us in his blood.

3 We are now his lawful right;
Walk as children of the light;
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart to see his face.

4 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.





22. FREE GRACE.

1. The voice of free grace
Cries, escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race,
Christ has opened a fountain,
For sin and transgression
And every pollution,
The blood it flows freely
In streams of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

2. This fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side flows
In plenteous redemption:
Though your sins they were
raised
As high as a mountain,
The blood it flows freely
From Jesus the fountain.
Hallelujah, &c.

3. O Jesus! ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell
Thou wilt make us victorious,
Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
Ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

4. When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands
We will praise him evermore,
We will range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever.
Hallelujah, &c.

23. WAKE, ISLES OF THE SOUTH.

Composed by W. B. Tappan, and sung on the wharf, in New Haven, at the embarkation of the missionaries for the Sandwich Islands, in 1822.

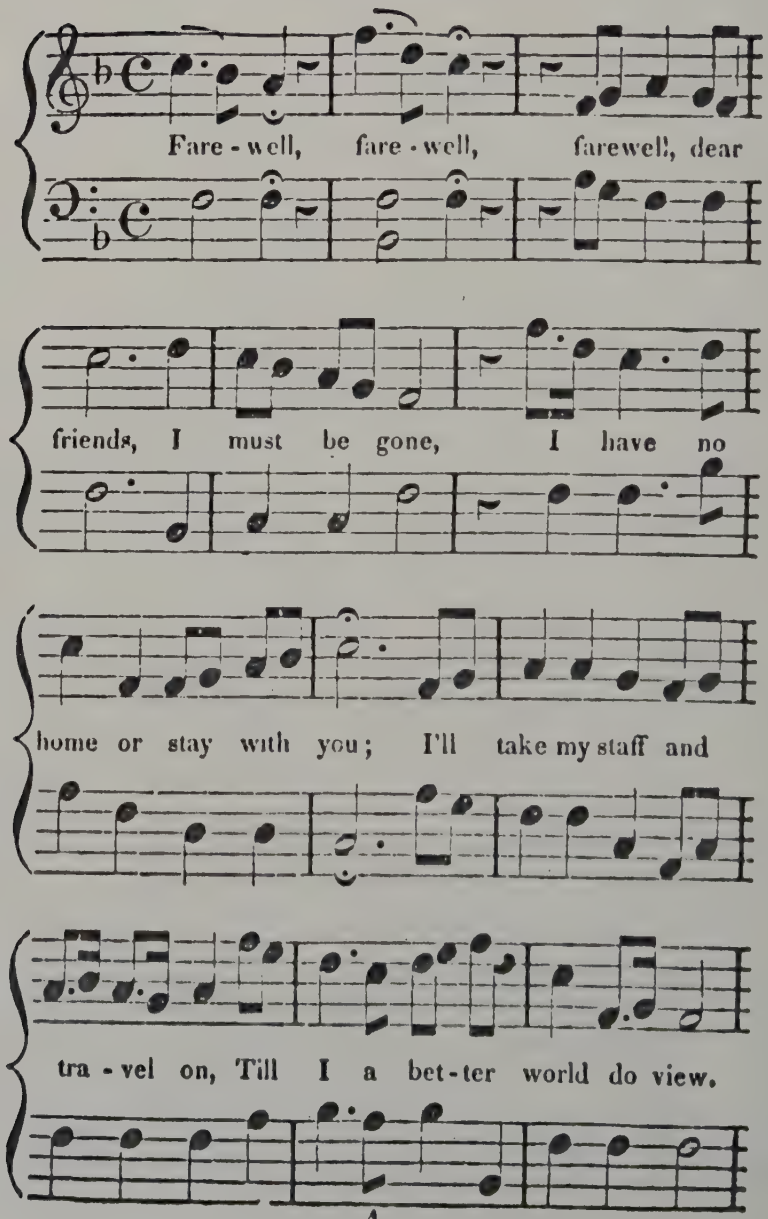
1. WAKE, Isles of the South!
Your redemption is near,
No longer repose
In the borders of gloom;
The strength of his chosen,
In love will appear,
And light shall arise
On the verge of the tomb.

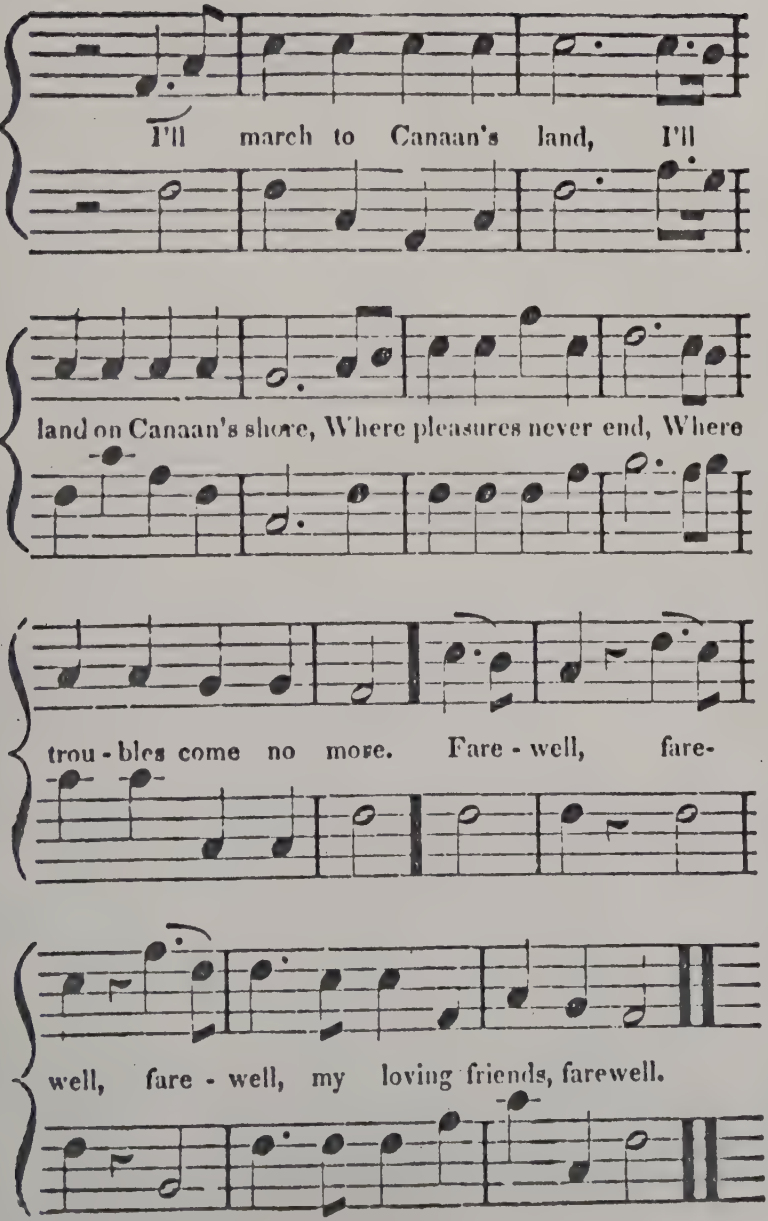
2. The billows that girt ye,
The wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play
Where the ocean storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight
To your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings
Of pardon and peace.

3. On the islands that sit
In the regions of night,
The lands of despair,
To oblivion a prey,
The morning will open
With healing and light;
The young Star of Bethlehem
Will ripen to-day.

4. The altar and idol,
In dust overthrown,
The incense forbade
That was hallowed with blood,
The Priest of Melchizedec,
There shall atone,
And the shrines of Atool
Be sacred to God.

5. The heathen will hasten
To welcome the time,
The day spring, the prophet
In vision once saw,
When the beams of Messiah
Will illumine each clime,
And the isles of the ocean
Shall wait for his law.


Fare - well, fare - well, farewell, dear
friends, I must be gone, I have no
home or stay with you; I'll take my staff and
tra - vel on, Till I a bet - ter world do view.


I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll
land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, Where
trou - bles come no more. Fare - well, fare-
well, fare - well, my loving friends, farewell.

24. *Farewell dear friends*

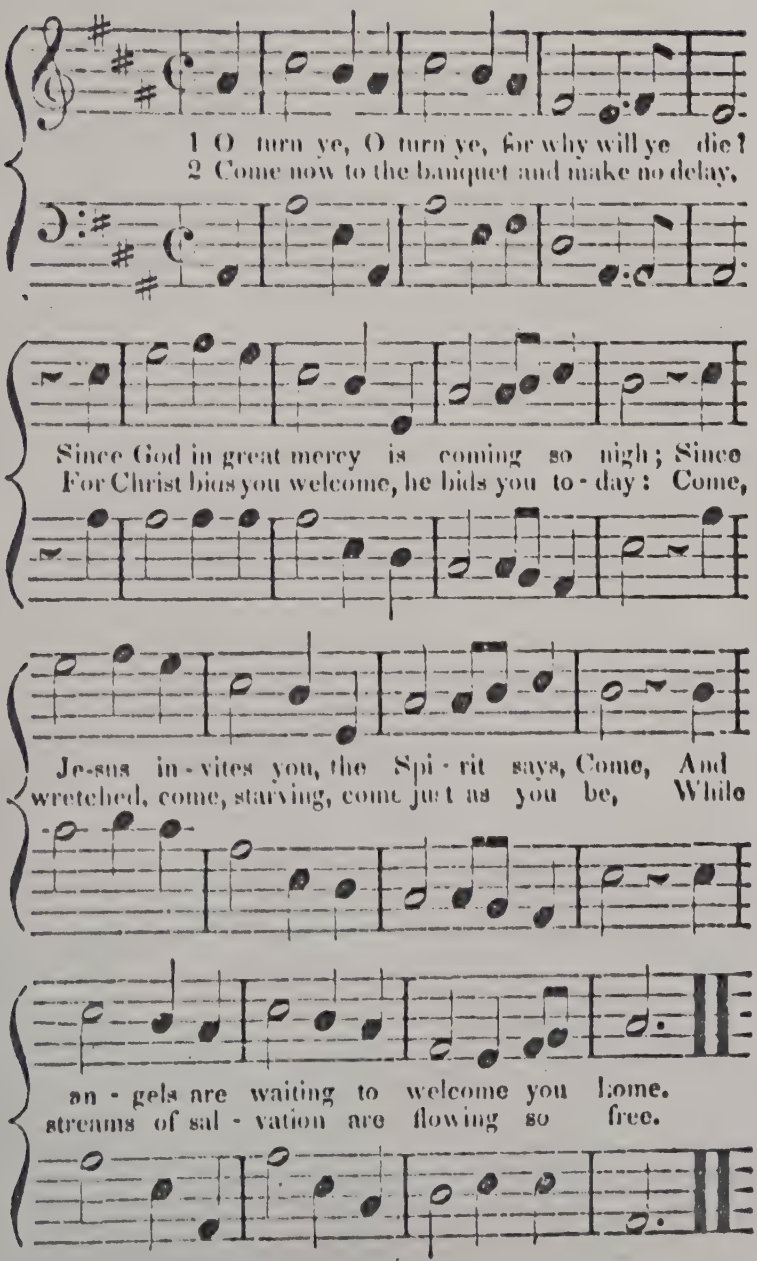
1. FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
I have no home or stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.
I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll land on Canaan's shore;
Where pleasures never end,
Where troubles come no more.
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends farewell.

2. Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march, &c.

3. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
I'll march, &c.

4. Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given
I'll march, &c.
Fight on, &c.

5 Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn, and find salvation near
I'll march, &c.
O turn, &c.


1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
2 Come now to the banquet and make no delay,
Since God in great mercy is coming so nigh; Since
For Christ bids you welcome, he bids you to-day: Come,
Je-sus in-vites you, the Spi-rit says, Come, And
wretched, come, starving, come just as you be, While
an-gels are waiting to welcome you home.
streams of sal-vation are flowing so free.

25. *O turn ye.*

1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

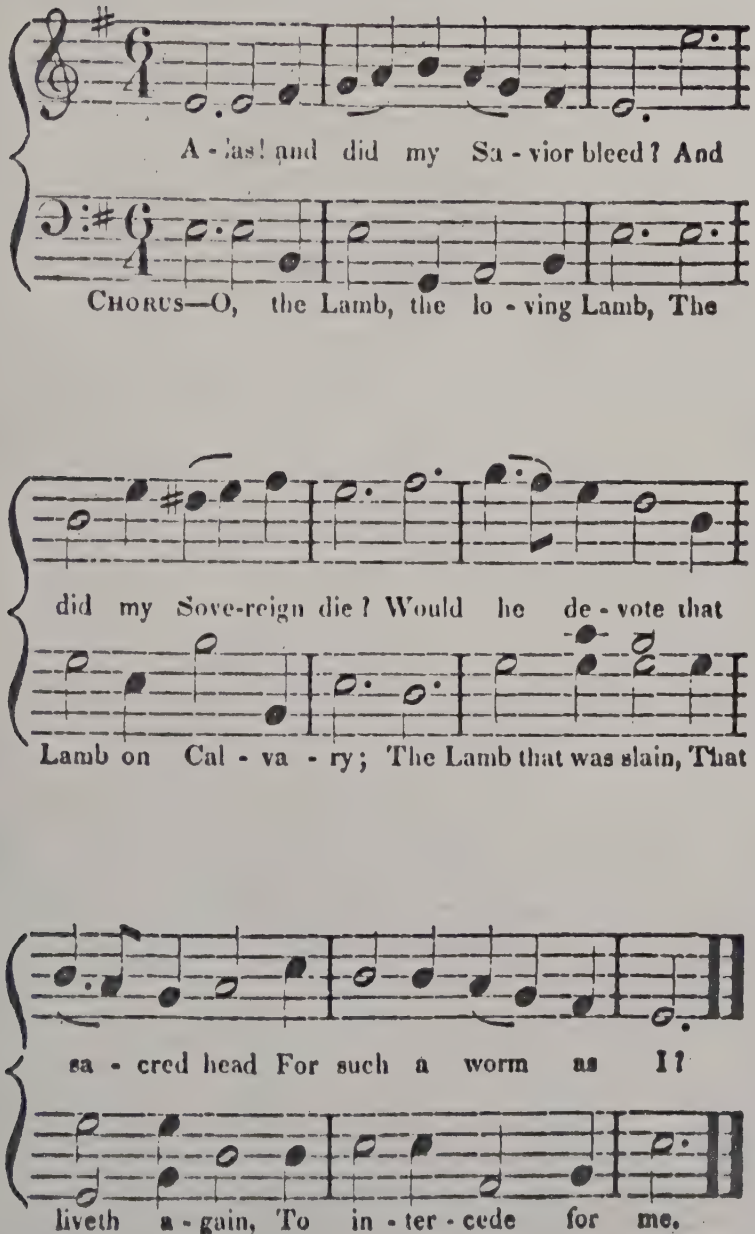
2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart.
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.


A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed? And
CHORUS—O, the Lamb, the lo - ving Lamb, The
did my Sove-reign die? Would he de - vote that
Lamb on Cal - va - ry; The Lamb that was slain, That
sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
liveth a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

26. *Repentance.*

1. ALAS! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a wretch as I?

CHORUS.—Repeat the tune.

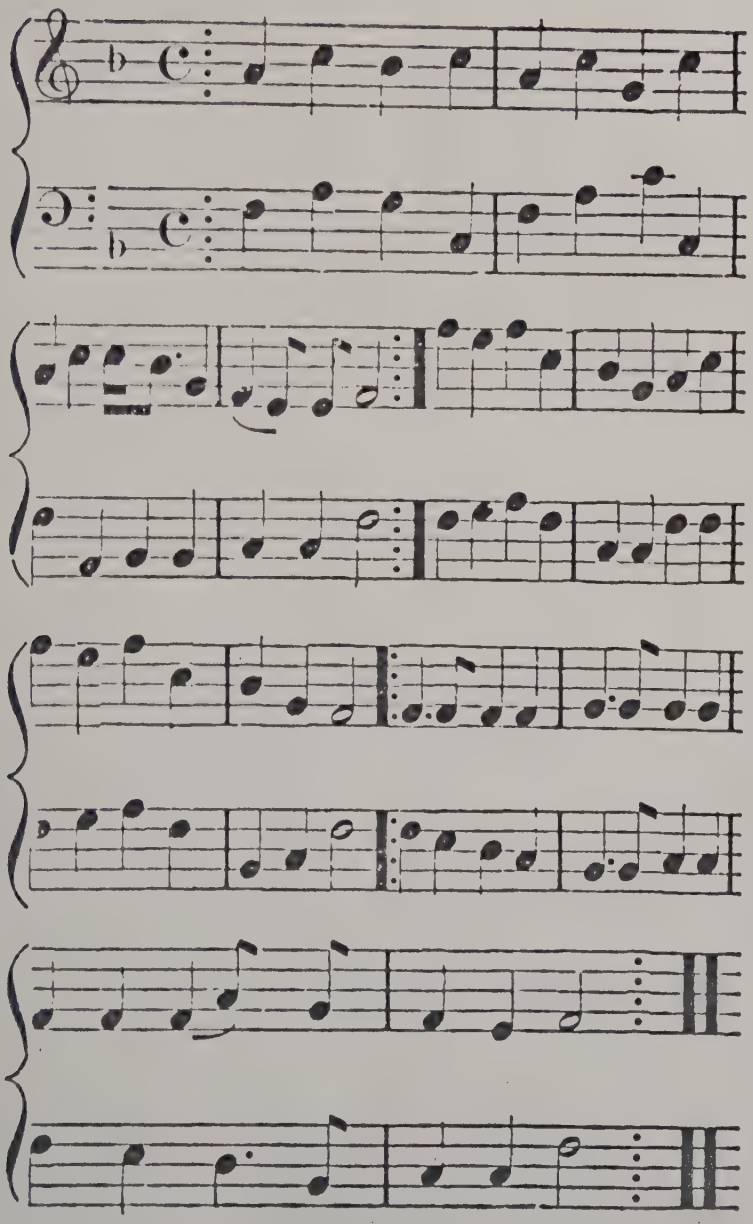
O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary;
The Lamb that was slain,
That liveth again,
To intercede for me.

2. Was it for crimes, that I have done—
He groan'd upon the tree?—
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
O, the Lamb, &c.

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
O, the Lamb, &c,

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, in tears.
O, the Lamb, &c.

5. But drops of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.
O, the Lamb, &c.



27. *Lord with glowing.*

1. LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

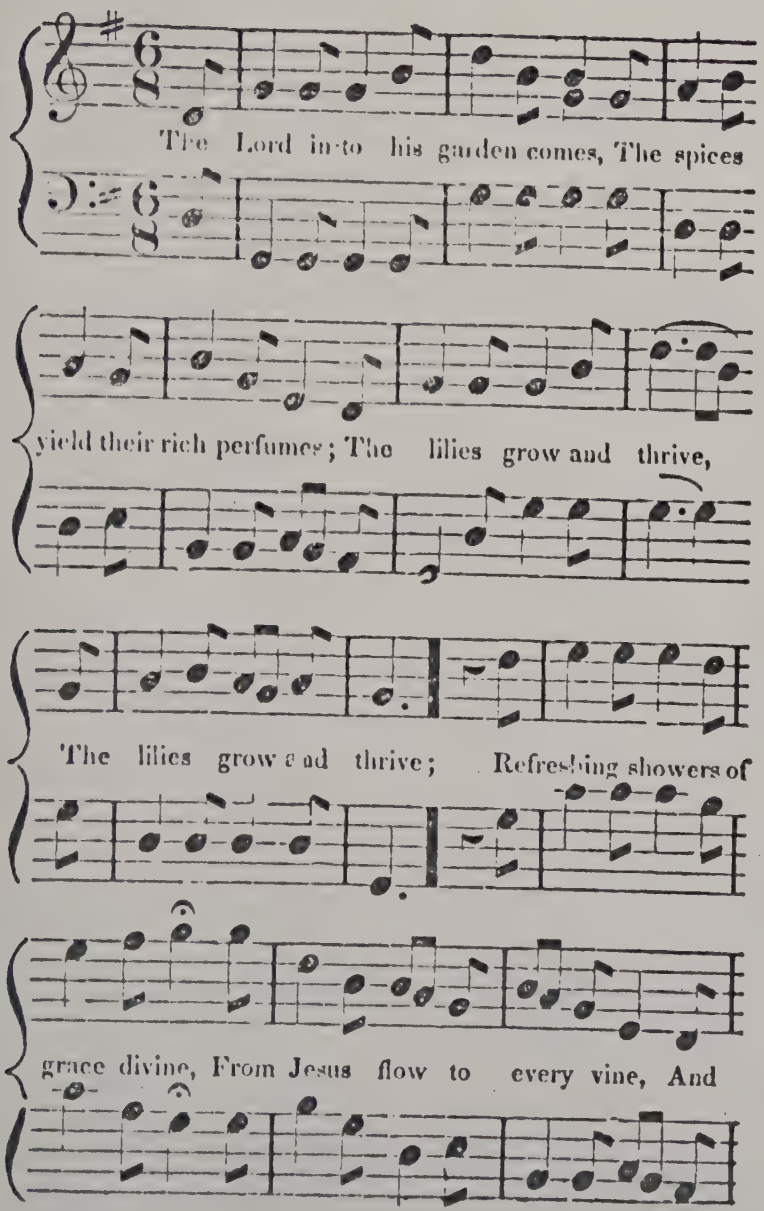
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

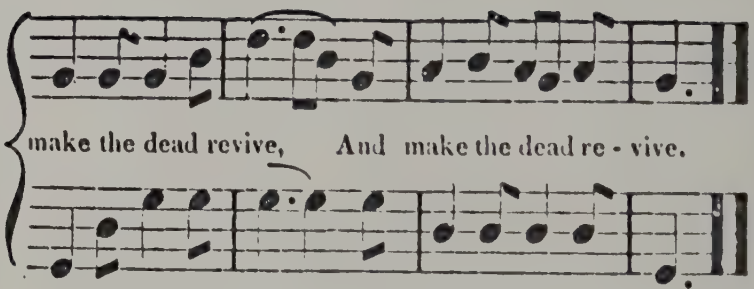
3. Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

28. *Far from mortal.*

1. FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2. Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.


The Lord in-to his garden comes, The spices
yield their rich perfumes; The lilies grow and thrive,
The lilies grow and thrive; Refreshing showers of
grace divine, From Jesus flow to every vine, And



29. *Revival Blessings.*

1 The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes;
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 This makes the dry and barren ground,
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me;
Who come to Christ may live.

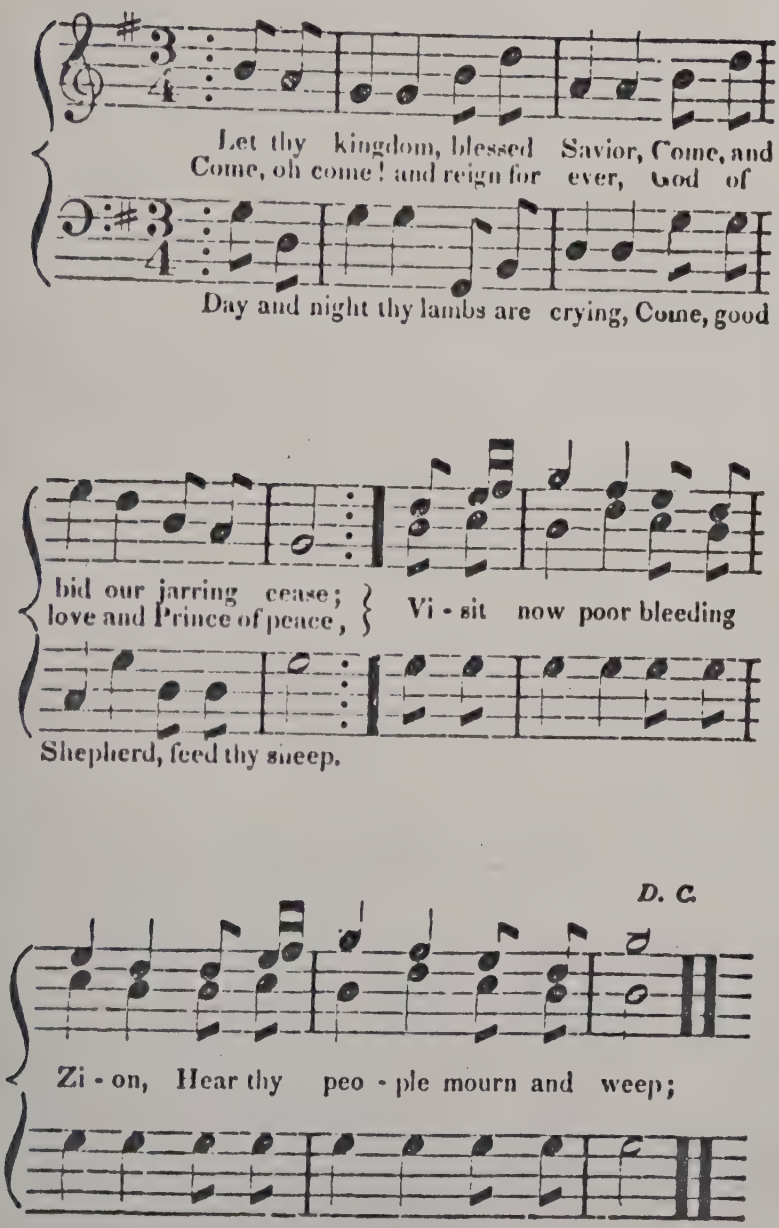
4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Savior pitiful and kind,
Who will them all relieve:
None are too late if they repent;
Out of one sinner legions went,
Jesus did him receive.

5 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our trouble and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

8 There we shall reign, and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there
For Jesus bids us come.


Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior, Come, and
Come, oh come! and reign for ever, God of
Day and night thy lambs are crying, Come, good
bid our jarring cease;
love and Prince of peace,
Vi - sit now poor bleeding
Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
D. C.
Zi - on, Hear thy peo - ple mourn and weep;

30. *Let thy kingdom.*

1. Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior,
Come, and bid our jarring cease;
Come, oh come! and reign for ever,
God of love and Prince of peace;
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

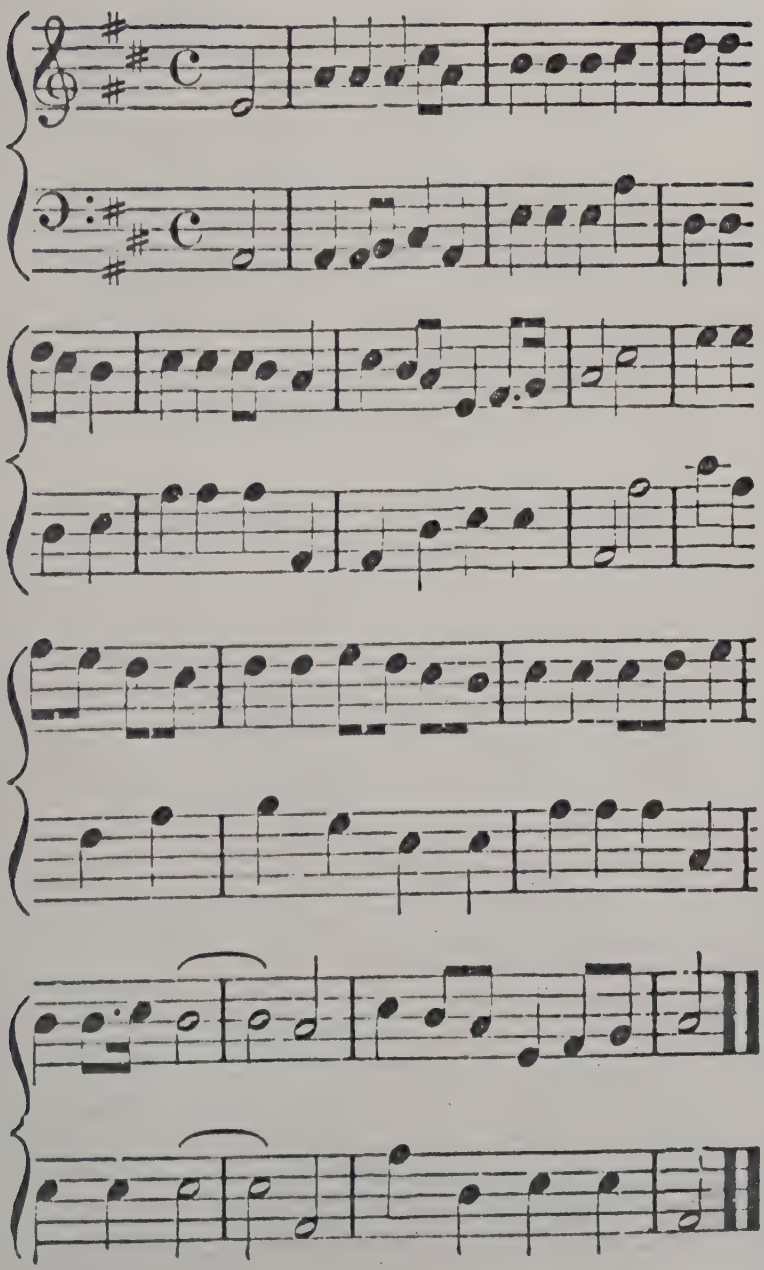
2. Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us;
Help us, Lord, to follow thee;
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hindrance leap;
Not upheld by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3. Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Savior,
Oh! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4. Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here—
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.
Glory, glory, be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5. Hear the Prince of our salvation
Saying, "Fear not, little flock;
I, myself, am your Foundation,
You are built upon this Rock:
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it's steep;
Look to me, and be ye holy;
I delight to feed my sheep."

6. Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him, we'll own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus!
How it doth our souls inflame!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.



31. PROBATION.

1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2. O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And make me, ere it be too late,
Awake to righteousness.

2. Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

4. Be this my one great business here
With serious industry and fear
To make my calling sure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

32. THE PILGRIM'S LOT.

1. How happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell.
He only sojourns here.

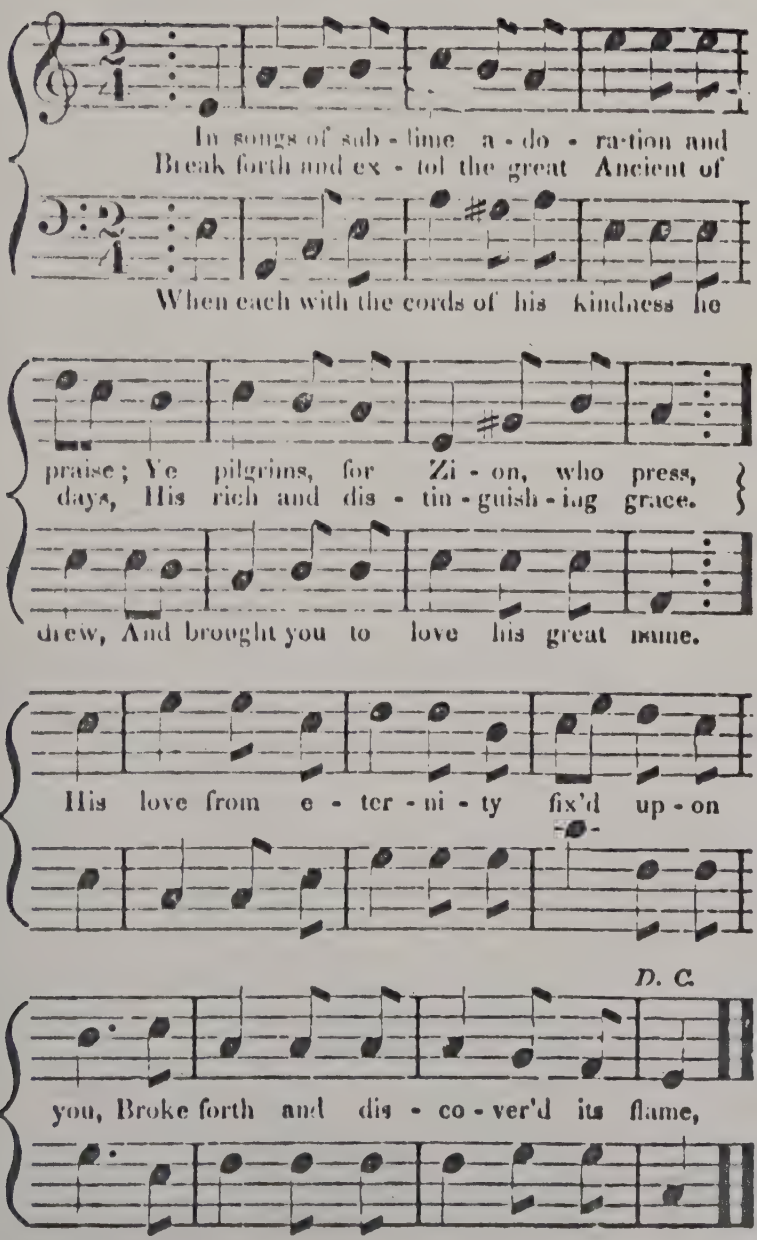
2. This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3. The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those, that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4. Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

5. There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

6. I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Savior, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!


In songs of sub - lime a - do - ra-tion and
Break forth and ex - tol the great Ancient of
When each with the cords of his kindness he
praise; Ye pilgrims, for Zi - on, who press,
days, His rich and dis - tin - guish - ing grace.
drew, And brought you to love his great name.
His love from e - ter - ni - ty fix'd up - on
D. C.
you, Broke forth and dis - co - ver'd its flame,

33. *In songs of sublime.*

1. IN songs of sublime adoration and praise;
Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.

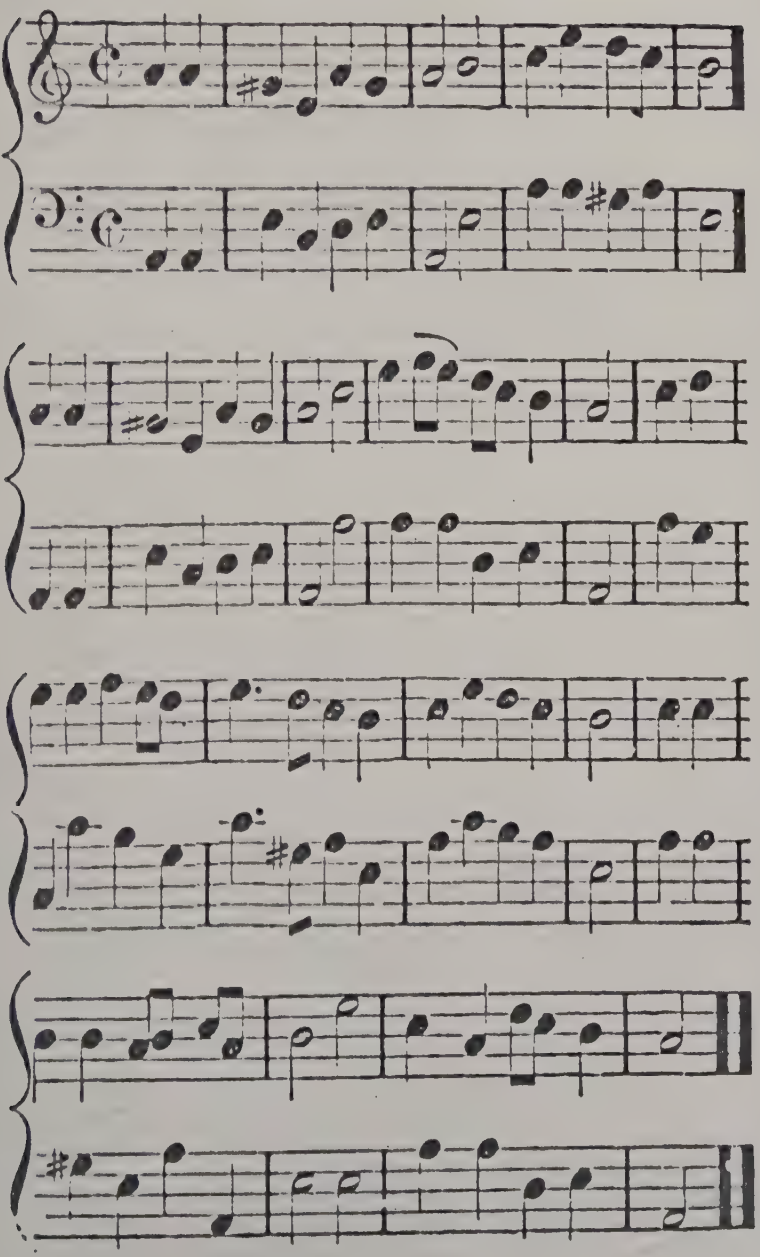
2. His love from eternity fixed upon you,—
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

3. O, had not he pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt:
You all would have lived, would have died too in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4. What was there in you, that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "Even so, Father," you ever must sing,
"Because it seemed good in thy sight."

5. Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey;
While others were suffered to go
The road, which by nature, we chose as our way,
That leads to the regions of woe.

6. Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.



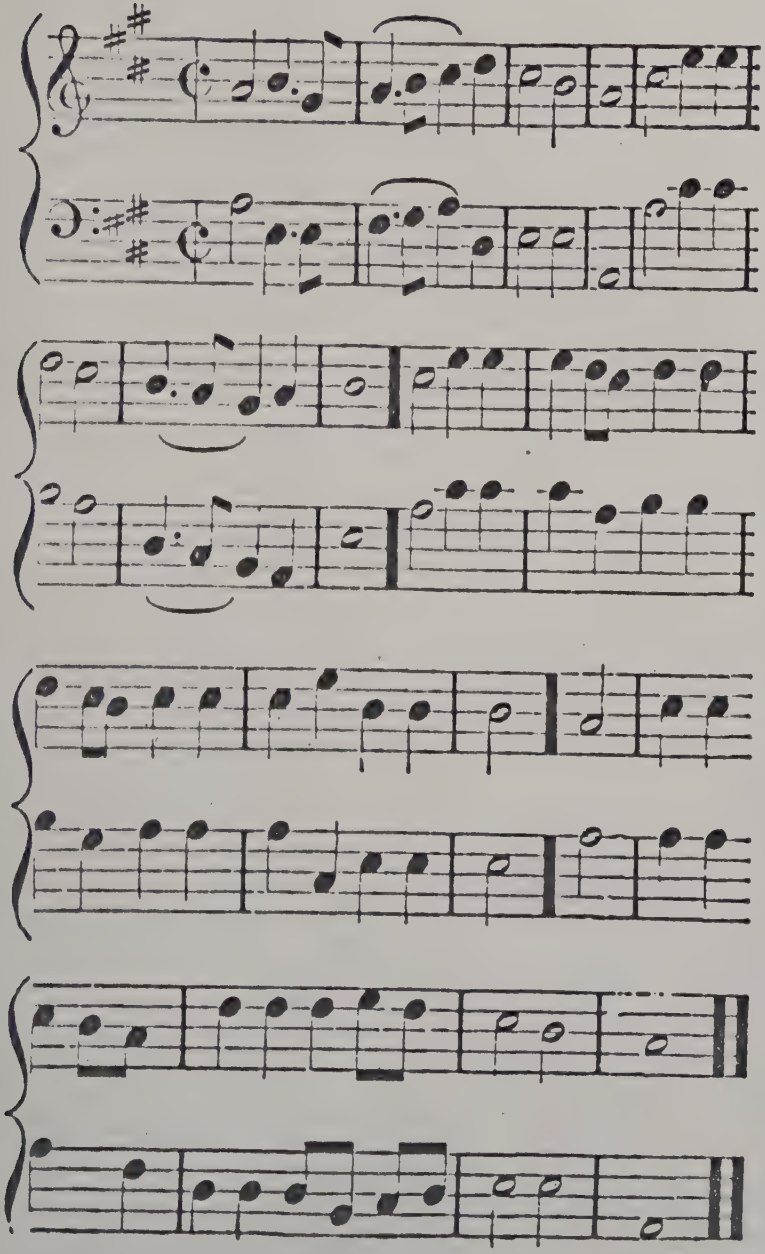
34. *Christ our all.*

1. VAIN delusive world adieu,
With all of creature good,
Only Jesus I'll pursue,
Who bought me with his blood;
All thy pleasure I'll forego,
I'll trample on thy 'wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

2. Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless wo,
The sin atoning victim died;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

3. Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end,
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his love abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

4. O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, and breadth, and heigh,
And depth of Jesus' love;
Fain I would to sinners show,
This blood alone by faith applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!



35. *The gospel trumpet.*

1. HARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, with redeeming blood
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2. Hail, all victorious conquering Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored;
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign
In endless day.

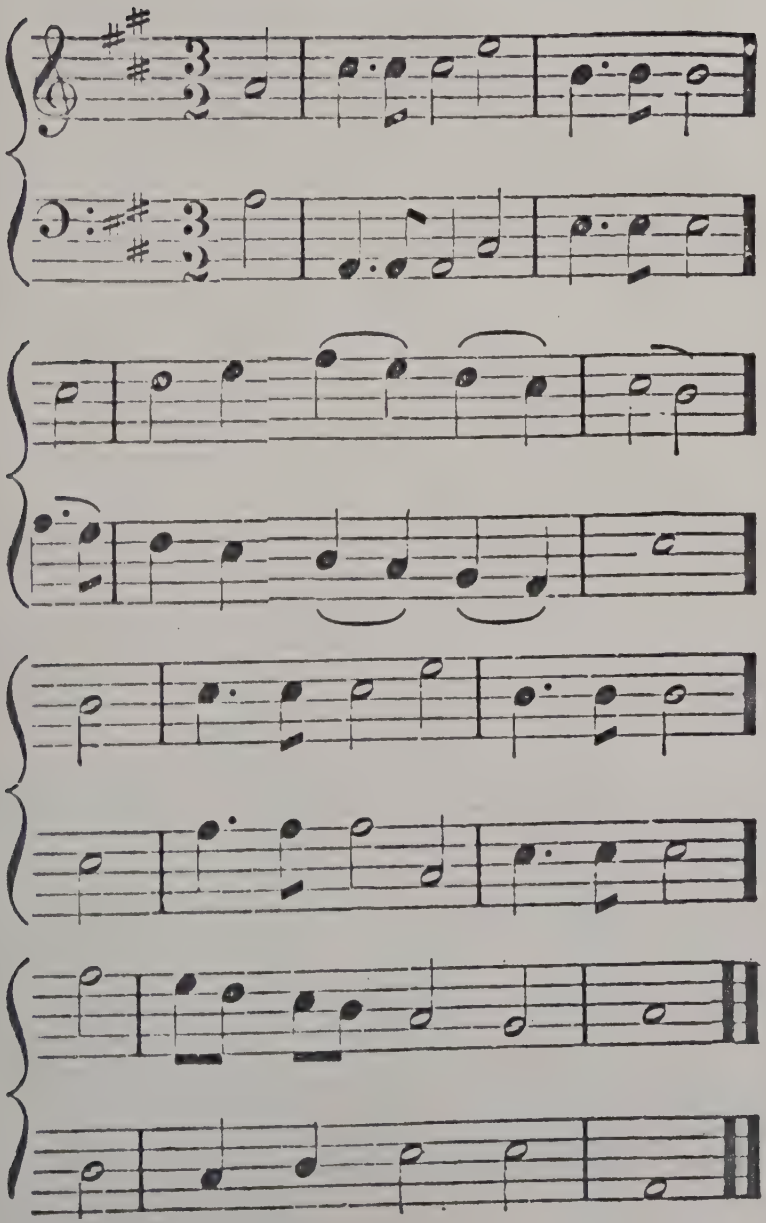
3. Fight on ye conquering saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear,
In endless day.

4. Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through his word,
And sail by faith upon that flood
To endless day.

5. There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move;
And that shall be the theme above,
In endless day.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

BY D. DUTTON, JR.



36. WALKING WITH GOD.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

37. LORD'S DAY MORNING.

1. This is the day, when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed?

2 This is the day, when Jesus broke
The powers of earth and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

3. To day with pleasure christians meet,
To pray, and read thy word;
And I would go with cheerful feet,
To learn thy will, O Lord.

4. I'll quit the world, to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven;
O! may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven.

38. THE GOOD SHEPHERD

1. See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender Lambs,
And folds them in his arms

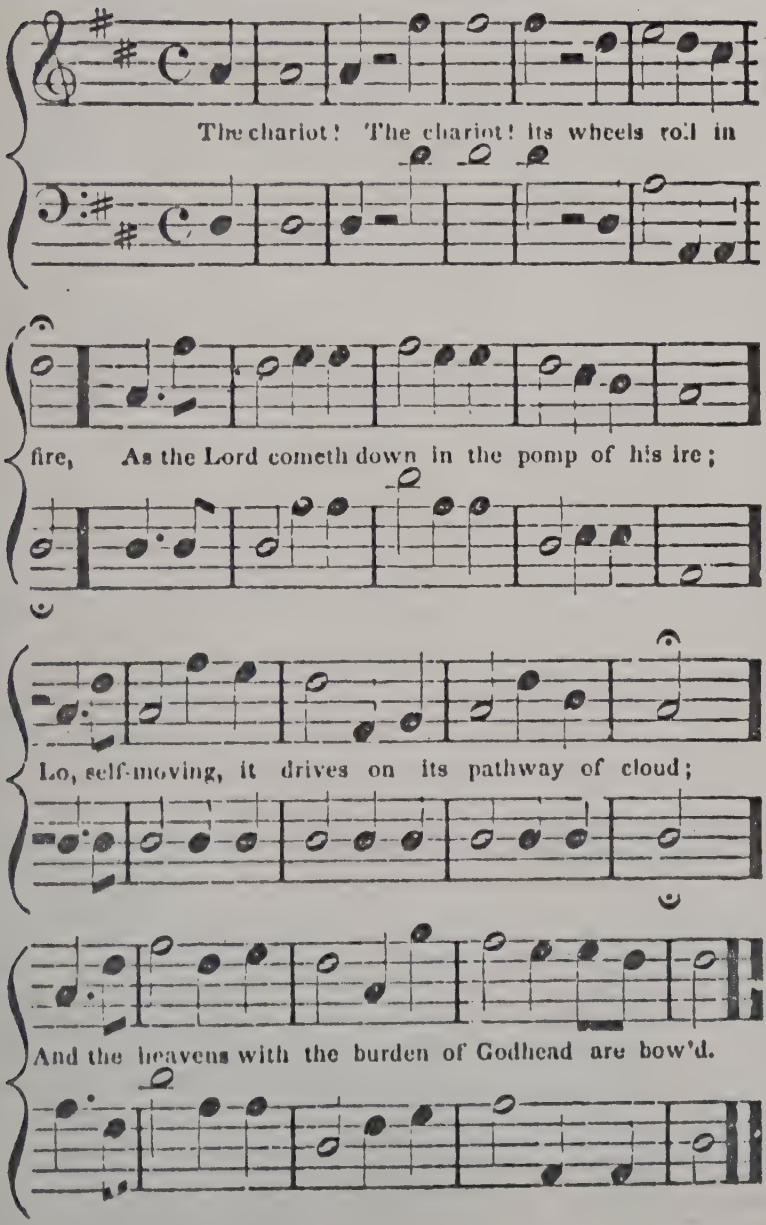
2. "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
"The Lord of angels came."

3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4. If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
If weeping o'er their dust.

THE TRUMPET. 12s.

COMPOSED BY J. WILLIAMS.


The chariot! The chariot! its wheels roll in
fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud;
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

39. *The Chariot.*

1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

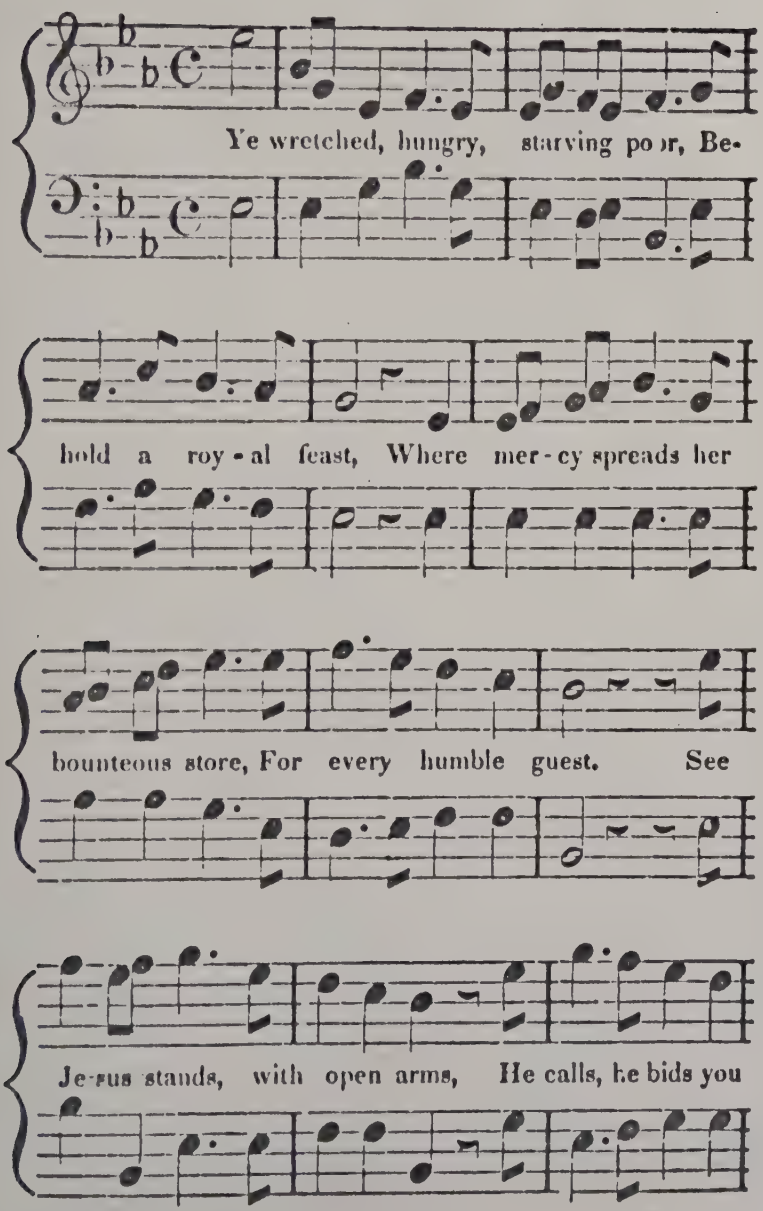
2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd,
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!

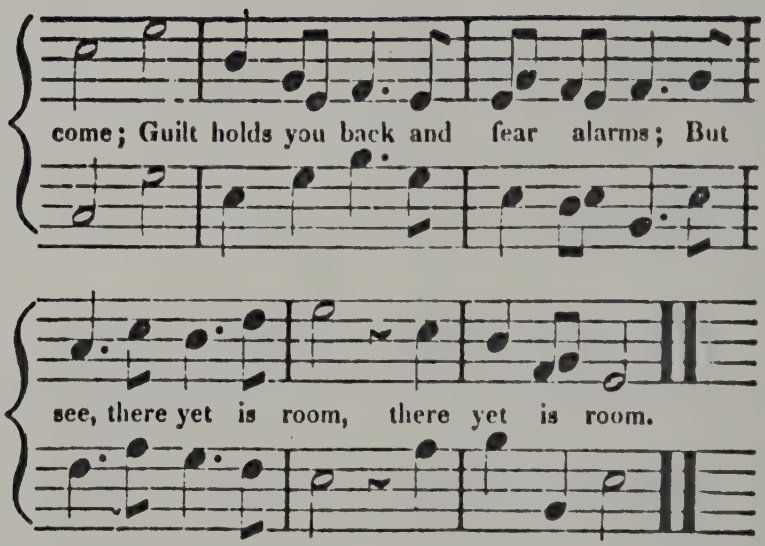
3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

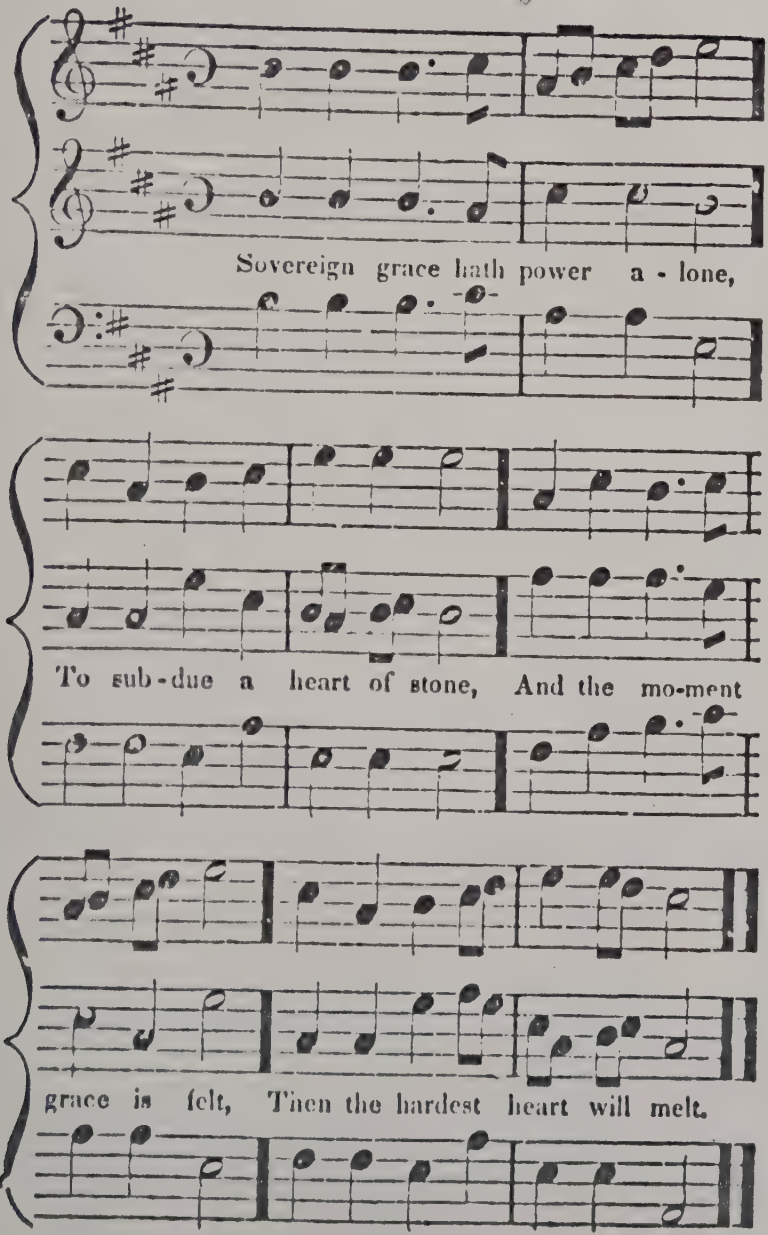
INVITATION. C. M. D.


Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor, Be-
hold a roy-al feast, Where mer-cy spreads her
bounteous store, For every humble guest. See
Je-sus stands, with open arms, He calls, he bids you



2 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart:
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
In him the Father reconciled,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child;
Behold, there yet is room.

3 O come, and with his children, taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room!


Sovereign grace hath power a - lone,
To sub-due a heart of stone, And the mo-ment
grace is felt, Then the hardest heart will melt.

41 *Sovereign Grace.*

1 Sovereign grace has power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With the Savior in his view.

4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
Faith received to own the Lord.
Whom the scribes and priests abhor'd.

5 "Lord," he pray'd, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be:"
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."

6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace bestow'd in time of need!
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find him still the same.

Sinner! rouse thee.

1 Sinner! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still,
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

Sing, my soul.

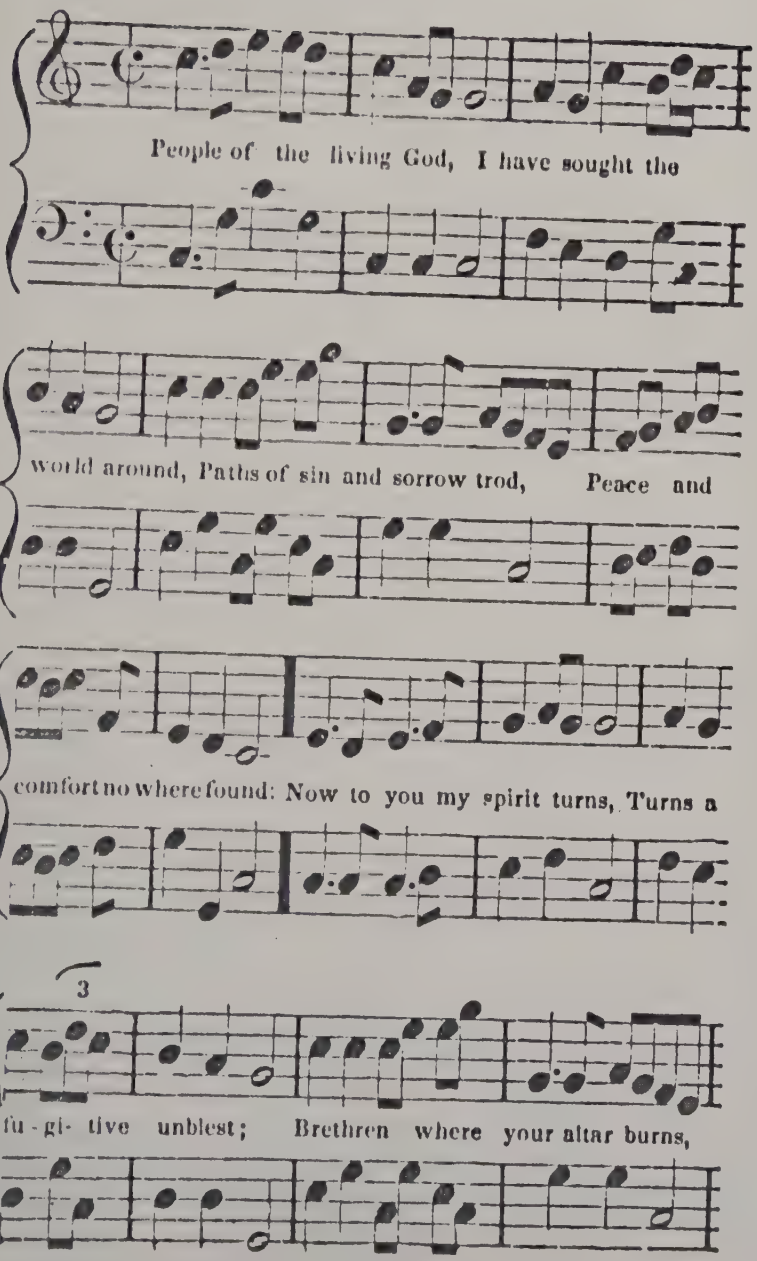
1 Sing, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

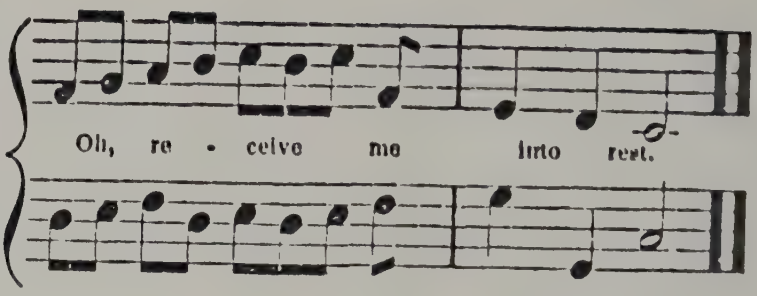
2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below?

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Savior's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul—adore his name
Let his glory be thy theme.
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

HAVEN. 7. D.


People of the living God, I have sought the
world around, Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and
comfort no where found: Now to you my spirit turns, Turns a
3
fu - gi- tive unblest; Brethren where your altar burns,



2. Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine, the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

3. Tell me not of gain and loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's power!
"Follow me!" I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see:
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light's thy burden now to me.

43. CHRIST A REFUGE.

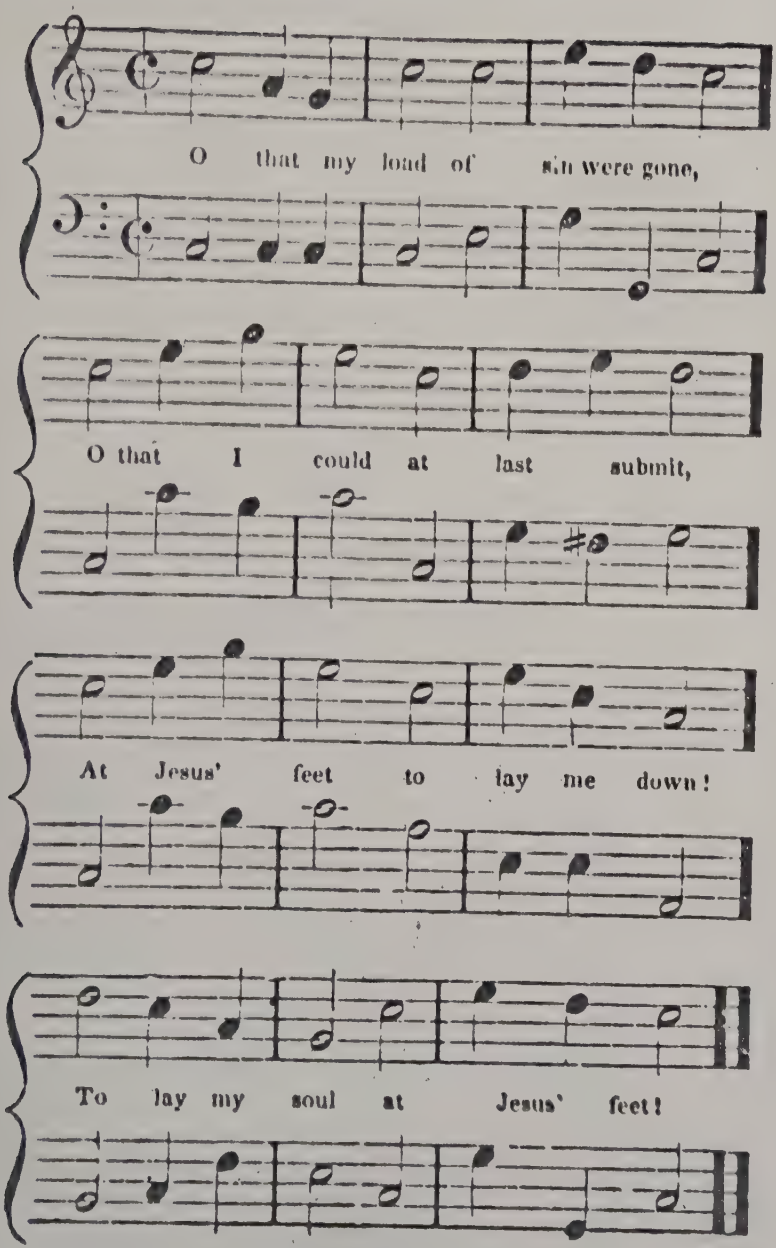
1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2. Other refuge have I none,
Lo! I, helpless, hang on thee:
Leave, Oh leave me not alone,
Lest I basely shrink and flee:
Thou art all my trust and aid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the feeble, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Reign, O Lord, within my heart,
Reign to all eternity.

FOREST. L. M.


O that my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

44. O THAT MY LOAD.

1. O THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2. Rest for my soul I long to find:
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4. Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would: but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6. Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Savior, come away!

45. MY HOPE.

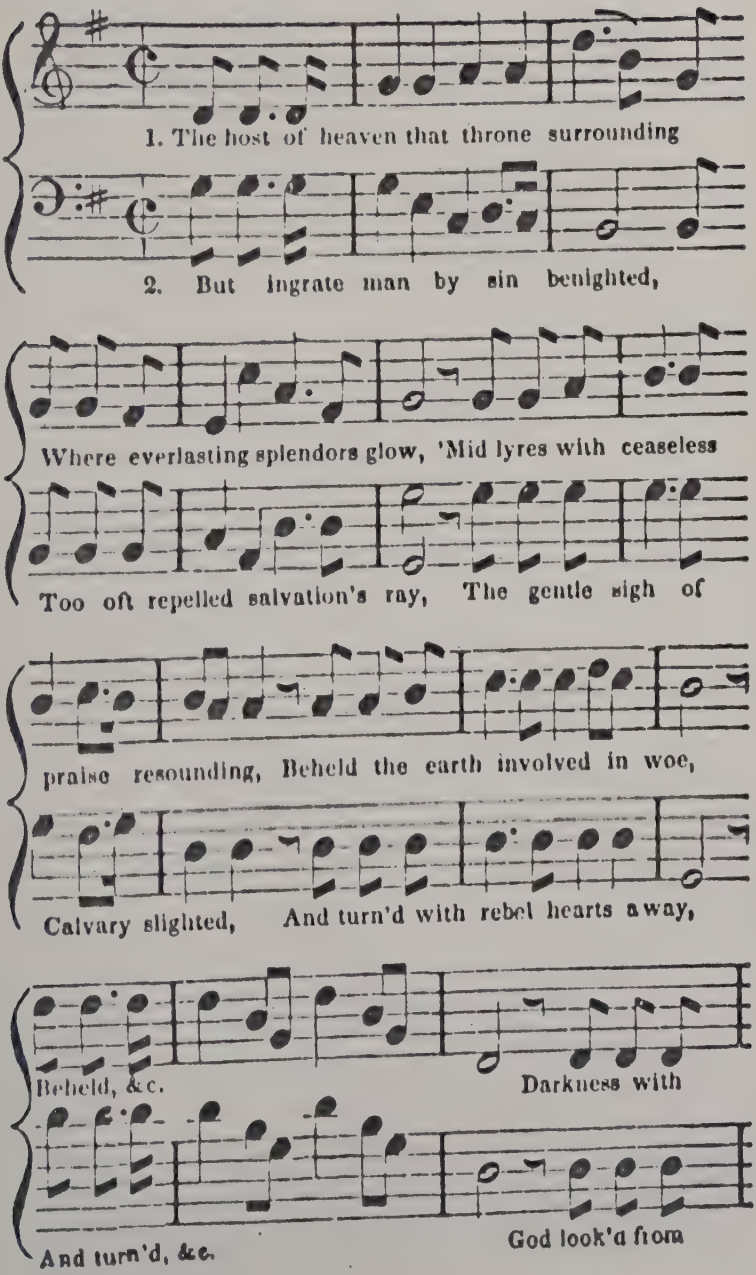
1. My hope, my all, my Savior thou,
To thee, my soul I humbly bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Savior, in my heart.

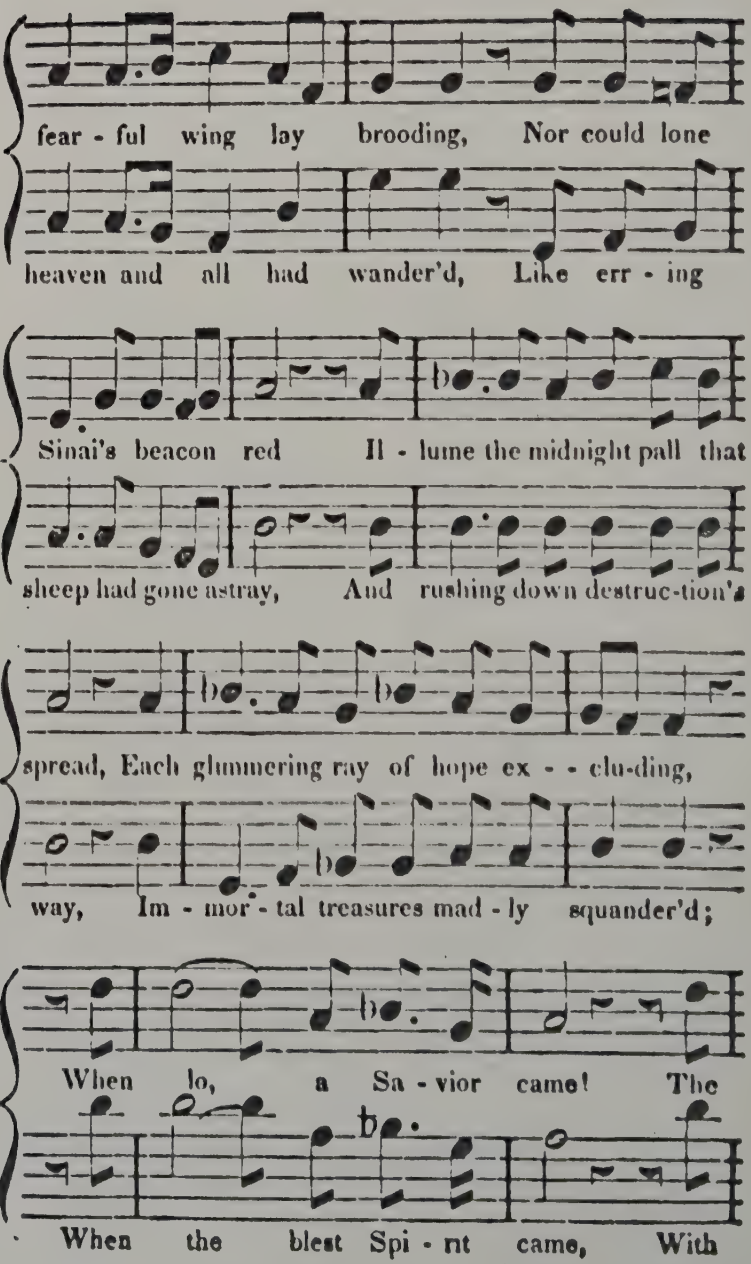
2. Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day;
In all my acts by wisdom guide,
And keep me, Savior, near thy side.

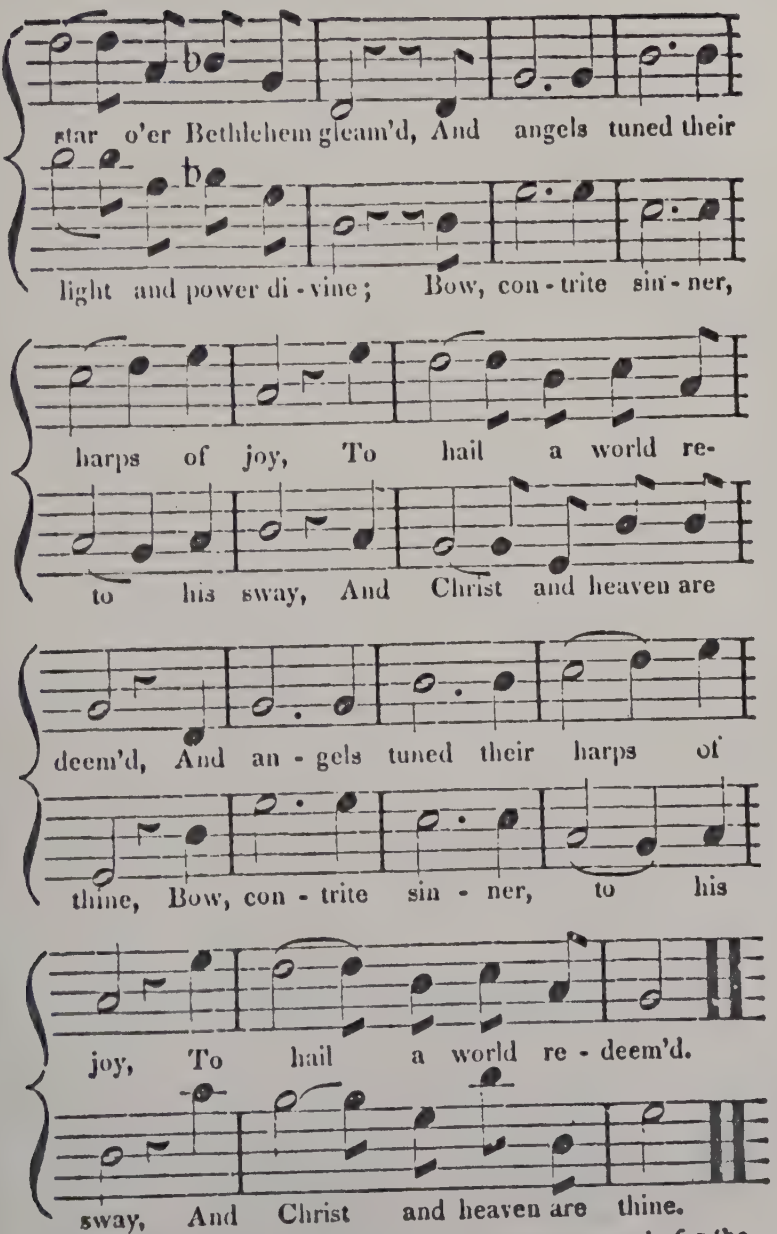
3. Correct, reprove, and comfort me!
As I have need, my Savior be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Savior, to thy heart.

4. In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Savior, reign alone.

5. My suffering time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

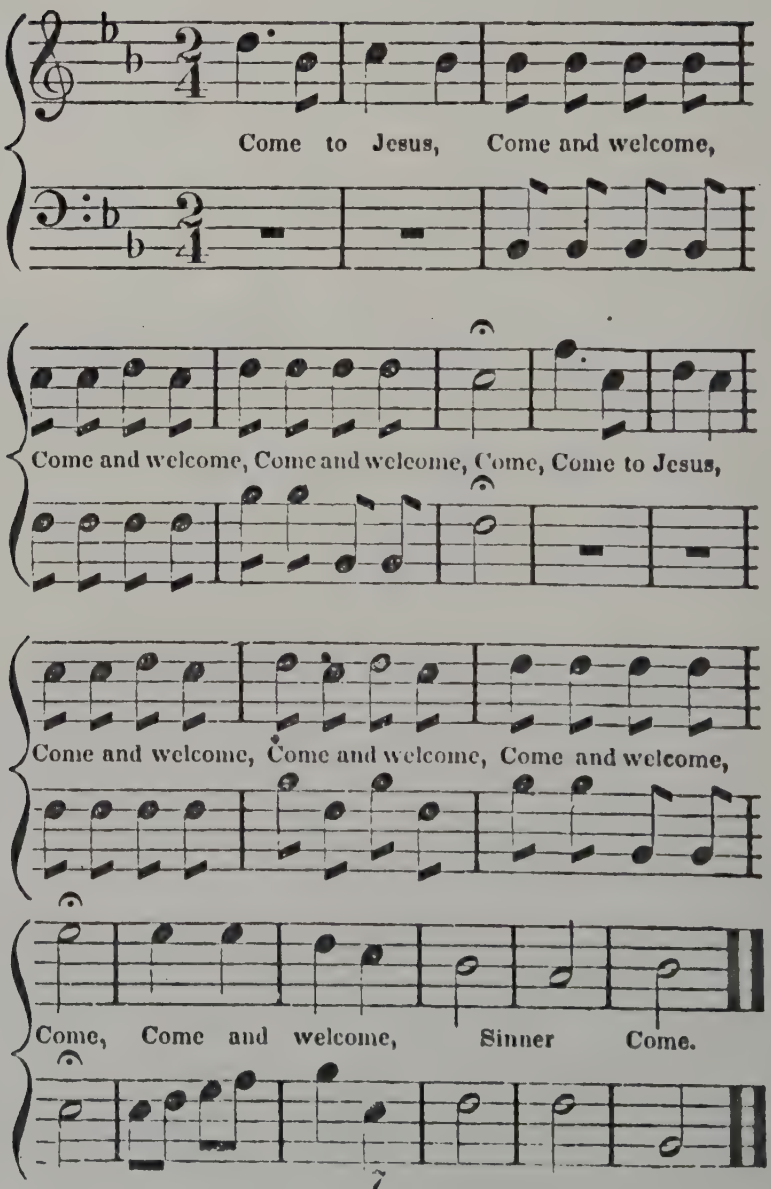

1. The host of heaven that throne surrounding
2. But ingrate man by sin benighted,
Where everlasting splendors glow, 'Mid lyres with ceaseless
Too oft repelled salvation's ray, The gentle sigh of
praise resounding, Beheld the earth involved in woe,
Calvary slighted, And turn'd with rebel hearts away,
Beheld, &c.
Darkness with
And turn'd, &c.
God look'd from


fear - ful wing lay brooding, Nor could lone
heaven and all had wander'd, Like err - ing
Sinai's beacon red Il - lume the midnight pall that
sheep had gone astray, And rushing down destruc-tion's
spread, Each glimmering ray of hope ex - - clu-ding,
way, Im - mor - tal treasures mad - ly squander'd;
When lo, a Sa - vior came! The
When the blest Spi - rit came, With

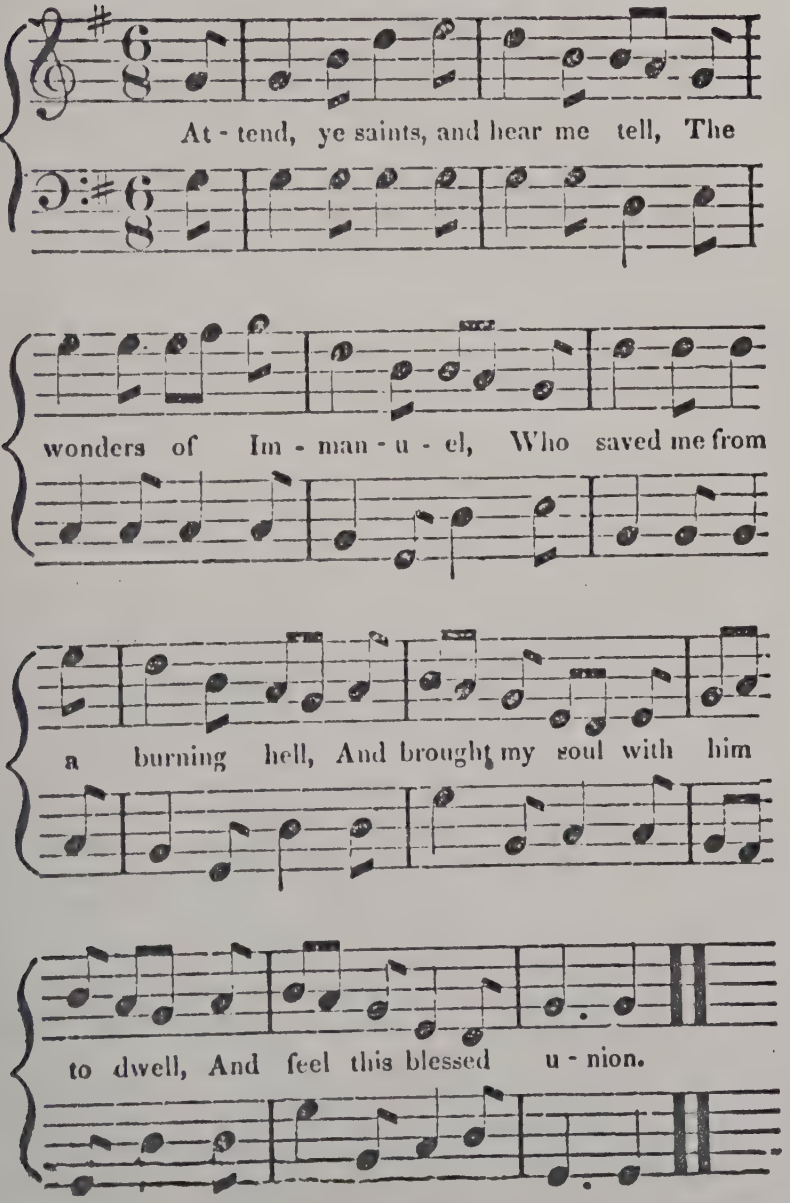

star o'er Bethlehem gleam'd, And angels tuned their
light and power di - vine; Bow, con - trite sin - ner,
harps of joy, To hail a world re-
to his sway, And Christ and heaven are
deem'd, And an - gels tuned their harps of
thine, Bow, con - trite sin - ner, to his
joy, To hail a world re - deem'd.
sway, And Christ and heaven are thine.

NOTE.—This hymn was written, by request, expressly for the Christian Lyre. L. H. S.

A Chorus which may be sung after any suitable tune.


Come to Jesus, Come and welcome,
Come and welcome, Come and welcome, Come, Come to Jesus,
Come and welcome, Come and welcome, Come and welcome,
Come, Come and welcome, Sinner Come.

HEAVENLY UNION. 8.8.8.8.7.


At - tend, ye saints, and hear me tell, The
wonders of Im - man - u - el, Who saved me from
a burning hell, And brought my soul with him
to dwell, And feel this blessed u - nion.

47. *Attend ye saints.*

1 Attend, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Behold my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
"With God you have no union."

3 Then I began to weep and cry,
And look'd this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation for to buy:
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.

5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.

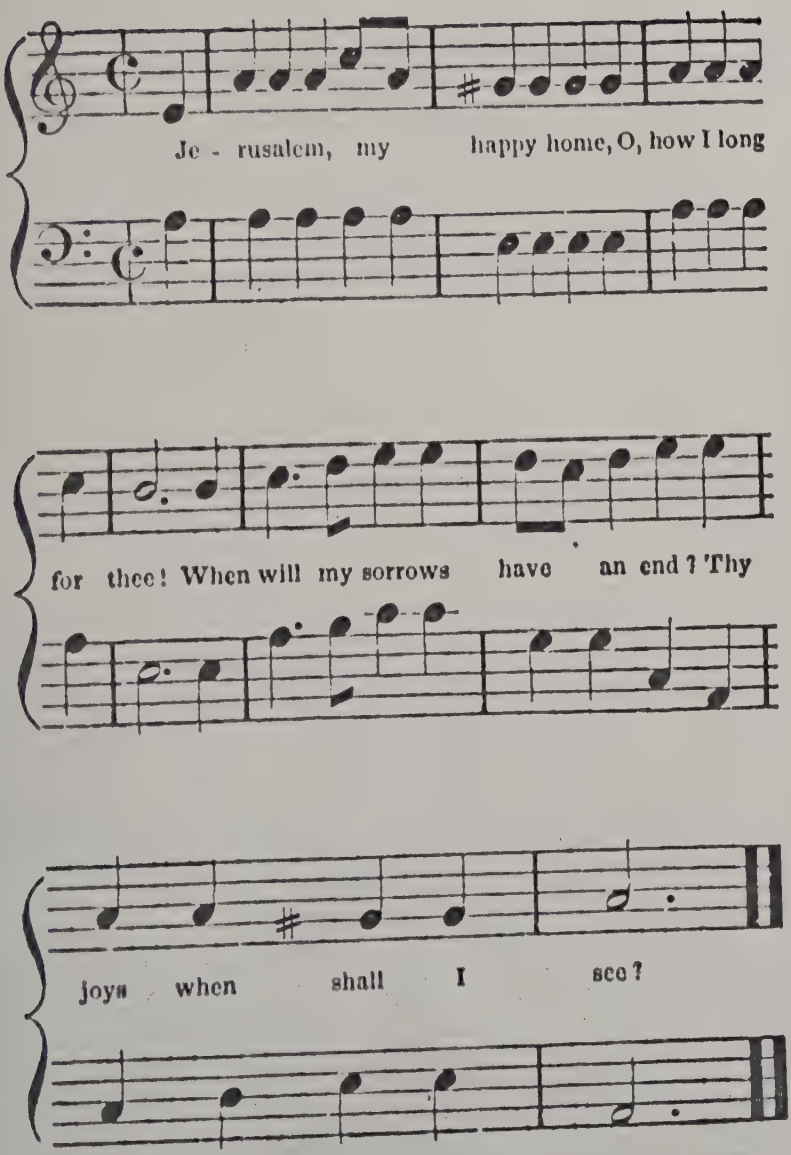
6 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to our King,
Who brought our souls to union.

7 Oh come backsliders, come away,
And learn to do as well as say,
And learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day;
And then you'll feel this union.

8 We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit these climes of pain and wo,
And then we'll all to glory go,
And then we'll see, and hear, and know,
And feel a perfect union.

9 Come, heaven and earth, unite your lays,
And give to Jesus endless praise;
And oh my soul, look on and gaze!
He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,
To give you heavenly union.

10 Oh could I, like an angel, sound
Salvation through the earth around,
The devil's kingdom to confound;
I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground,
And spread this glorious union.


Je - rusalem, my happy home, O, how I long
for thee! When will my sorrows have an end? Thy
joys when shall I see?

48. *Jerusalem.* C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight,
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

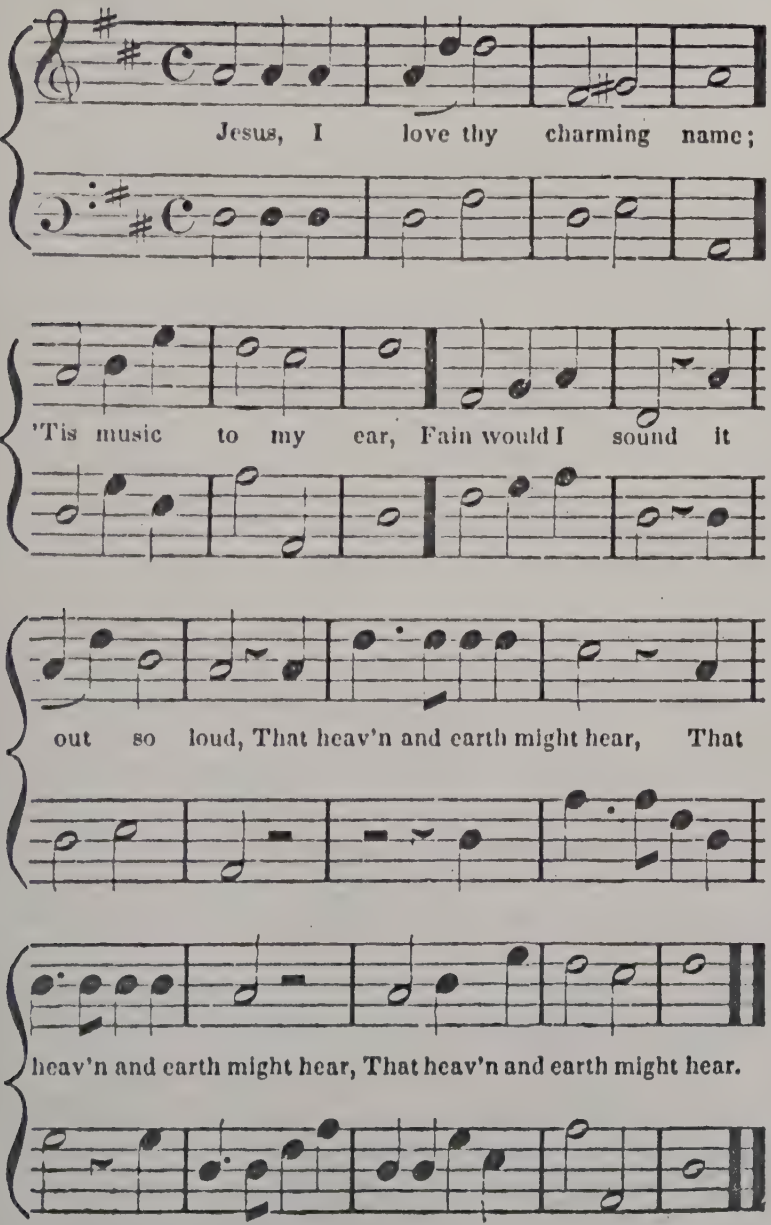
5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace;
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

SPRING. C. M.


Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear, Fain would I sound it
out so loud, That heav'n and earth might hear, That
heav'n and earth might hear, That heav'n and earth might hear.

49. *Jesus, I love.* C. M.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

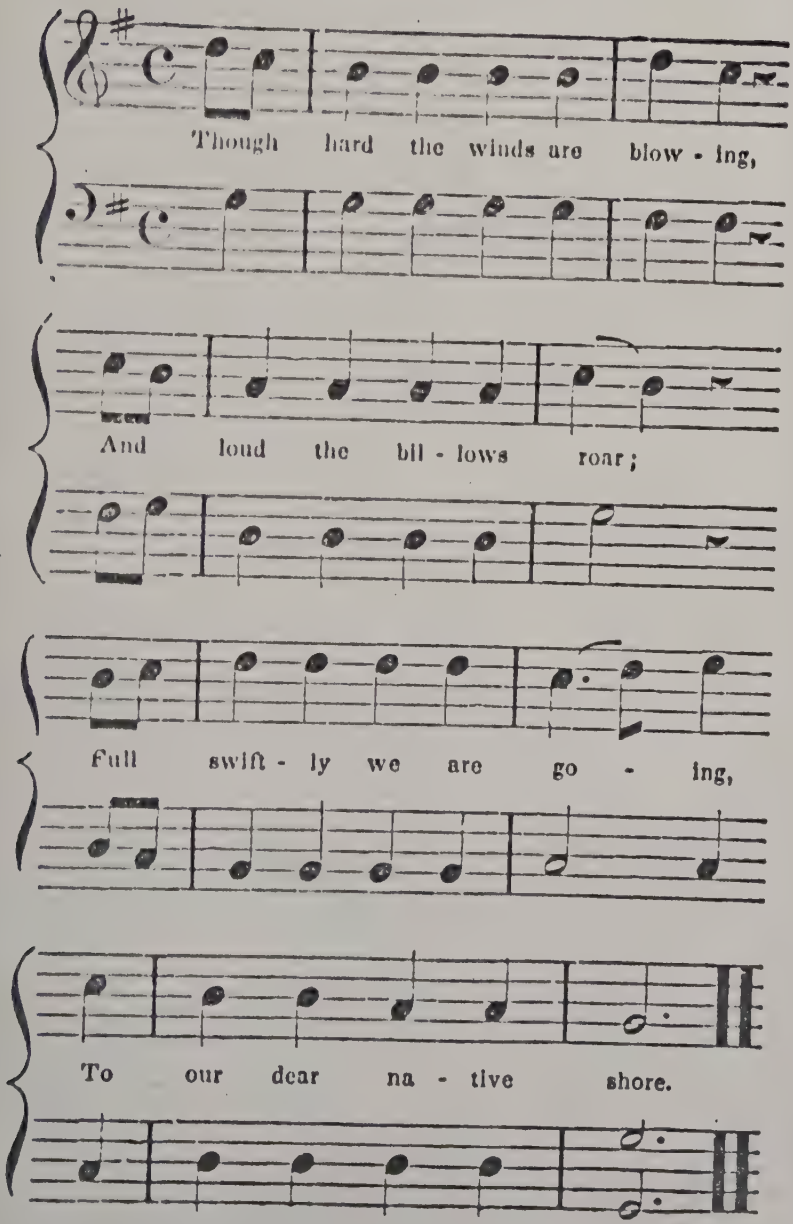
50. *Daily Mercies.*

1 O God, thy gifts of tender love
Are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night
To guard our sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And wakes our drowsy powers.

3 We yield ourselves to thy command,
To thee devote our days;
For constant blessings from thy hand
Demand our constant praise.

CHEERFUL HOPE. 7. 6.



51. *Driving to port.*

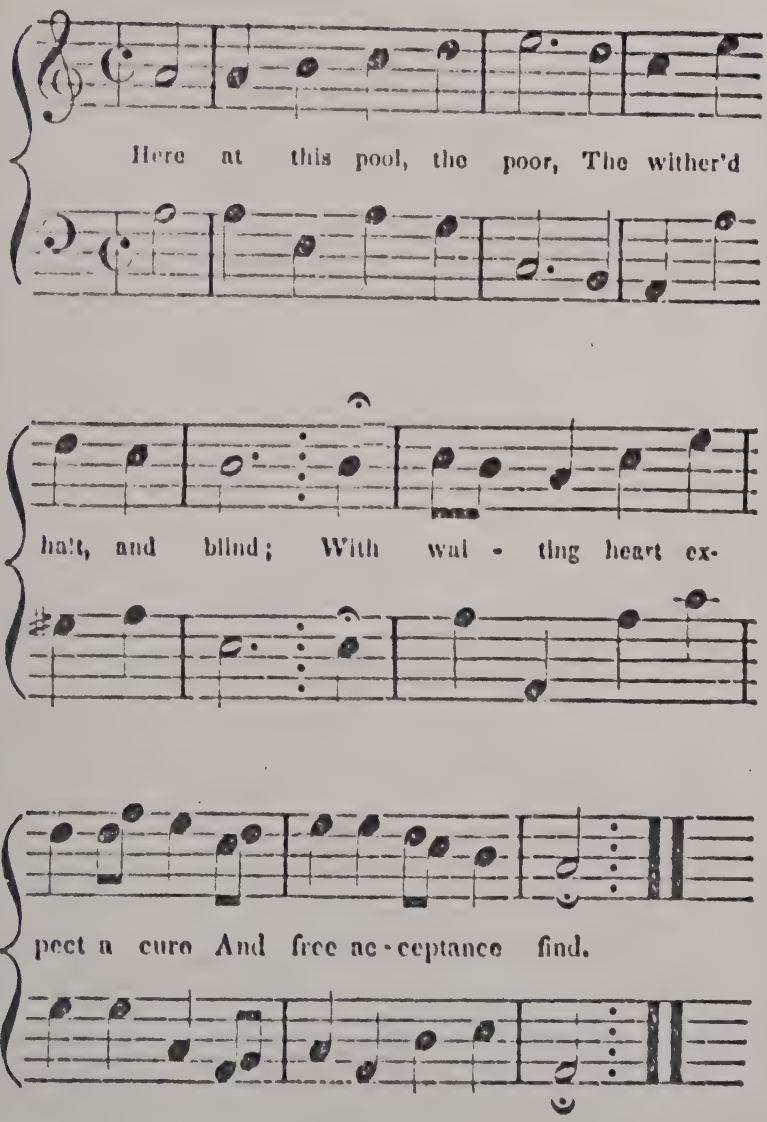
1 THOUGH hard the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar;
Full swiftly we are going,
To our dear native shore.

2 The billows breaking o'er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us,
To all we loved so well.

3 So sorrow often presses,
Life's mariner along;
Afflictions and distresses,
Are gales and billows strong.

4 The sharper and severer
The storms of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is Heaven's eternal seat.

5 Come then, afflictions dreary,
Sharp sickness pierce my breast;
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest.


Here at this pool, the poor, The wither'd
halt, and blind; With wai - ting heart ex-
pect a cure And free ac - ceptance find.

52. *The Gospel Pool.*

2 Here streams of virtue flow,
To heal a sin-sick soul;
To wash the filthy white as snow,
And make the wounded whole.

3 The dumb break forth in praise,
The blind their sight receive;
The cripple run in wisdom's ways,
The dead revive and live.

4 Not bound to case or time,
These waters always move;
Sinners, in every age and clime,
Their vital influence prove.

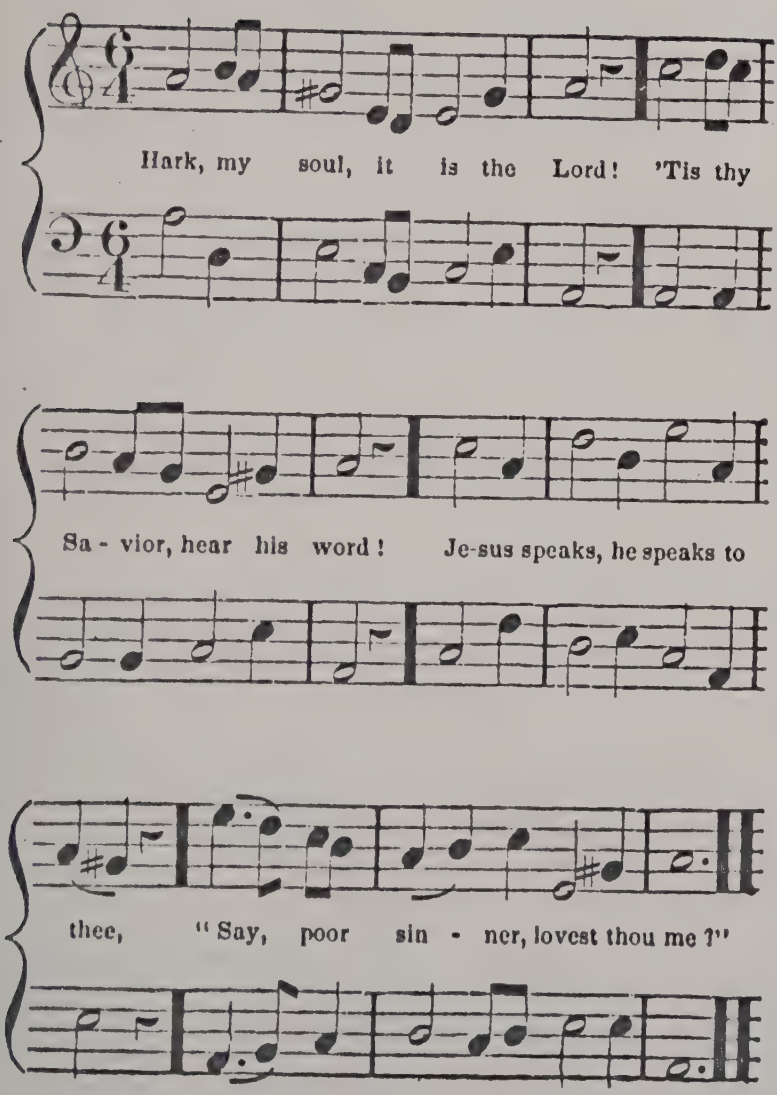
5 Yet numbers near them lie,
Who meet with no relief;
With life in view they pine and die,
In hopeless unbelief.

6 'Tis strange they will not bathe,
And yet frequent the pool;
But none can have a saving faith,
While love of sin bears rule.

7 Their conscience sin has seal'd,
And stupified their thought;
For were they willing to be heal'd,
The cure would soon be wrought.

8 Dear Savior, interpose,
Their stubborn will constrain;
Or else to them the waters flow,
And grace is preach'd in vain.

LOVEST THOU ME. 7s.



53. "*Lovest thou me?*" 7s.

1 Hark, my soul,—it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word.
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

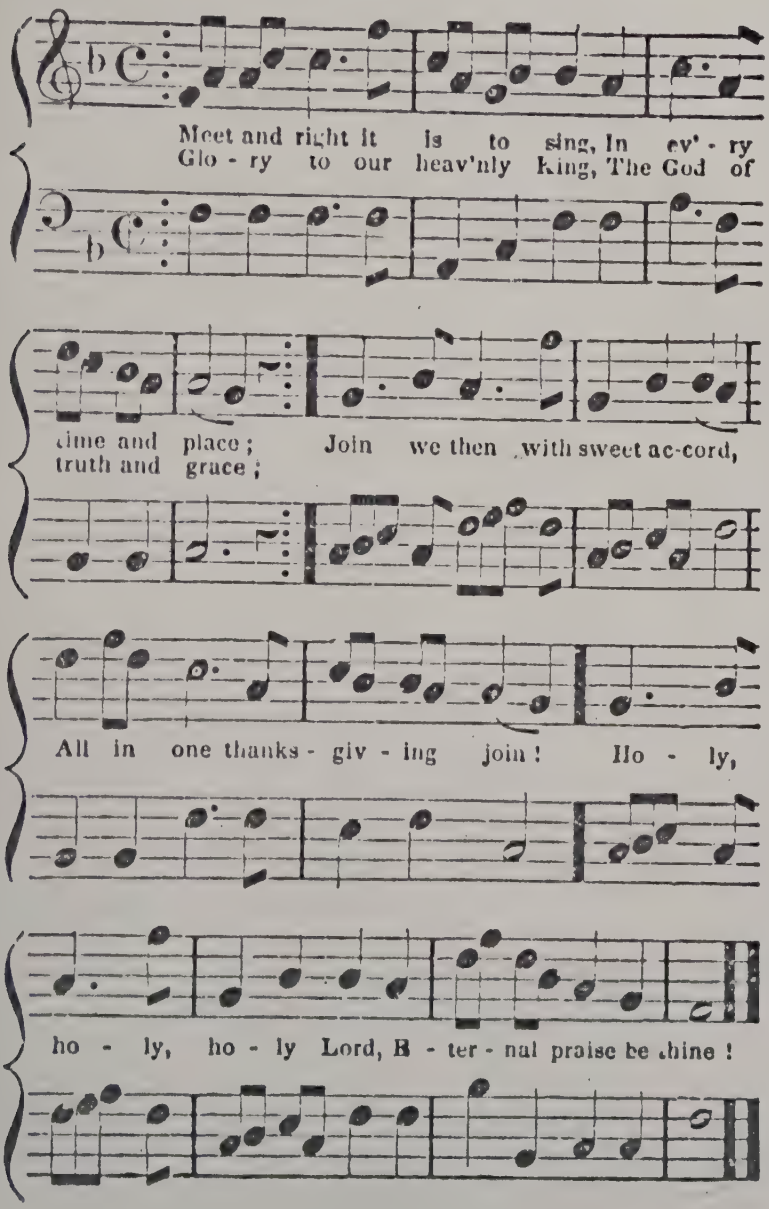
2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,—
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?'

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!


Meet and right it is to sing, In ev' - ry
Glo - ry to our heav'nly King, The God of
time and place; Join we then with sweet ac-cord,
truth and grace;
All in one thanks - giv - ing join! Ho - ly,
ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, E - ter - nal praise be thine!

54. *Meet and right.*

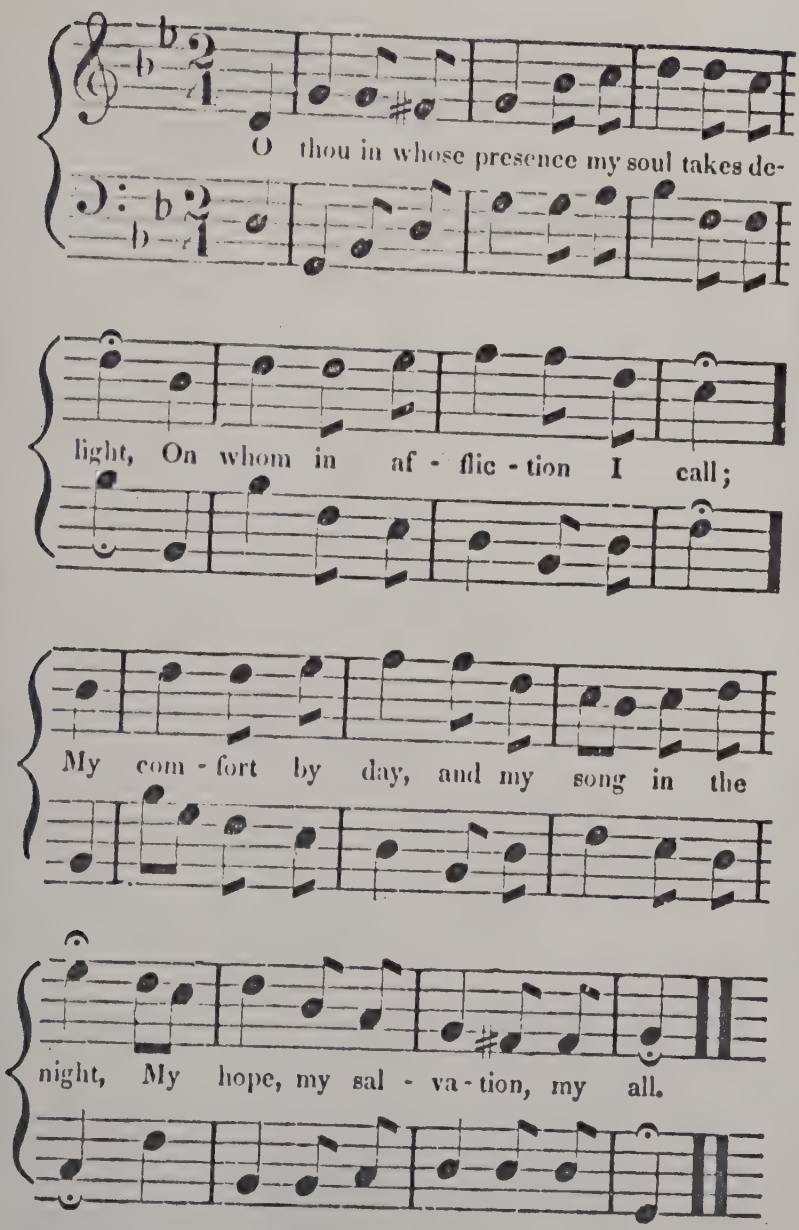
1 Meet and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace.
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!

2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease;
Angels and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne!

3 Vieing with that heavenly choir,
Who chant thy praise above;
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love;
Thee, *they* sing, with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb:
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

SOLICITUDE. 11. 8.


O thou in whose presence my soul takes de-
light, On whom in af - flic - tion I call;
My com - fort by day, and my song in the
night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.

55 *The glory of Christ.*

1 O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee;
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

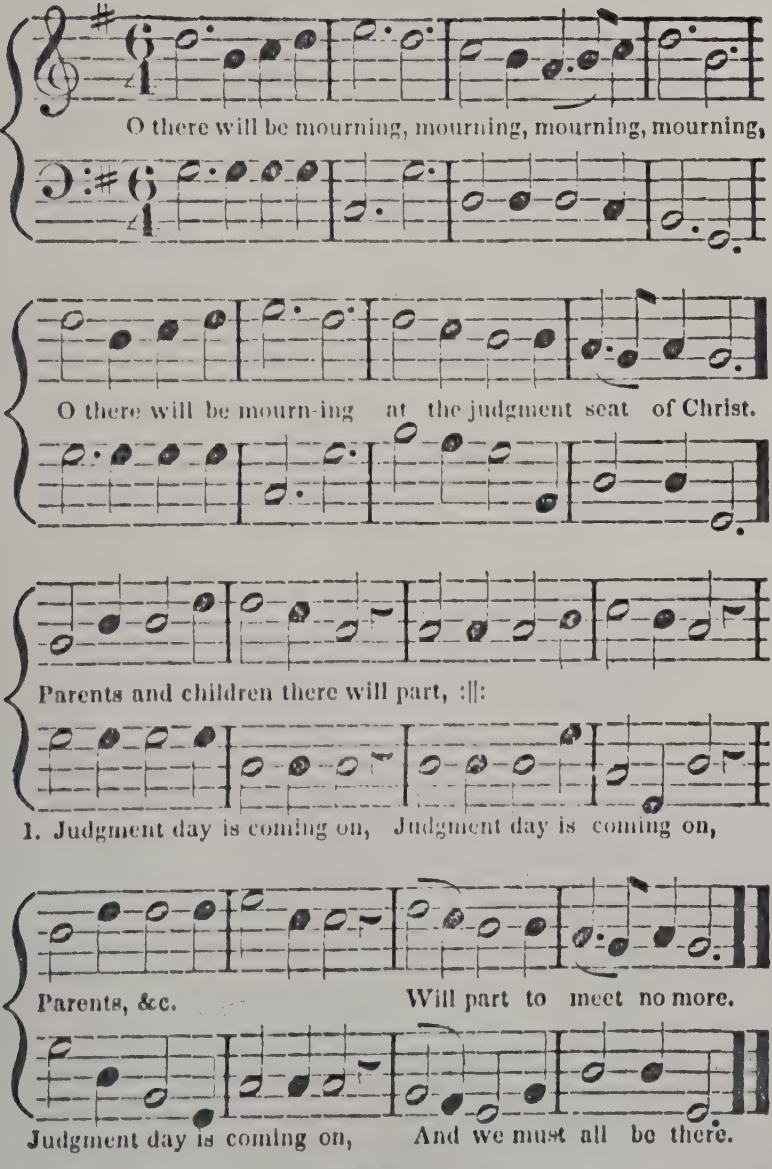
4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,
The Star that on Israel shone:
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

7 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know
And bask in the smiles of his face.

8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.


O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
O there will be mourn-ing at the judgment seat of Christ.
Parents and children there will part, :||:
1. Judgment day is coming on, Judgment day is coming on,
Parents, &c. Will part to meet no more.
Judgment day is coming on, And we must all be there.

NOTE.—This hymn is sometimes introduced with the words "Judgment day is coming on," sung as set above

56. *Judgment Hymn.*

1 O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
O there will be mourning, at the judgment seat of Christ
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

2 O there will be mourning, &c.
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

3 O there will be mourning, &c.
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

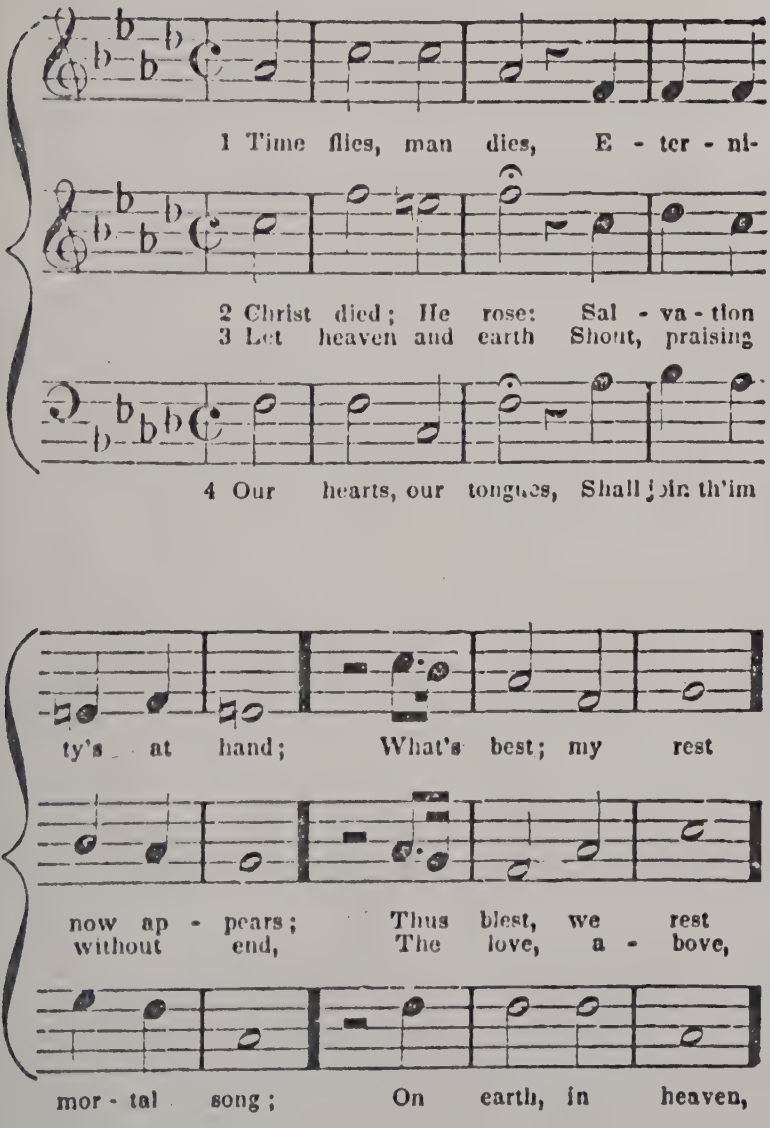
4 O there will be mourning, &c.
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

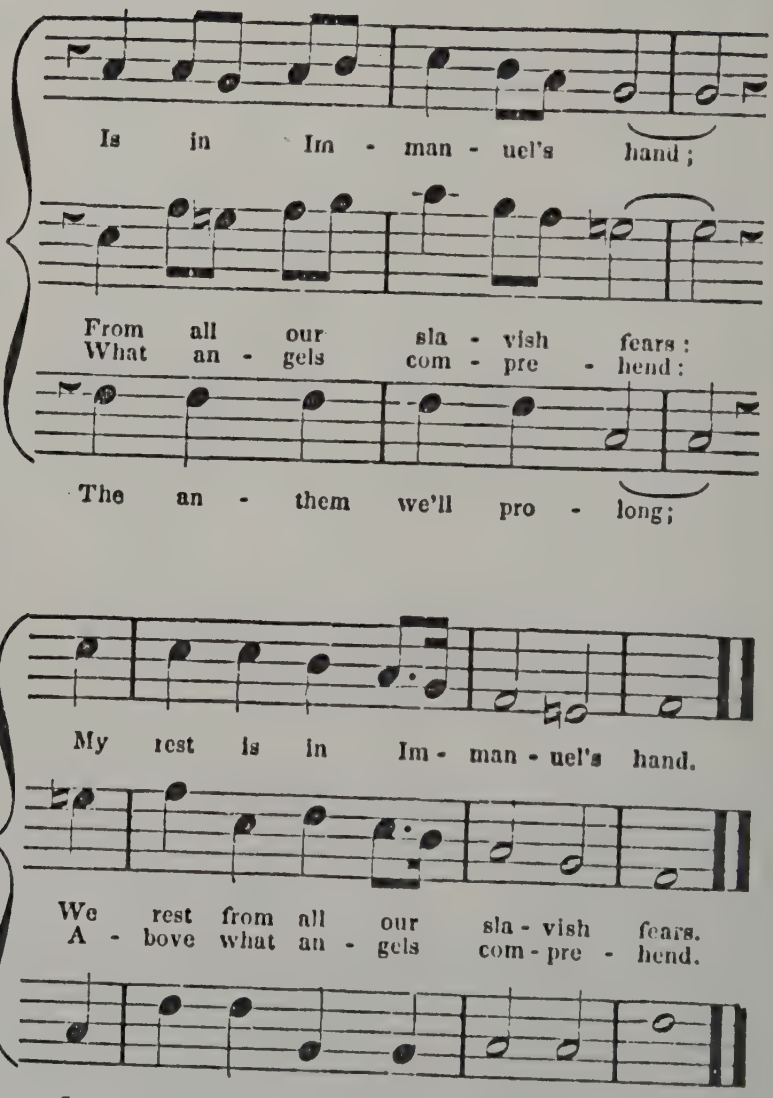
5 O there will be mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

6 O there will be mourning, &c.
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

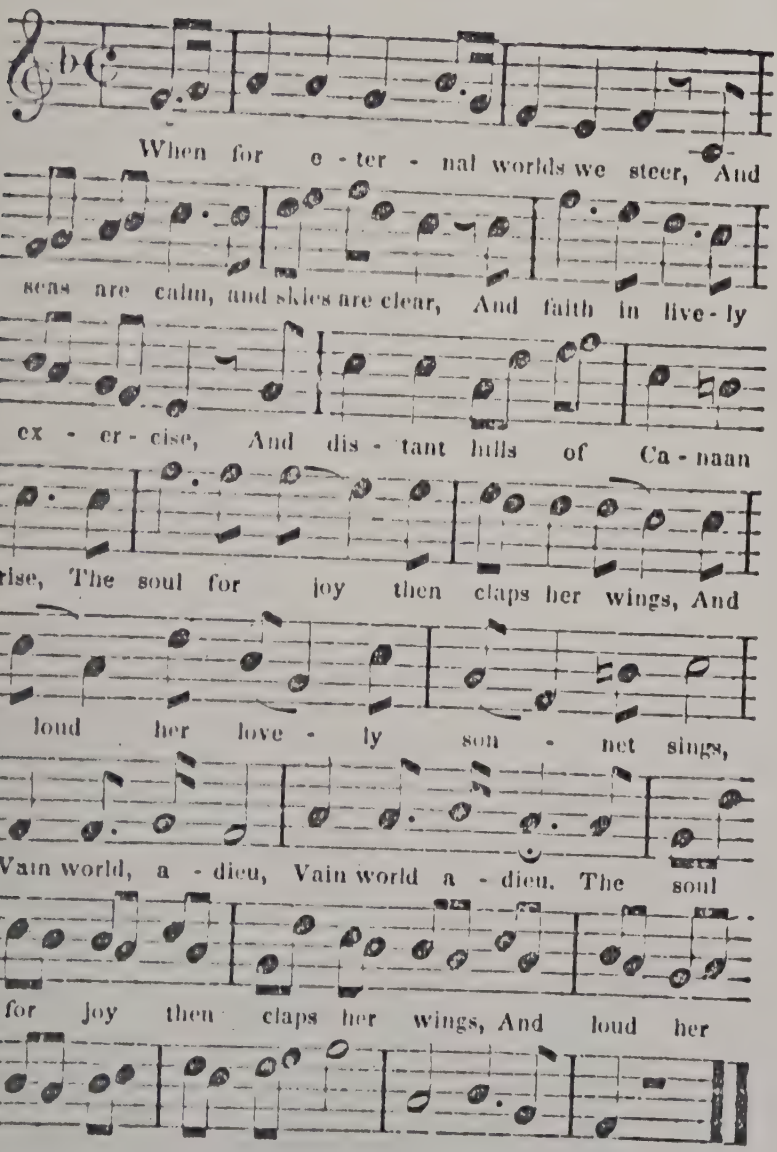
7. O there will be shouting, &c.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

PROVIDENCE. 4. 6. 8.


1 Time flies, man dies, E - ter - ni-
2 Christ died; He rose: Sal - va - tion
3 Let heaven and earth Shout, praising
4 Our hearts, our tongues, Shall join th'im
ty's at hand; What's best; my rest
now ap - pears; Thus blest, we rest
without end, The love, a - bove,
mor - tal song; On earth, in heaven,


Is in Im - man - uel's hand;
From all our sla - vish fears:
What an - gels com - pre - hend:
The an - them we'll pro - long;
My rest is in Im - man - uel's hand.
We rest from all our sla - vish fears.
A - bove what an - gels com - pre - hend.
In heaven the an - them we'll pro - long.

FAVORING GALE. 8. 4.


When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And
seas are calm, and skies are clear, And faith in live - ly
ex - er - cise, And dis - tant hills of Ca - naan
rise, The soul for joy then claps her wings, And
loud her love - ly son - net sings,
Vain world, a - dieu, Vain world a - dieu. The soul
for joy then claps her wings, And loud her
love - ly son - net sings; Vain world, a - dieu

58. *Vain world, adieu.*

1 When for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise;
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand:
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail:
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God!

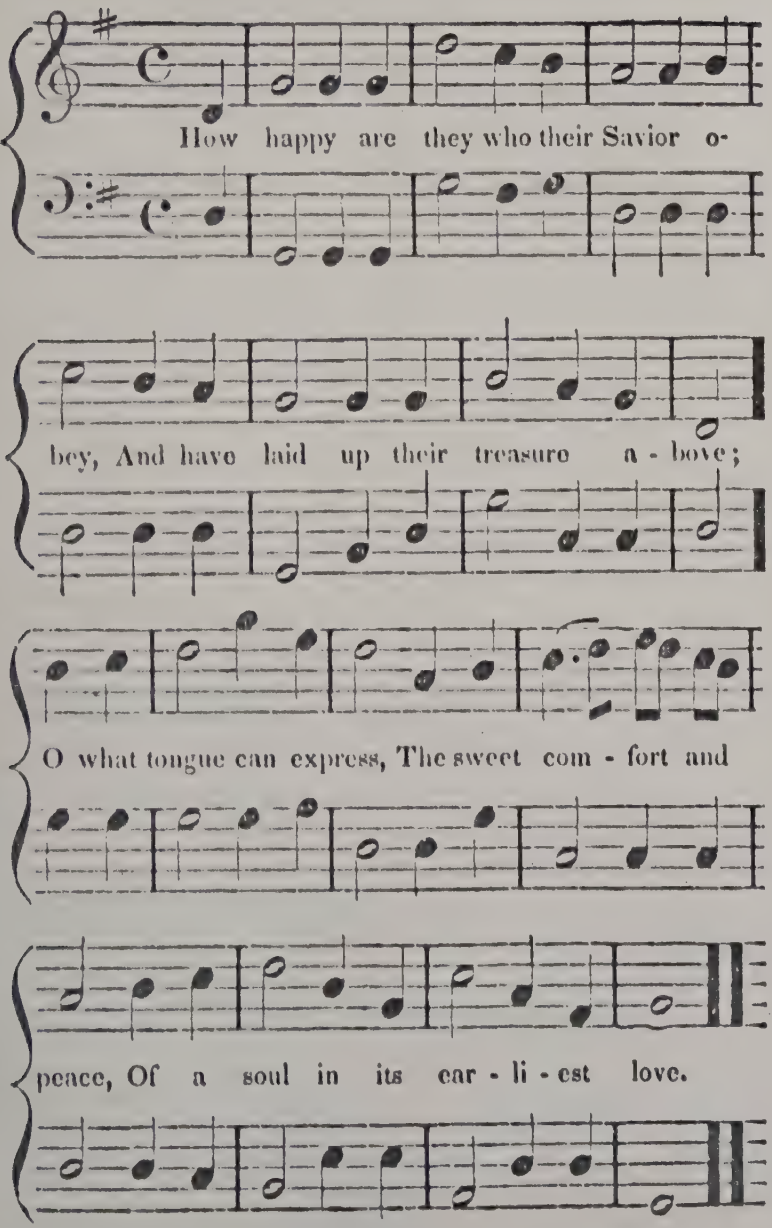
59. *Soundings.*

1 To Heaven I'm bound with prosperous gales,
My bark by grace doth safely steer,
And going under gospel sails,
Celestial prospects bright appear.
To sound her ground my faith now springs,
And to her *Author* thus she sings,
"*Thy will be done.*"

2 As bearing up to gain the port,
A blood stain'd cross and heaven in view,
A Savior's wounds my harbor—fort—
The beacon—to my vessel true;
Again my faith her soundings tries,
And to my soul's sure Pilot cries,
"A blessed Hope."

3 Now as the blissful shore draws near,
With transport I behold the place,
Where dwells my friend, my Savior dear,
And long with joy to see his face.
Once more my faith now tries her ground,
And thus re-echoes back the sound,
"Christ is my rock."

4 When to her birth my bark draws nigh,
And I have done with sails and tide,
"Strong is my cable," then I'll cry.
My Anchor's sure—I safely ride.
No more my soul need try her ground,
Safe at her moorings she is found,
And "all is well."


How happy are they who their Savior o-
bey, And have laid up their treasure a - bove;
O what tongue can express, The sweet com - fort and
peace, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

60. *How happy are they.*

1 How happy are they,
Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know.
The angels could do nothing more,
Than fall down at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

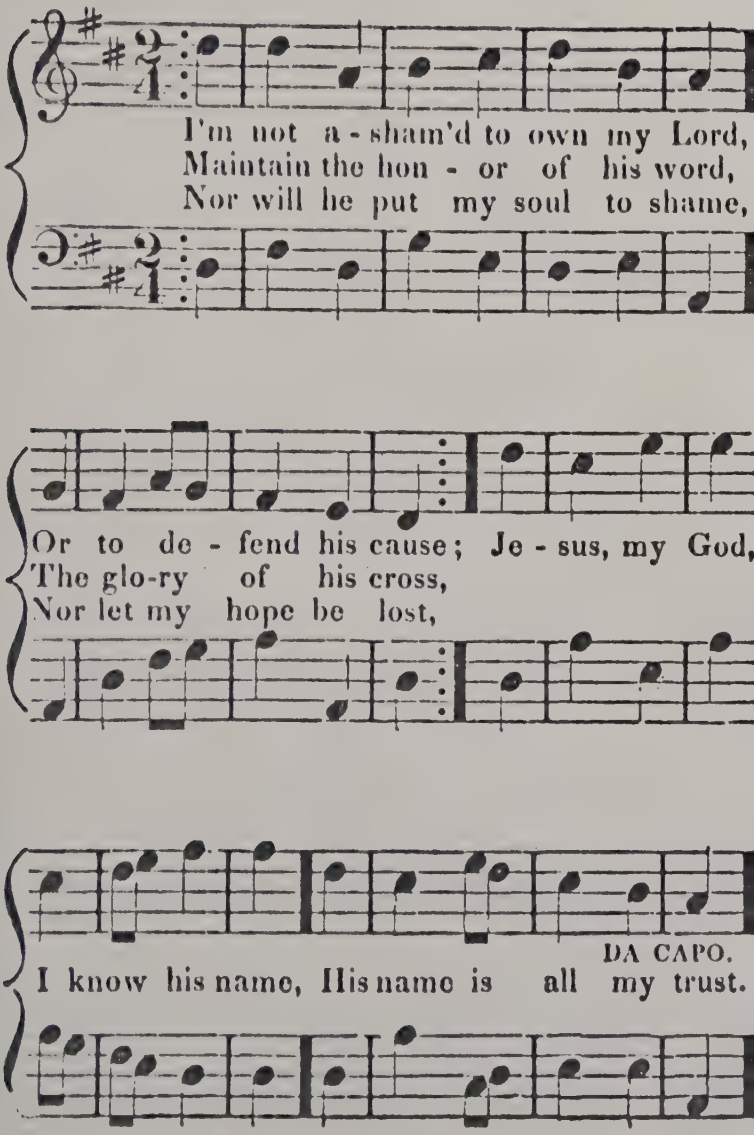
6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possest,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

8 Ah! where am I now!
When was it, or how,
That I fell from my heaven of grace?
I am brought into thrall;
I am stript of my all;
I am banished from Jesus's face!

9 Hardly yet do I know,
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside;
When the tempter came in,
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.

10 But I felt it too soon,
That my Savior was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight;
My triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day it was turned into night.


I'm not a - sham'd to own my Lord,
Maintain the hon - or of his word,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Or to de - fend his cause; Je - sus, my God,
The glo-ry of his cross,
Nor let my hope be lost,
DA CAPO.
I know his name, His name is all my trust.

61. *I am not ashamed.*

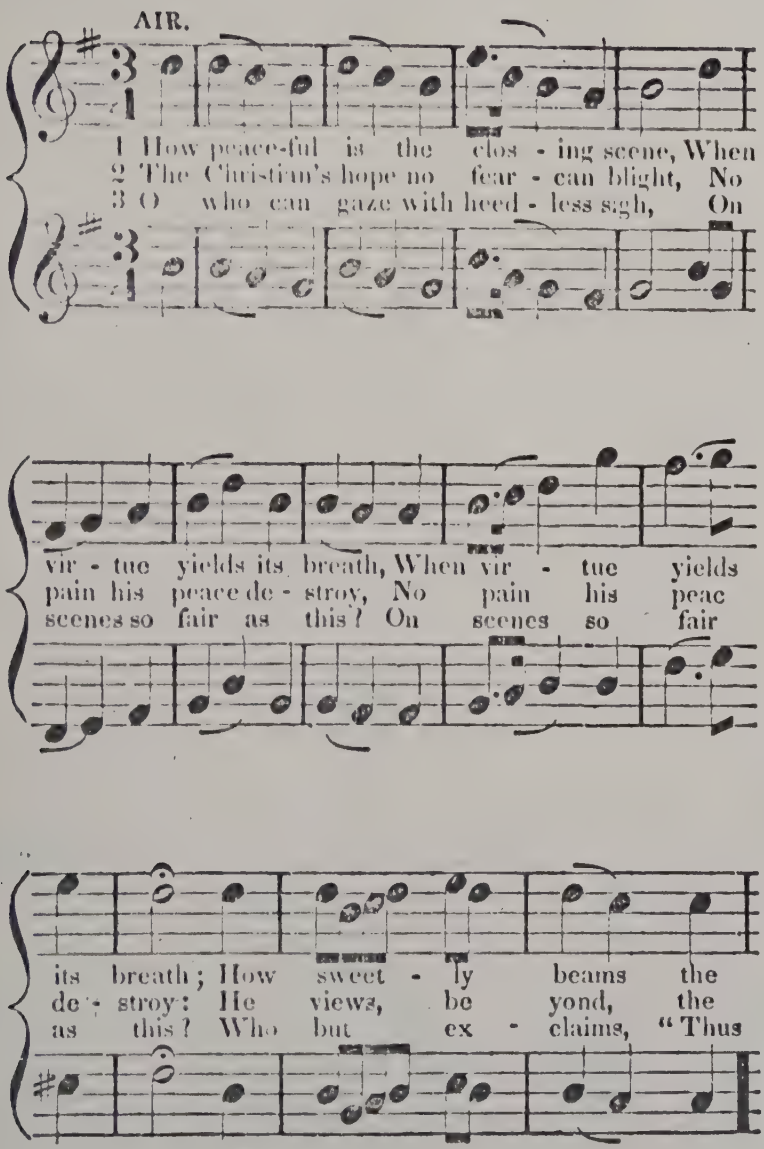
1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

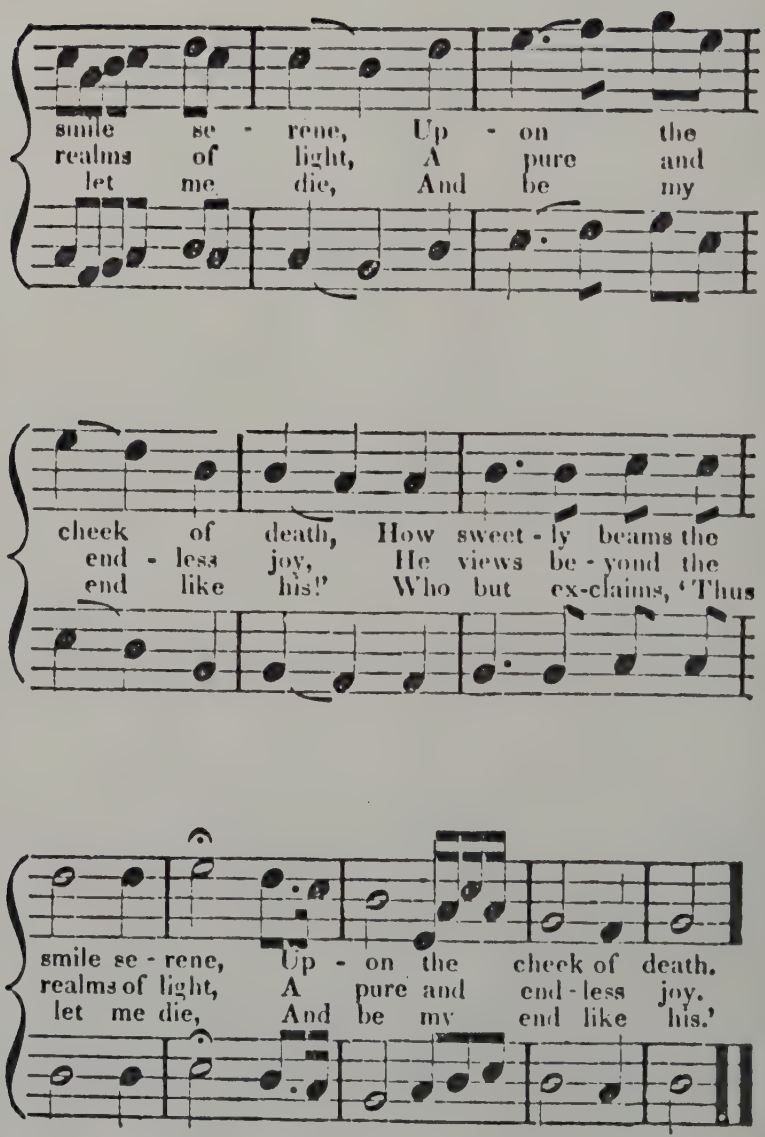
2 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

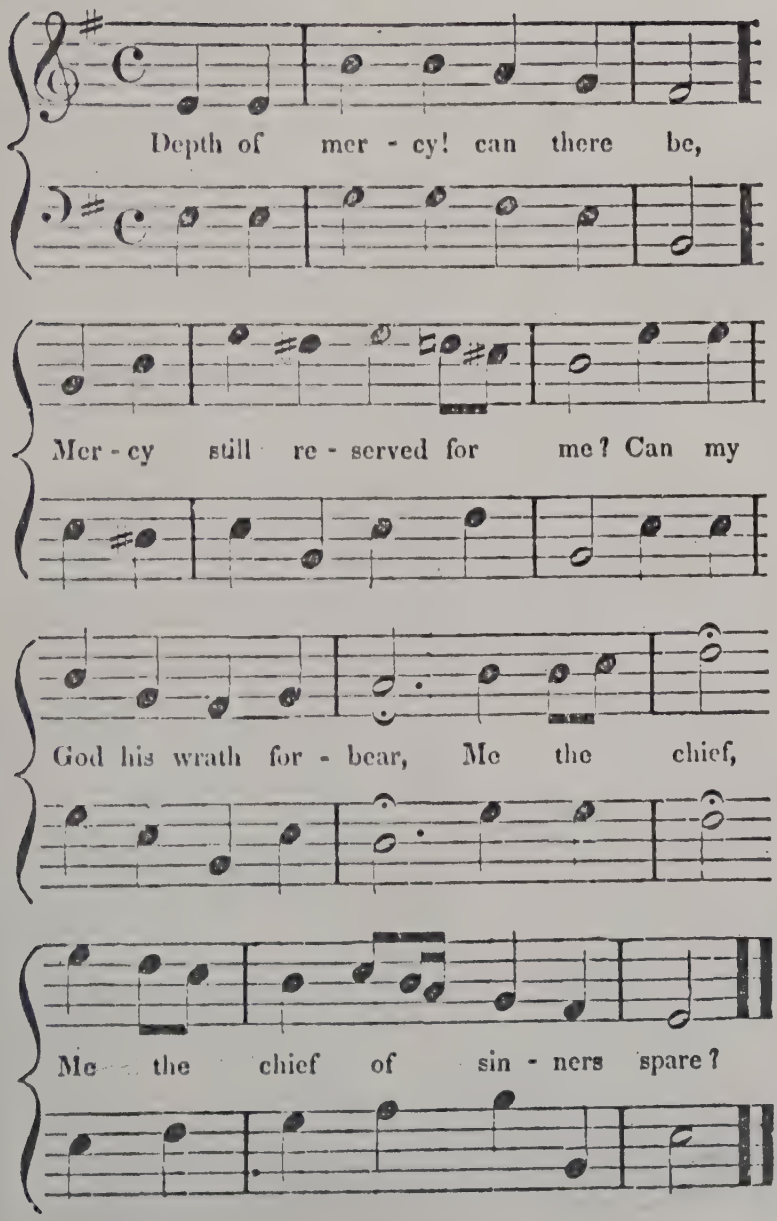
62. *Am I a soldier.*

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this dark world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

2 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.


AIR.
1 How peace-ful is the clos - ing scene, When
2 The Christian's hope no fear - can blight, No
3 O who can gaze with heed - less sigh, On
vir - tue yields its breath, When vir - tue yields
pain his peace de - stroy, No pain his peac
scenes so fair as this? On scenes so fair
its breath; How sweet - ly beams the
de - stroy: He views, be yond, the
as this? Who but ex - claims, "Thus


smile se - rene, Up - on the
realms of light, A pure and
let me die, And be my
cheek of death, How sweet - ly beams the
end - less joy, He views be - yond the
end like his!' Who but ex-claims, 'Thus
smile se - rene, Up - on the cheek of death.
realms of light, A pure and end - less joy.
let me die, And be my end like his.'


Depth of mer - cy! can there be,
Mer - cy still re - served for me? Can my
God his wrath for - bear, Me the chief,
Me the chief of sin - ners spare?

63 DEPTH OF MERCY.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Savior stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?

6 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my soul's revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

64. LORD, HOW LARGE.

1 Lord, how large thy bounties are,
Tender, gracious, sinner's friend!
What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations send!

2 Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring:
Every heart to thee incline;—
Now compel them to come in.

3 Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need,
Heaven to forsake, and God;
See, they run with rapid speed!

4 Draw them back by love divine,
With thy grace their spirits win;
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

5 Thus their willing souls compel,
Thus their happy minds constrain,
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to God, and grace again.

6 Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
Once stretched out to bleed for sin;
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

65. COME YE WEARY.

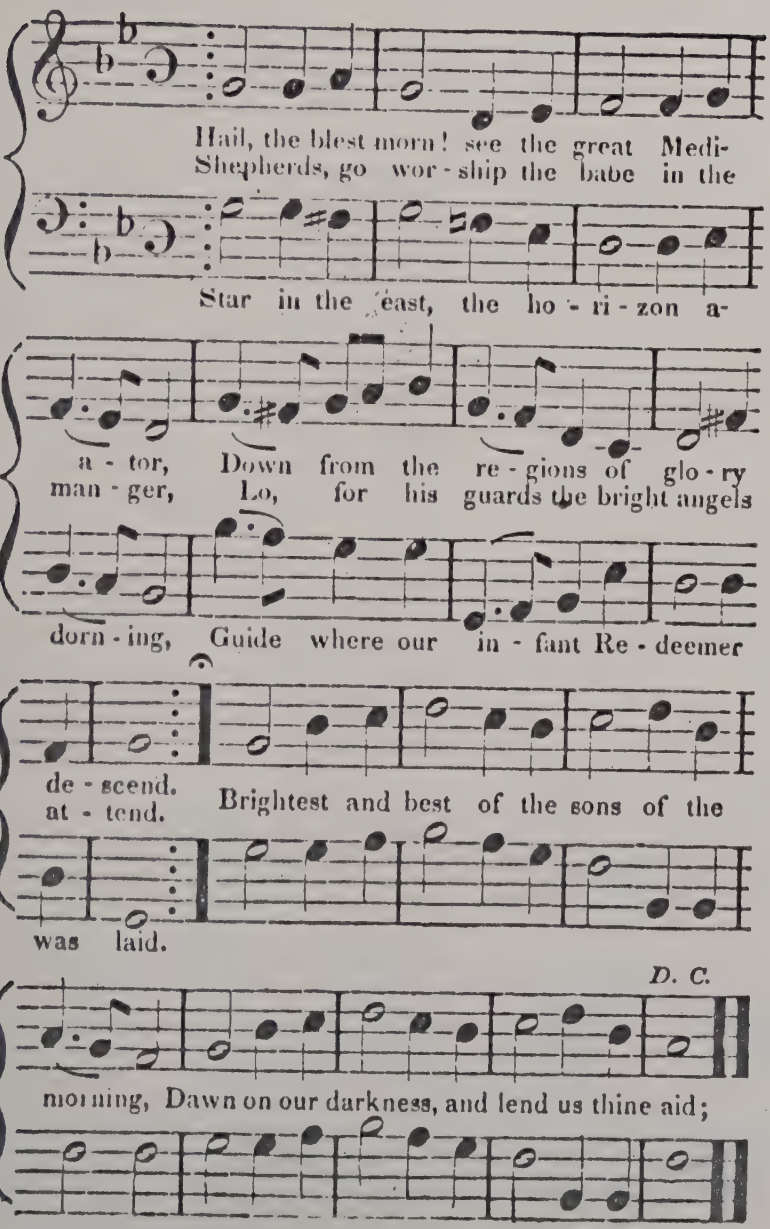
1 Come, ye weary souls opprest,
Find in Christ the promised rest;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.

3 Ye that dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus blood:
To the son of David cry,
In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
All you want in Jesus find:
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

4 Debtors, who have nought to pay,
Come to Jesus, haste away;
All your sins on him were laid,
All your debts the Surety paid

5 "It is finish'd," lo! he cries,
Ere on yonder cross he dies;
O believe the record true,
Jesus died for such as you.


Hail, the blest morn! see the great Medi-
Shepherds, go wor-ship the babe in the
Star in the east, the ho-ri-zon a-
a-tor, Down from the re-gions of glo-ry
man-ger, Lo, for his guards the bright angels
dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deemer
de-scend.
at-tend.
Brightest and best of the sons of the
was laid.
D. C.
morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

66. *Hail the blest morn.*

1 Hail the blest morn! see the great Mediator,
Down from the regions of glory de-end!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guard, the bright angels attend.

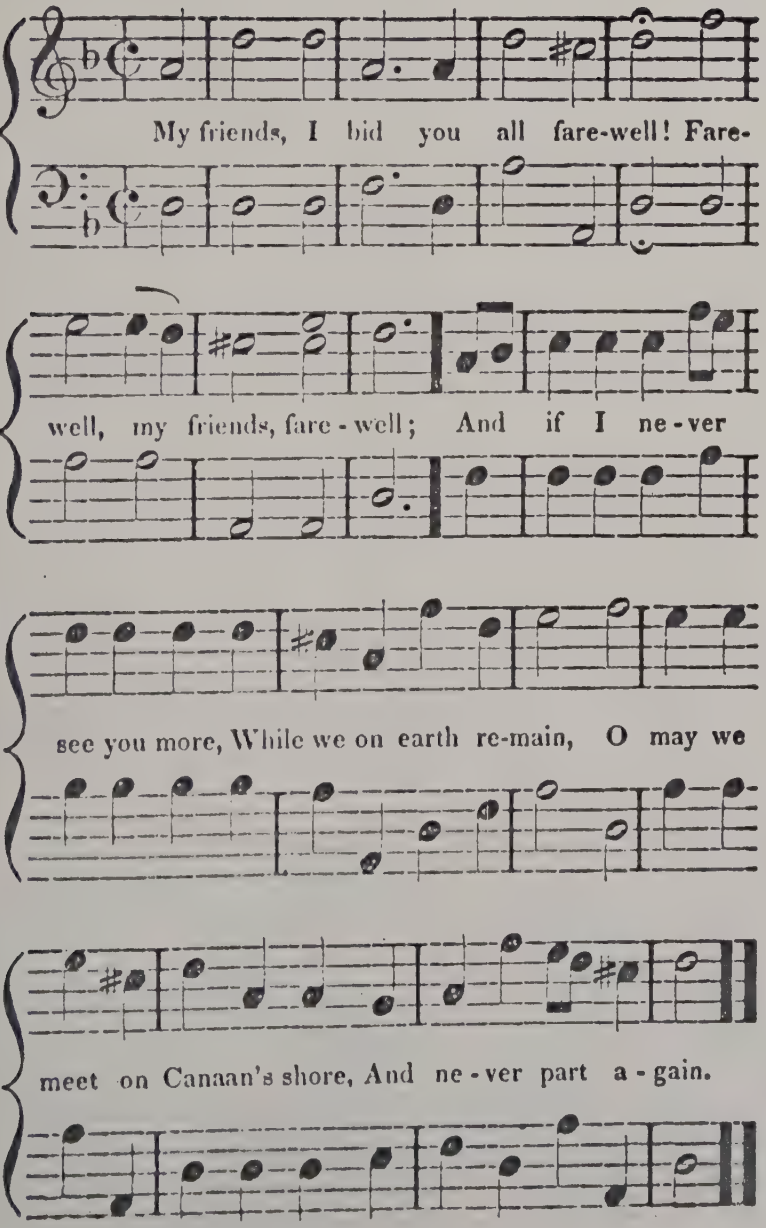
CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.

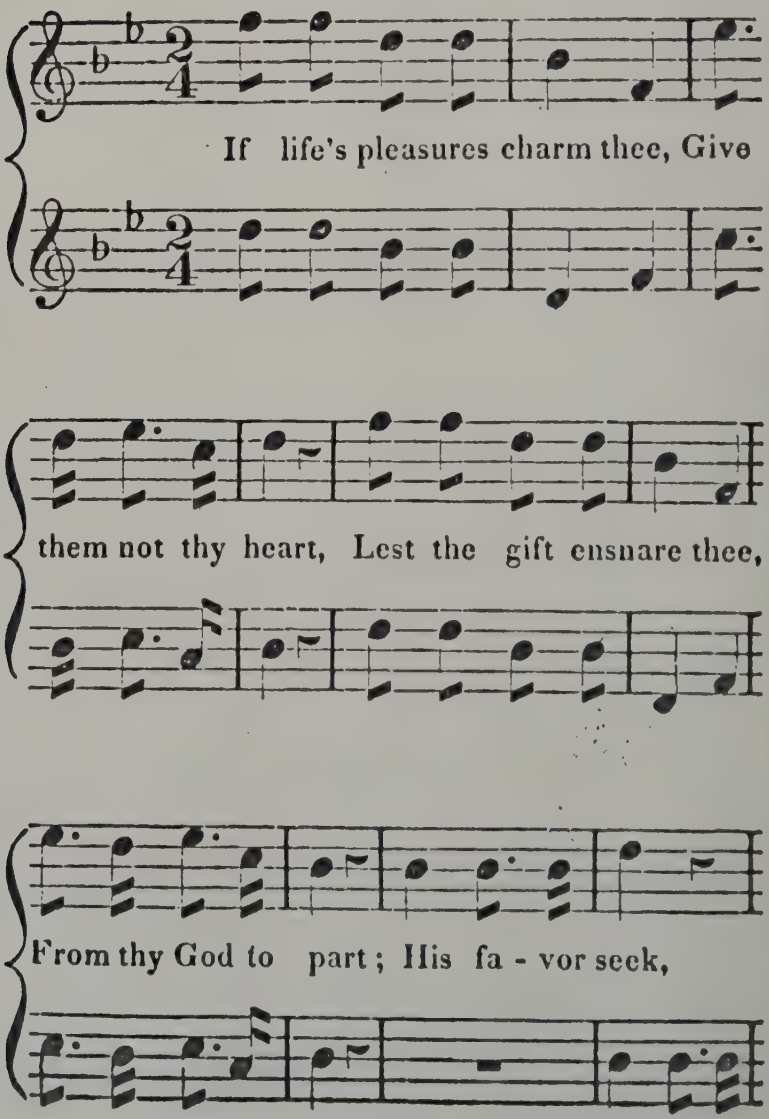
2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.
Brightest and best, &c.

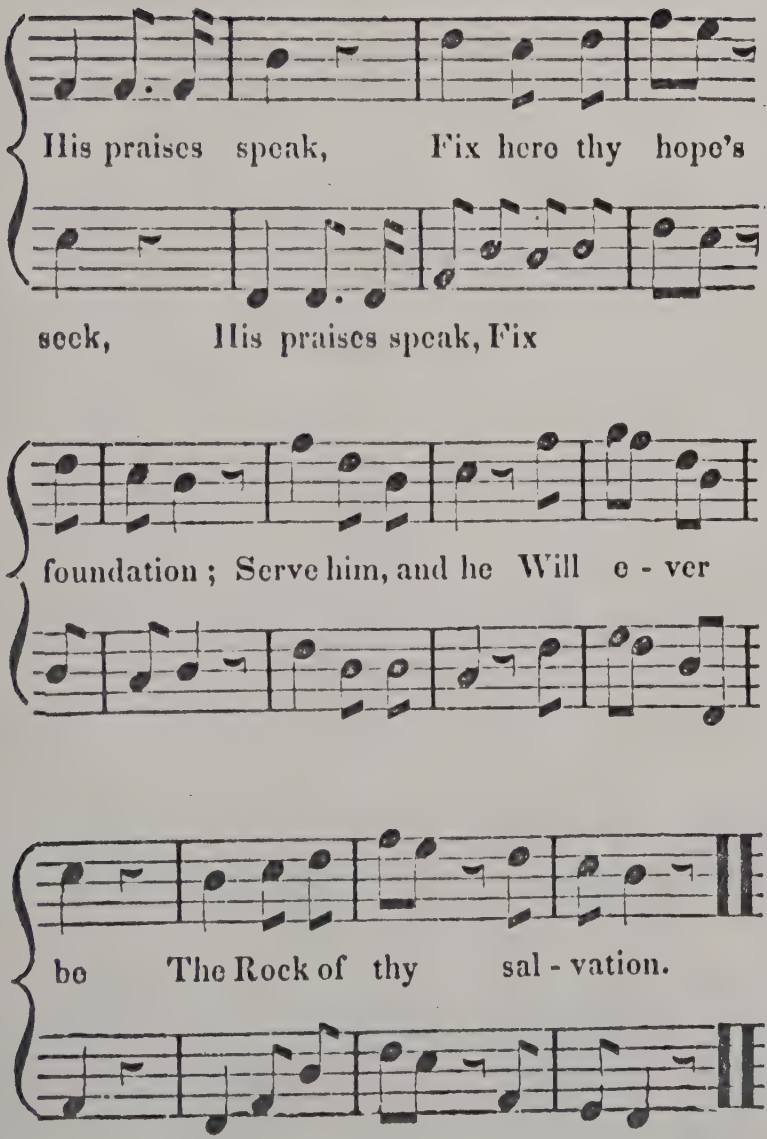
3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Brightest and best, &c.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best, &c


My friends, I bid you all fare-well! Fare-
well, my friends, fare-well; And if I ne-ver
see you more, While we on earth re-main, O may we
meet on Canaan's shore, And ne-ver part a-gain.

Duett.


If life's pleasures charm thee, Give
them not thy heart, Lest the gift ensnare thee,
From thy God to part; His fa - vor seek,


His praises speak, Fix here thy hope's
seek, His praises speak, Fix
foundation; Serve him, and he Will e - ver
be The Rock of thy sal - vation.

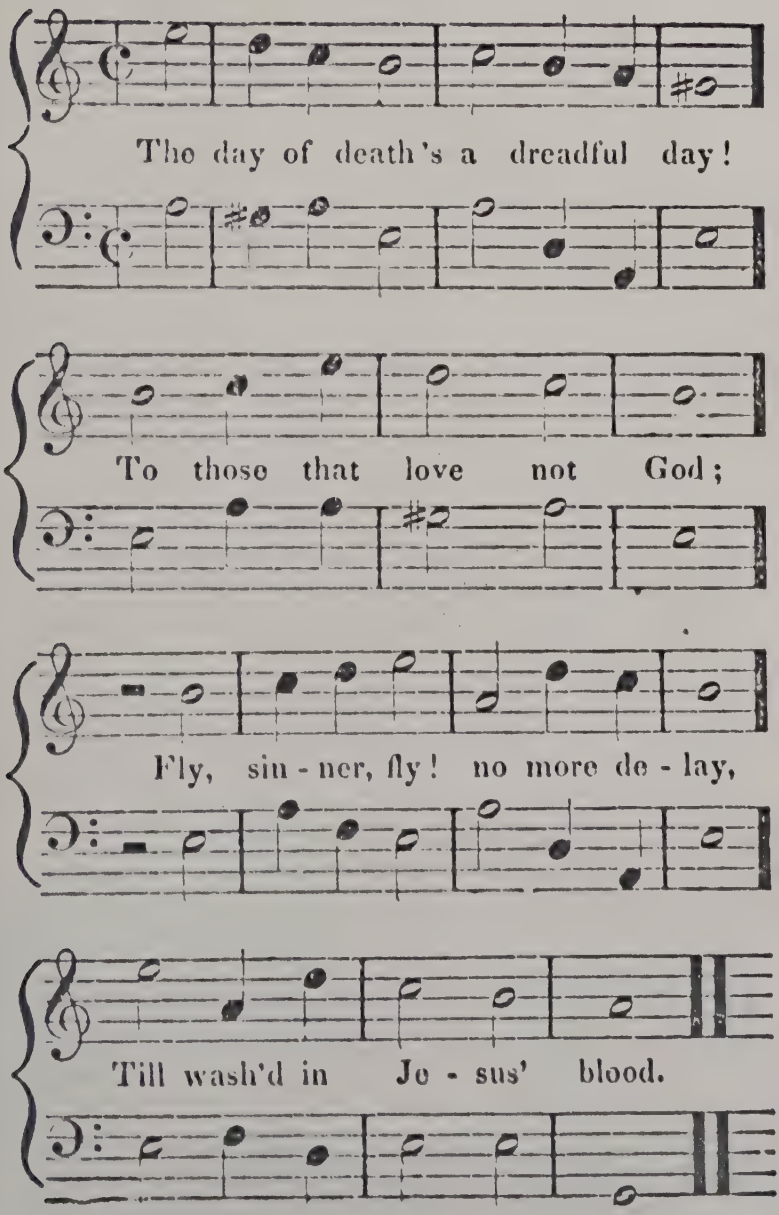
67. *If life's pleasures charm thee.*

1 If life's pleasures charm thee, give them not thy heart,
Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to part;
His favor seek, his praises speak,
Fix here thy hope's foundation;
Serve him, and he will ever be
The Rock of thy salvation.

2 If distress befal thee, painful though it be,
Let not grief appal thee; to thy Savior flee:
He ever near, thy prayer will hear
And calm thy perturbation:
The waves of wo shall ne'er o'erflow
The Rock of thy salvation.

3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not distress,
Better comforts wait thee; Christ will freely bless;
To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be,
Thy heavenly consolation:
For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
The Rock of thy salvation.

4 Dangers may approach thee, let them not alarm,
Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from harm,
He near thee stands with mighty hands,
To ward off each temptation:
To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his blow
For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow
For death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation:
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

The day of death's a dreadful day!
To those that love not God;
Fly, sin - ner, fly! no more de - lay,
Till wash'd in Je - sus' blood.

68 *The day of death.*

1 The day of death 's a doleful day;
To those who know not God;
Fly, sinner, fly! no more delay,
'Till wash'd in Jesus' blood.

2 How wretched is the sinner's state,
Who sleeps to wake no more!
He knocks, alas! he knocks *too late*,
When death hath shut the door.

3 But now, O Lord, 'tis not too late
To hear thy people pray;
For tho' thy *justice* locks the gate,
Thy *mercy* keeps the key.

69. *Thro' sorrow's night.*

1 Thro' sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

4 These ashes poor, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
'Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

5 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

70. *Hoping, yet trembling.*

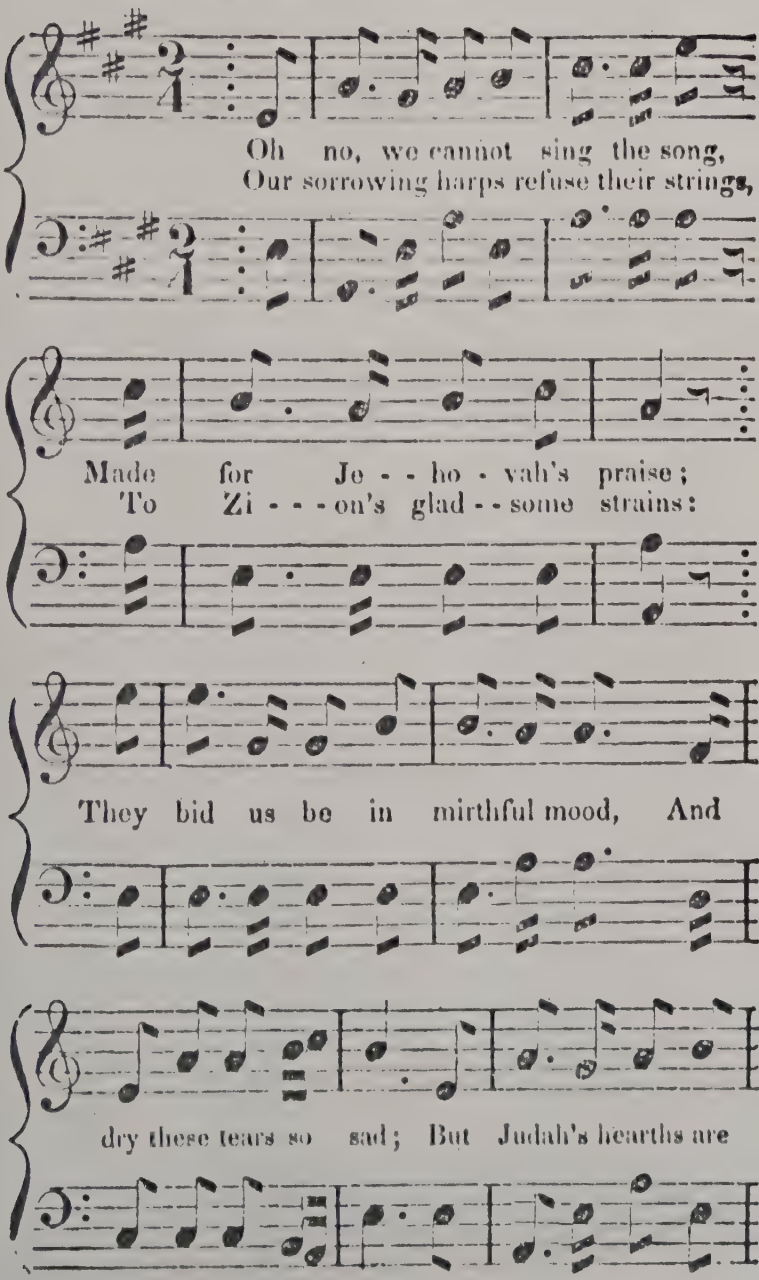
1 My soul would fain indulge a hope
To reach the heavenly shore;
And when I drop this dying flesh,
Then I shall sin no more.

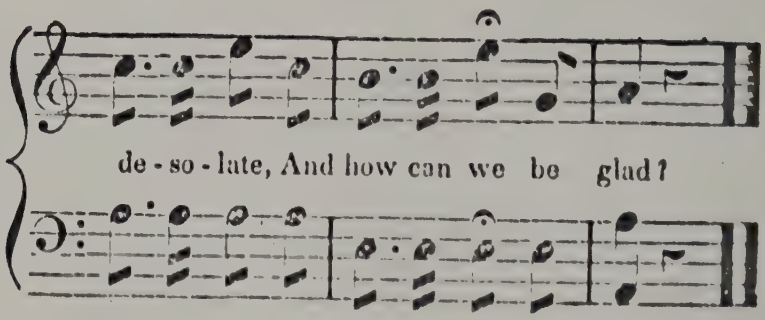
2 I hope to hear, and join the song,
That saints and angels raise;
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.

3 But oh—this dreadful heart of sin!
It may deceive me still;
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.

4 The scene must then forever close,
Probation at an end;
No gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descend.

5 Come then, O blessed Jesus, come,
To me thy Spirit give;
Shine thro' a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.


Oh no, we cannot sing the song,
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings,
Made for Je - - ho - vah's praise;
To Zi - - - on's glad - - some strains:
They bid us be in mirthful mood, And
dry these tears so sad; But Judah's hearths are



71. *Babel's Streams.*

Written for the Lyre, by the Rev. D. R. Thomason, recently from England.

1 Oh no, we cannot sing the songs,
Made for Jehovah's praise;
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings,
To Zion's gladsome strains.

2 They bid us be in mirthfu' mood
And dry these tears so sad;
But Judah's hearths are desolate,
And how can we be glad?

3 Silent our harps o'er Babel's streams
Are hung on willows wet;
And Zion we no more shall see;
But we can ne'er forget.

4 Jerusalem, thy banish'd ones,
Prove anguish and regret;
But heaven's own curse shall rest on them,
If thee they e'er forget.

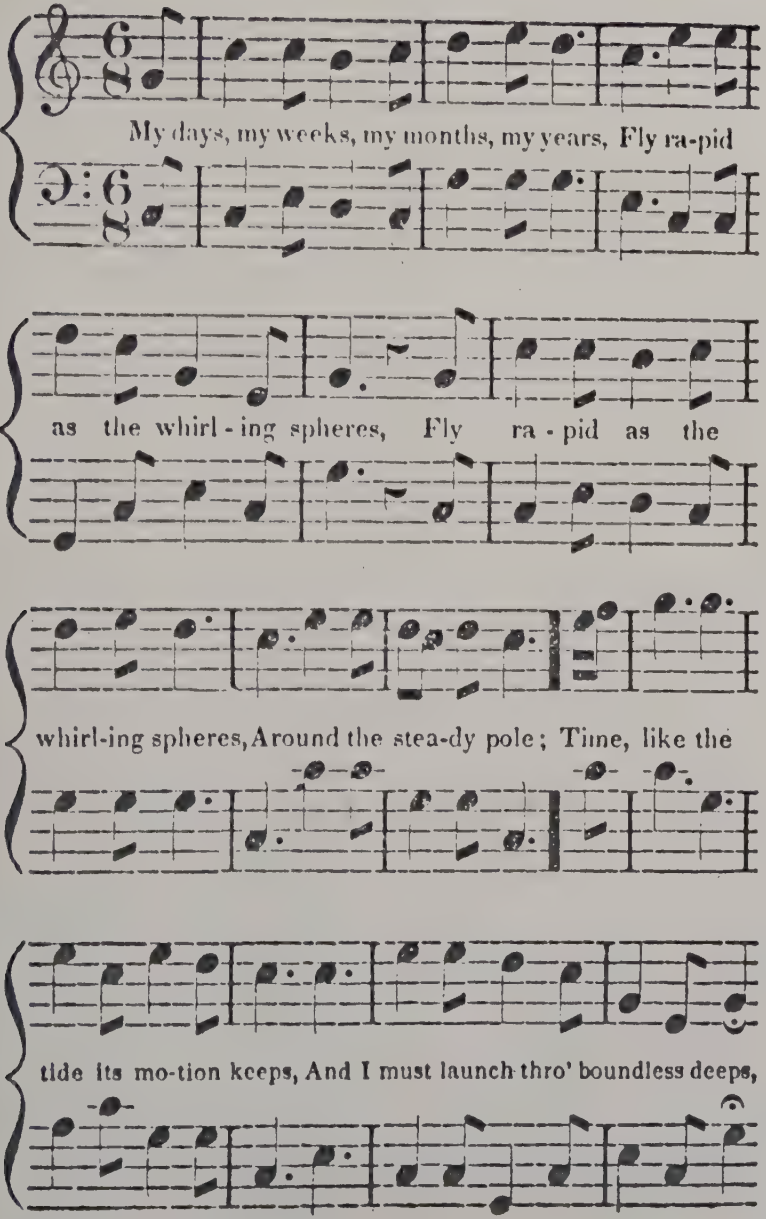
72. *Light in darkness.*

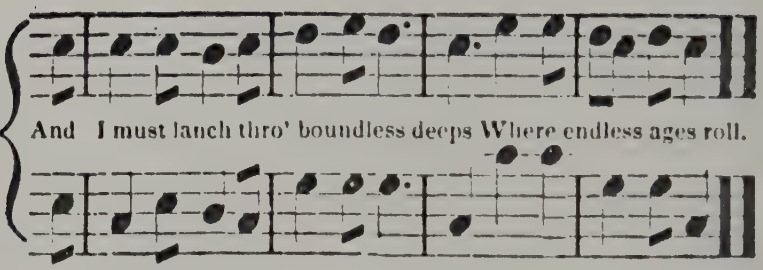
1 O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting thro' the g'oom
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.


My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly ra-pid
as the whirl-ing spheres, Fly ra-pid as the
whirl-ing spheres, Around the stea-dy pole; Time, like the
tide its mo-tion keeps, And I must launch thro' boundless deeps,



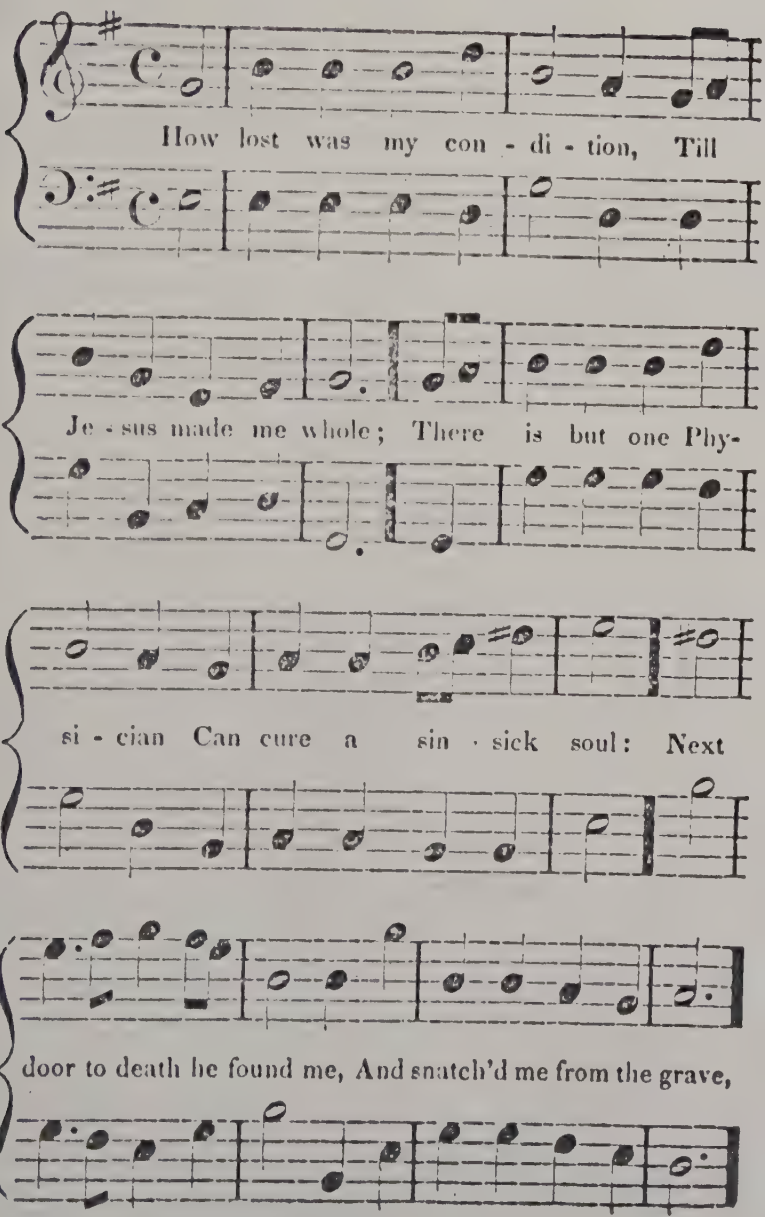
2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly—
Unthinking man, remember this,
Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die!

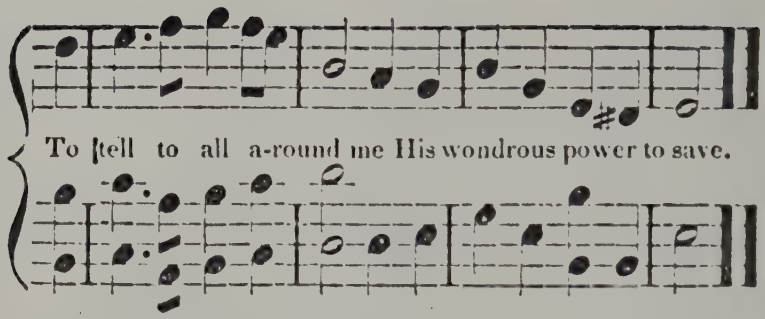
3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast ethereal blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 Long ere the sun has run its round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot:
Alas! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall intervene
My name be quite forgot.

5 But shall my soul be then extinct,
And cease to be, or cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be:
Thou! my immortal, cannot die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

6 Will mercy then, its arms extend?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend?
And heaven thy dwelling-place?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
To drag thee down to black despair,
Beyond the reach of grace?


How lost was my con - di - tion, Till
Je - sus made me whole; There is but one Phy-
si - cian Can cure a sin - sick soul: Next
door to death he found me, And snatch'd me from the grave,

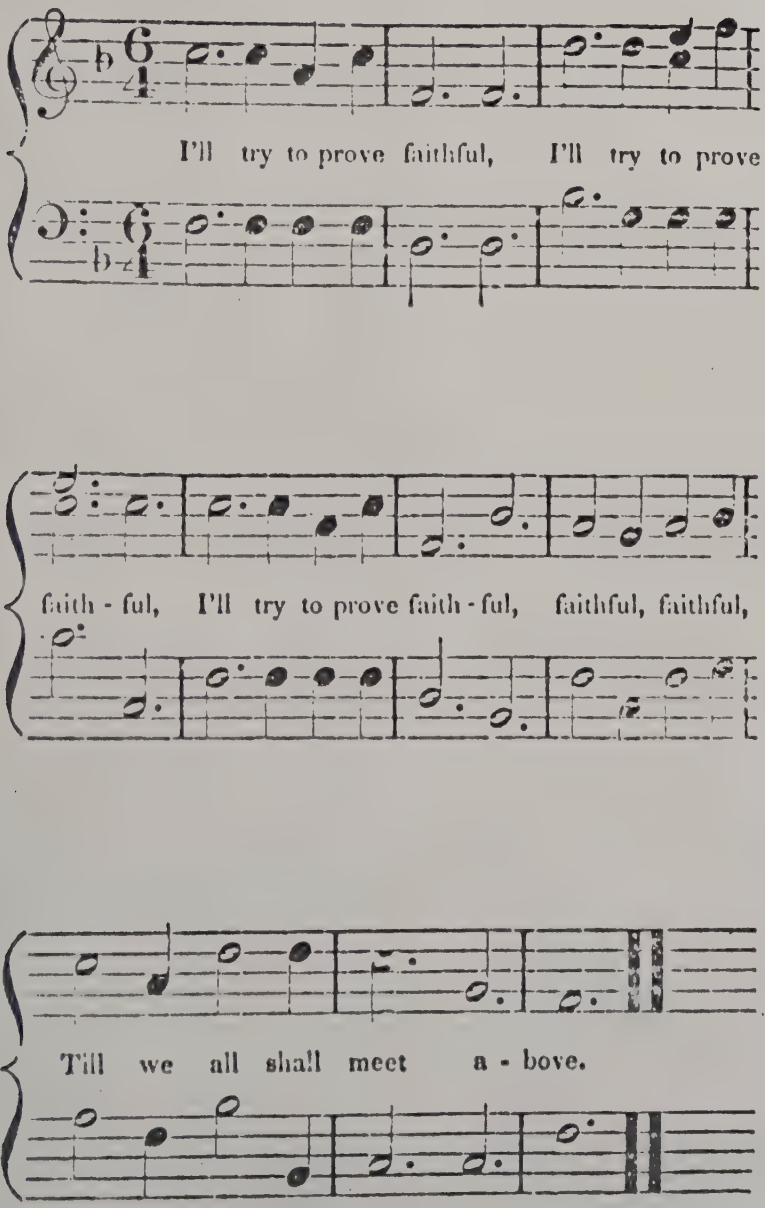


2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it siezes
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician
(How matchless is his grace)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin mine eyes had seal'd;
Then bade me look unto him;
I look'd—and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition—
'Tis only "Look and live."


I'll try to prove faithful, I'll try to prove
faith - ful, I'll try to prove faith - ful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet a - bove.

75. *Faithful.*

1 I'll try to prove faithful,
I'll try to prove faithful,
I'll try to prove faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.

2 O, let us prove faithful,
O, let us prove faithful,
O, let us prove faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.

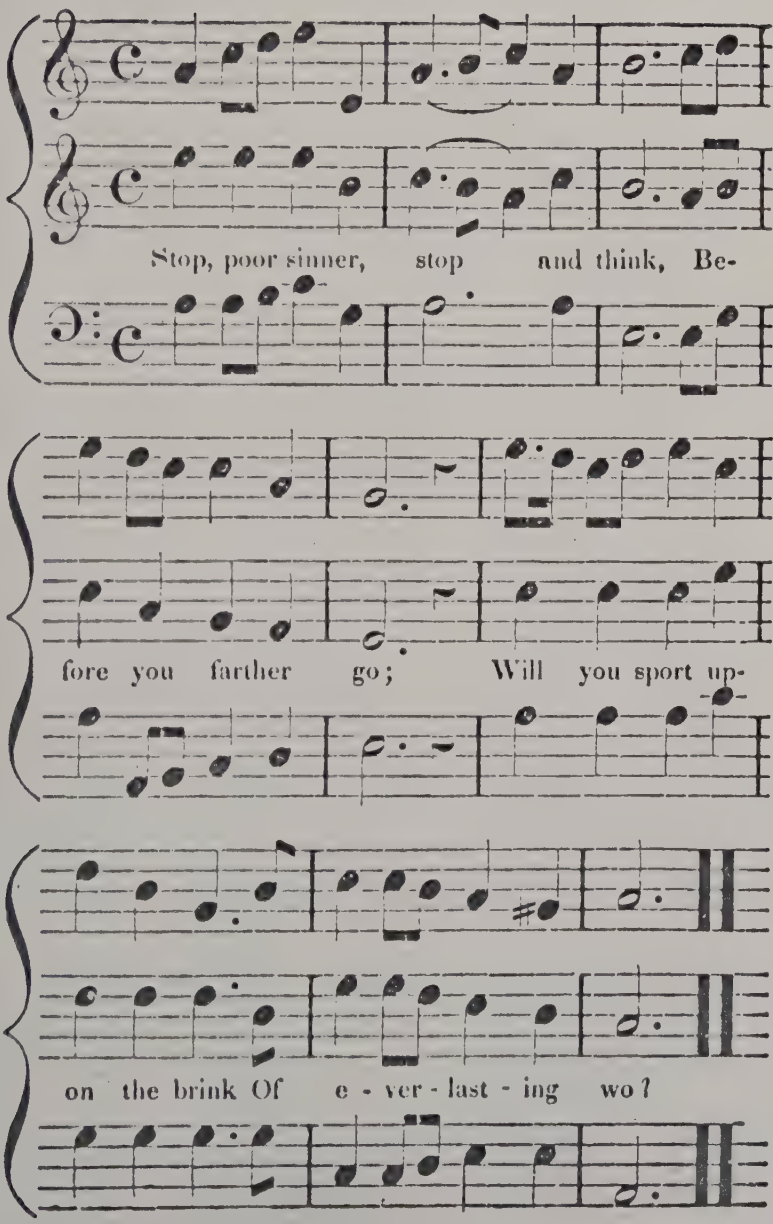
3 We mean to be faithful,
We mean to be faithful,
We mean to be faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.

4 There'll be no more sinning,
There'll be no more sinning,
There'll be no more sinning, sinning, sinning,
When we all shall meet above.

5 There'll be no more sorrow,
There'll be no more sorrow,
There'll be no more sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
When we all shall meet above.

6 There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
When we all shall meet above.

7 There we shall sing praises,
There we shall sing praises,
There we shall sing praises, praises, praises,
When we all shall meet above.


Stop, poor sinner, stop and think, Be-
fore you farther go; Will you sport up-
on the brink Of e - ver - last - ing wo?

76. *The Alarm.*

1 Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go—
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?

CHORUS.
Be entreated now to stop!
Unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into the burning lake!

2 Hell beneath is gaping wide!
And waits the dread command,
Soon to stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.

4 All your sins will round you crowd,
Of bloody crimson die,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

5 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not his iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?

6 Can you stand in that great day,
When judgment is proclaim'd,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

7 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.

8 Sinners then in vain will call,
Who now despise his grace,
'Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.'

9 But as yet there is a hope,
That you may mercy know;
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.

10 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he calls to come,
None who come shall be denied,
He says, "There yet is room.'

77. *Striving of the Spirit.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 Sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy soul,
Bid thee leave the ways of sin,
And yield to God's control?

2 Hath it met thee in the path,
Of earthly vanity,
Pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee now to flee?

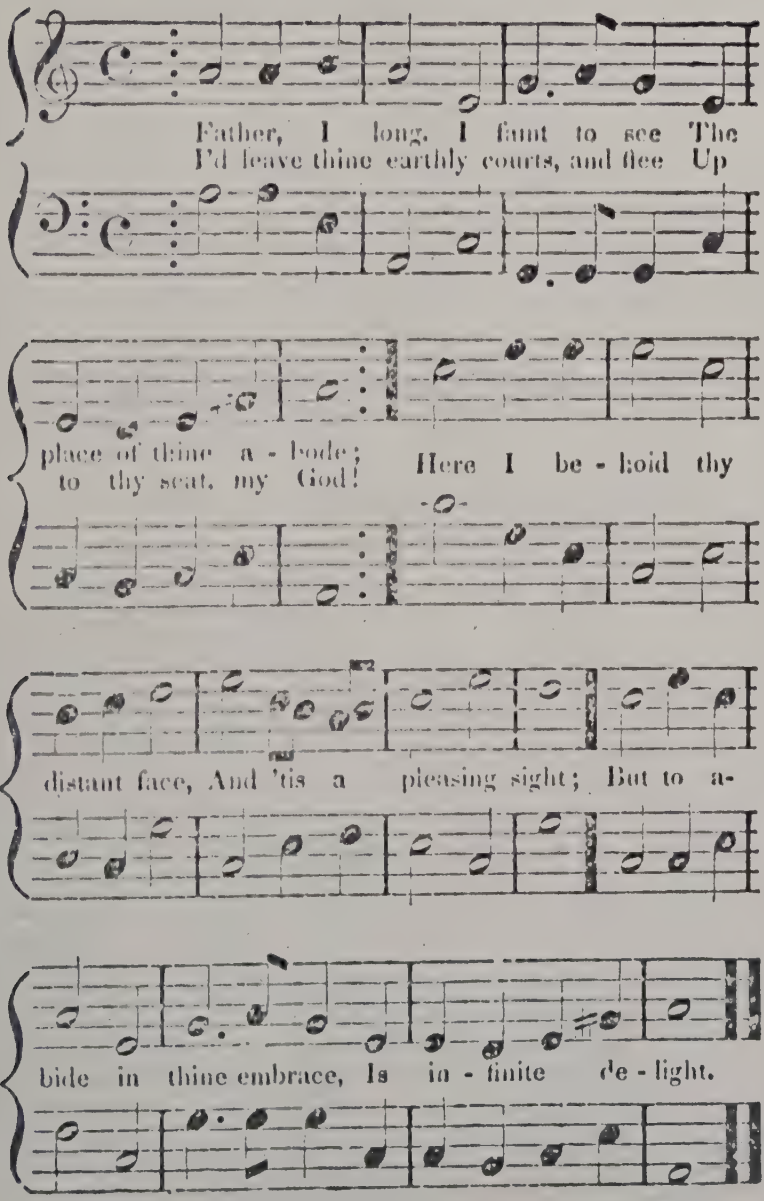
3 Sinner, 'twas a heavenly voice
The Spirit's gracious call,
Bade thee make a better choice,
And seek in Christ thine all.

4 Hear the call to life and light;
Regard the warning kind:
If that call thou always slight,
Thou mercy ne'er shalt find.

5 Soon thy season will be o'er,
The Spirit cease to strive;
Thy slumbers he will break no more;
His love then do not grieve.

6 Sinner, should this very day
Thy last of mercy be!
Should'st thou grieve him now away,
Hope ne'er may beam on thee

S. G


Father, I long, I faint to see The
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee Up
place of thine a - bode;
to thy seat, my God!
Here I be - hold thy
distant face, And 'tis a pleasing sight; But to a-
bide in thine embrace, Is in - finite de - light.

78. *Father, I long.*

1 Father, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.

3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

4 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
Before th' eternal All.

5 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss;
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity* confess.

6 The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

79. *The Scriptures.*

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there.

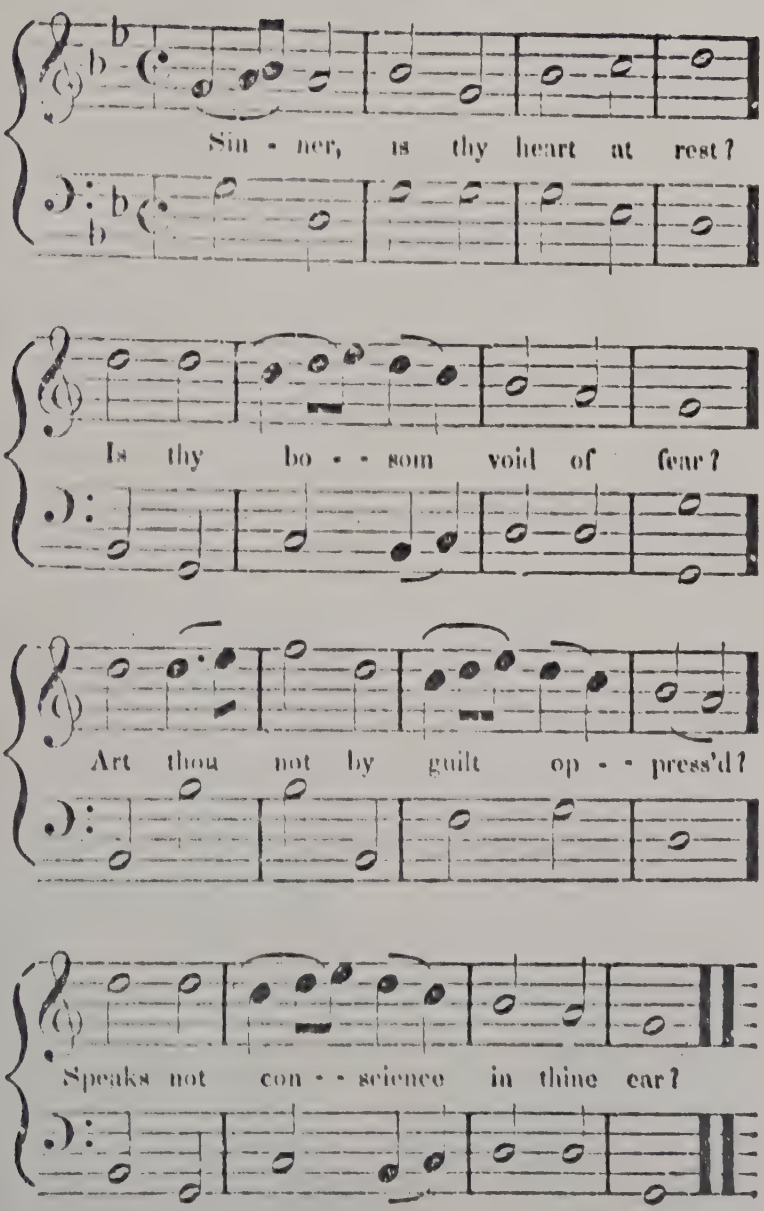
80. *Brotherly Love.*

1 Blest be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we'll go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Savior's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

4 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And christians part no more!


Sin - ner, is thy heart at rest?
Is thy bo - - som void of fear?
Art thou not by guilt op - - press'd?
Speaks not con - - science in thine ear?

81. *The voice of conscience.*

Written for the Lyre, by the author of "Advice to a Young Christian."

1 Sinner, is thy heart at rest?
Is thy bosom void of fear!
Art thou not by guilt oppress'd?
Speaks not conscience in thine ear?

2 Can this world afford thee bliss?
Can it chase away thy gloom?
Flattering, false, and vain it is;—
Tremble at the worldling's doom.

3 Long the gospel thou hast spurn'd,
Long delay'd to seek thy God;
Stifled conscience, nor hast turn'd
Wood though, by a Savior's blood.

4 Think, O sinner, on thy end;
See the judgment day appear!
Thither must thy spirit wend;
There thy righteous sentence hear.

5 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,
To a Savior's blood apply;
He alone can make thee whole;
Fly to Jesus,—sinner, fly!

J. B. W.

82. *Sinner, prepare.*

1 Sinner, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared,
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

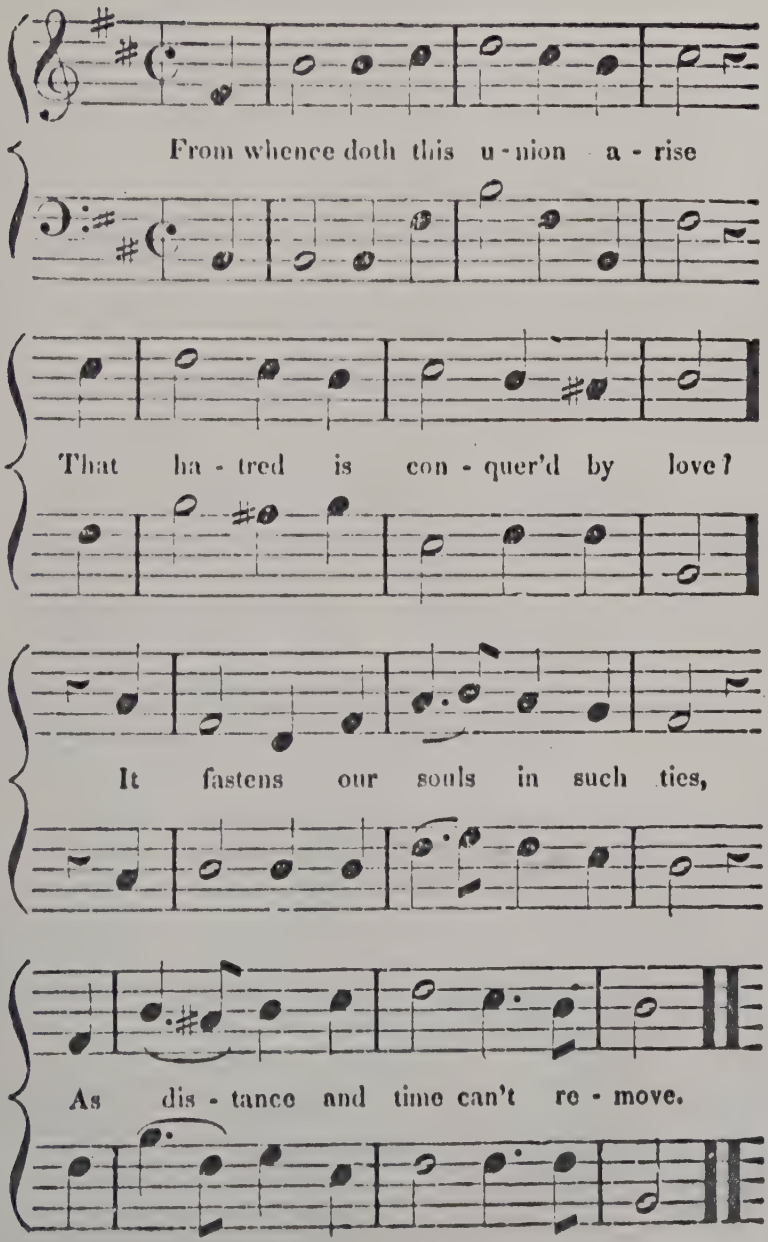
83. *The Narrow Gate.*

1 Seek, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter, ere it be too late;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.

2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim—
'Lord! we have profess'd thy name;
We have ate with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word.'

4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot—
Christ will say, 'I know you not.'


From whence doth this u - nion a - rise
That ha - tred is con - quer'd by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As dis - tance and time can't re - move.

84. *Christian Union.*

1 From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love!
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As distance and time can't remove.

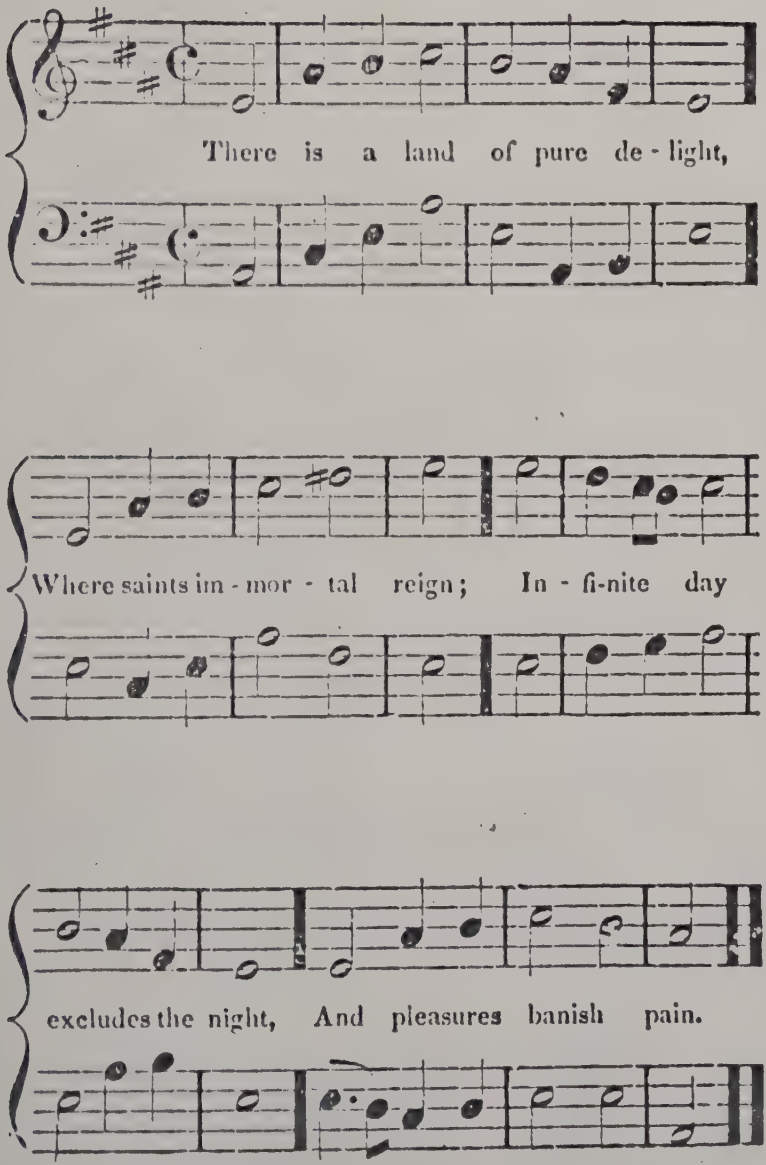
2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost:
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love:
Where Jesus has gone, we shall be,
In yonder bright mansions above.

4 O why then so loth now to part?
Since we shall ere long meet again;
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
And leaving these bodies of clay,
Unite with our Jesus in love,

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign;
We all his bright glory shall see,
And sing, 'Hallelujah, Amen:'
Amen, even so let it be.


There is a land of pure de - light,
Where saints im - mor - tal reign; In - fi-nite day
excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

85. *The Happy Land.*

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore.

86. *The Soul.*

1 What is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?—
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found:

2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
That keeps two worlds in strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all—in one.

4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

87. *Redeeming Love.*

1 Ye saints, assist me in my song—
Let all your passions move;
To Jesus all the notes belong—
I sing redeeming love.

2 Opposing spirits 'gainst his cross,
Their force united prove;
But quit the field with mighty loss,
Crush'd by redeeming love.

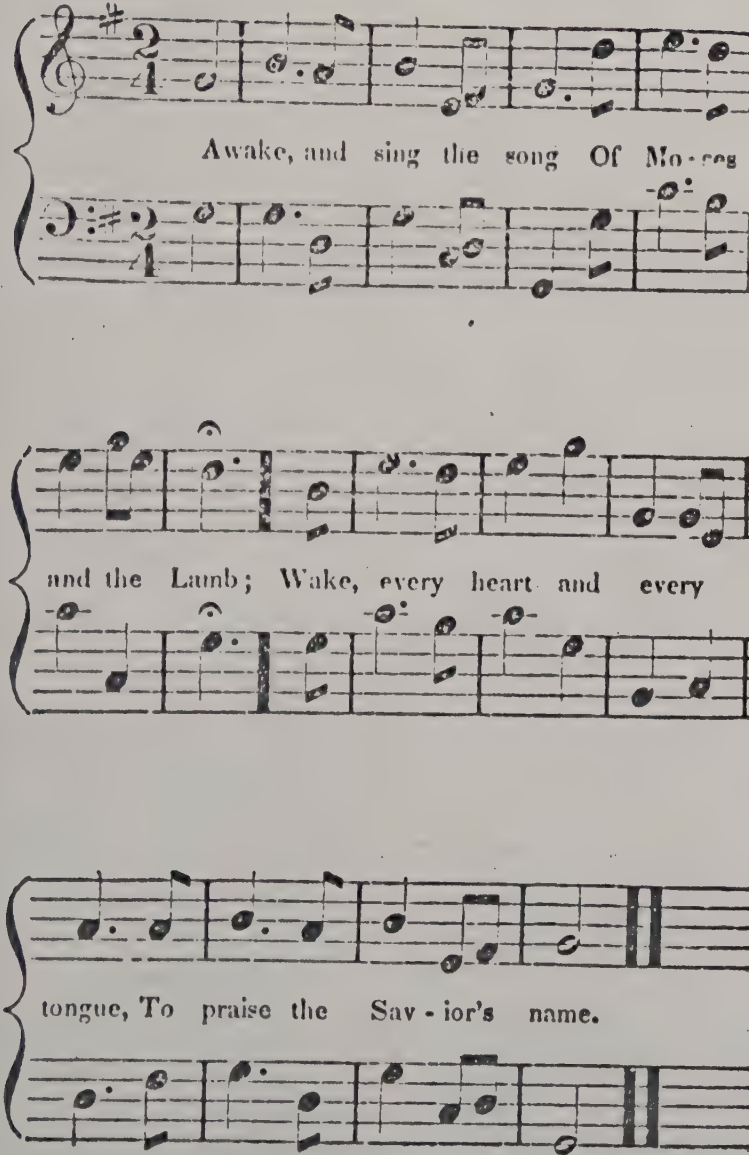
3 Around the circle of his friends
His tender passions move;
And while he lived, his constant theme
Was still redeeming love.

4 Gently he raised his sacred hands,
Before his last remove;
And the last whispers of his tongue,
Sigh'd forth redeming love.

5 Thro' life's wide waste, with weary feet,
In darkness I may rove;
But never can my heart forget
Redeeming, dying love.

6 Oh, that before his sacred throne,
I all its sweets may prove;
Still as my pleasures rise, my song
Shall be redeeming love.

WALBRIDGE. S. M.



88. *Praise to Christ.*

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power!
Sing, how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way—
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, the exalted King.

5 Soon we shall hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

89. *The Accepted Time.*

1 Now is the accepted time—
Now is the day of grace:—
Now, sinners, come without delay
And seek the Savior's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day;—
Pardon and peace he freely gives;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word,
Declares "there yet is room."

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;—
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

5 Assembled round his throne,
They shall his face behold:
And sing of all his dying pains,
Whose love can ne'er be told.

90. *The Love of Jesus.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 My Jesus, thou hast taught
This heart to love but thee;
The sweetest joys below are fraught
With emptiness to me.

2 If sorrow shades my eyes,
It is when thou art fled;
Deep in the dust my spirit lies,
And mourns its comforts dead.

3 The world has lost its power
To soothe this inward pain;
To me it is a faded flower,
That cannot bloom again.

4 But when thy smile appears,
To chase my gloom away,
How bursts my song! how sink my fears;
My night is turn'd to day.

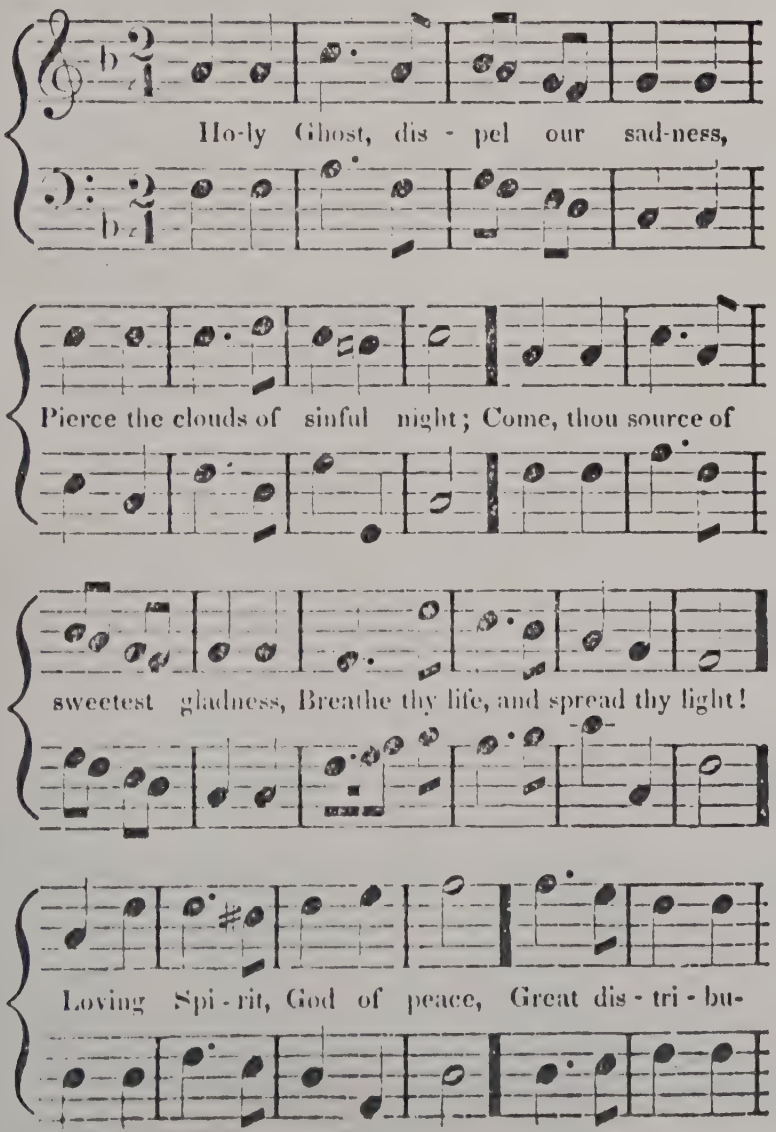
5 Then, Lord, no more permit
This heart from thee to rove
O that I might for ever sit
At thy dear feet, and love.

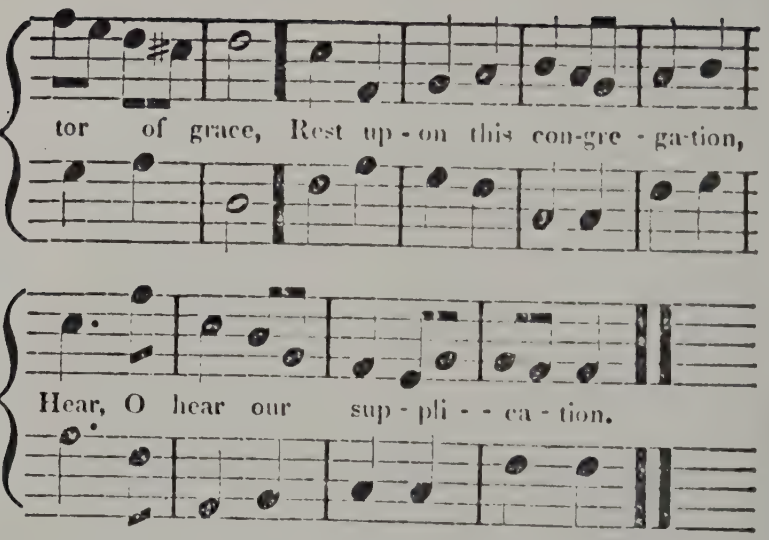
J B W

DOUGLASS.

COMPOSED BY DR. LACY, OF VIRGINIA,

And furnished for the Lyre, by Rev. A. Nettleton.


Ho-ly Ghost, dis - pel our sad-ness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night; Come, thou source of
sweetest gladness, Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
Loving Spi - rit, God of peace, Great dis - tri - bu-



91. *To the Blessed Spirit.*

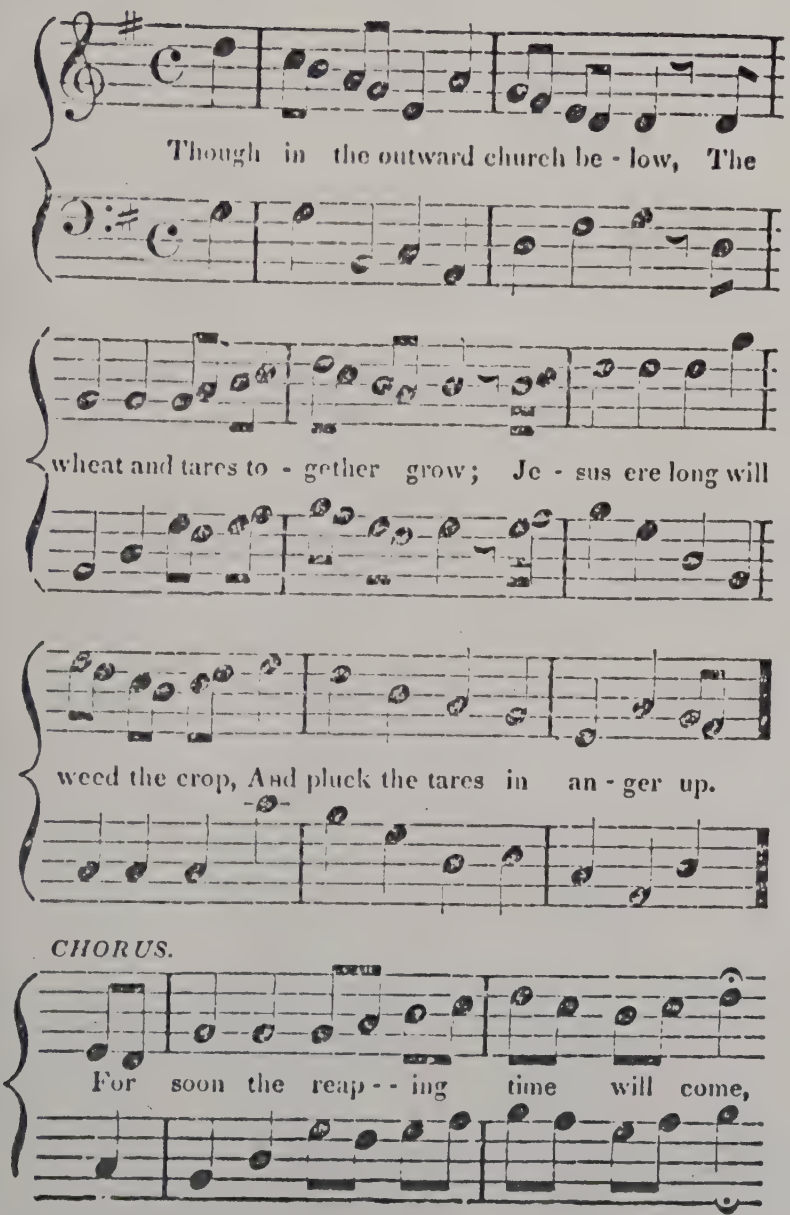
1 Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night:
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, O hear our supplication.

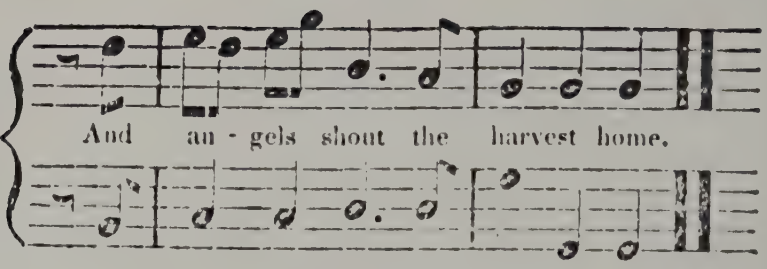
2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend:
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation.

3 Come, thou best of all donations,
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:
Come, with unction and with power,
On our souls thy graces shower;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 Manifest thy love for ever,
Fence us in on every side,
In distress be our reliever;
Guard and teach, support and guide.
Let thy kind, effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways;
Show thyself our new Creator,
And conform us to thy nature.

5 Be our friend, on each occasion;
God, omnipotent to save!
When we die, be our salvation;
When we're buried, be our grave:
And, when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies;
Seat us with thy saints in glory,
There for ever to adore Thee.


Though in the outward church be - low, The
wheat and tares to - gether grow; Je - sus ere long will
weed the crop, And pluck the tares in an - ger up.
CHORUS.
For soon the reap - - ing time will come,



92. *The Wheat and Tares.*

1 Though in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

CHORUS.

For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?

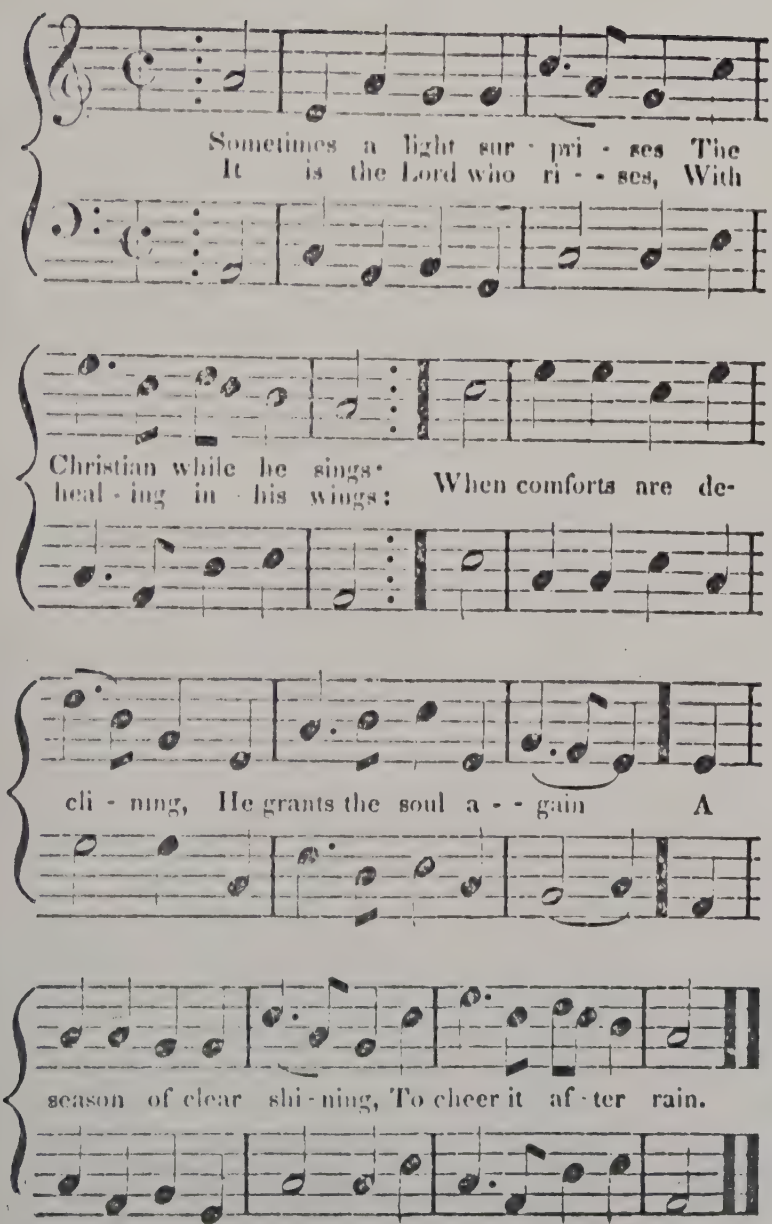
3 No! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends:
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

7 Oh! awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.


Sometimes a light sur - pri - ses The
It is the Lord who ri - - ses, With
Christian while he sings:
heal - ing in his wings:
When comforts are de-
cli - ning, He grants the soul a - - gain
A
season of clear shi - ning, To cheer it af - ter rain.

93. *Sometimes a light surprises.*

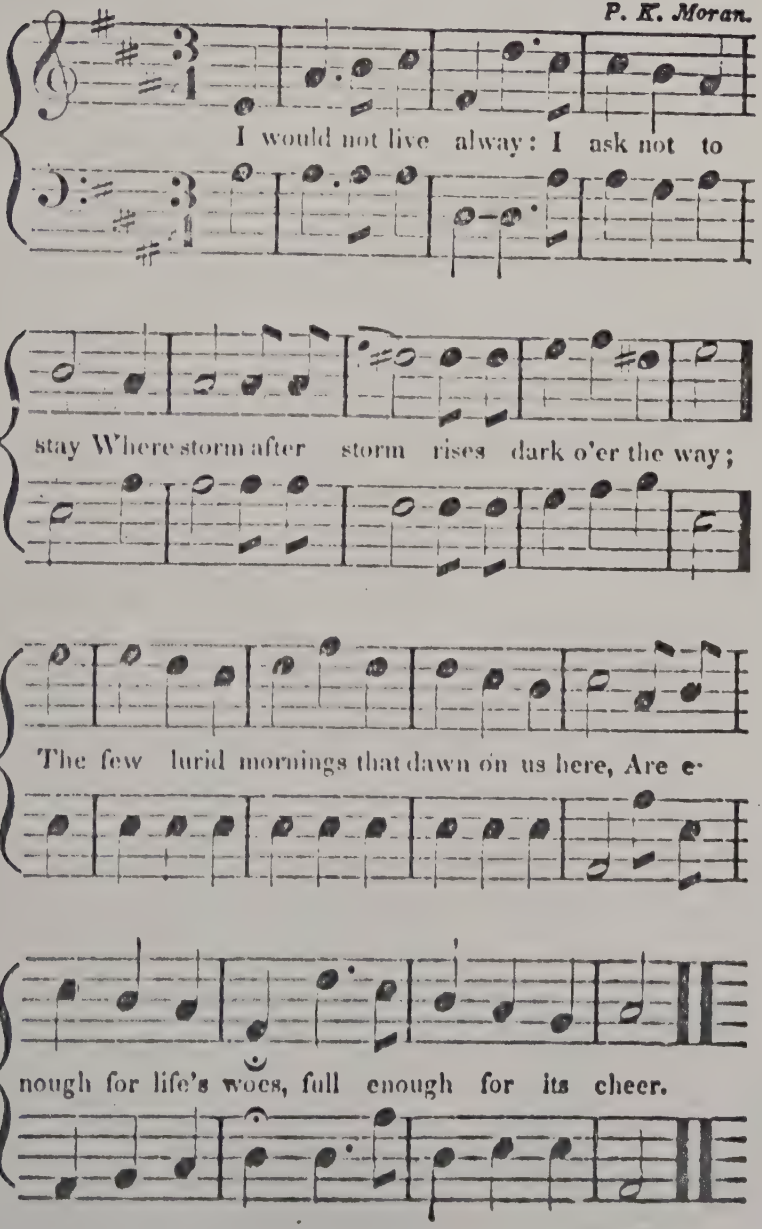
1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises,
With healing on his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;—
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

P. K. Moran.


I would not live alway: I ask not to
stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here, Are e-
nough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

93. *I would not live alway.*

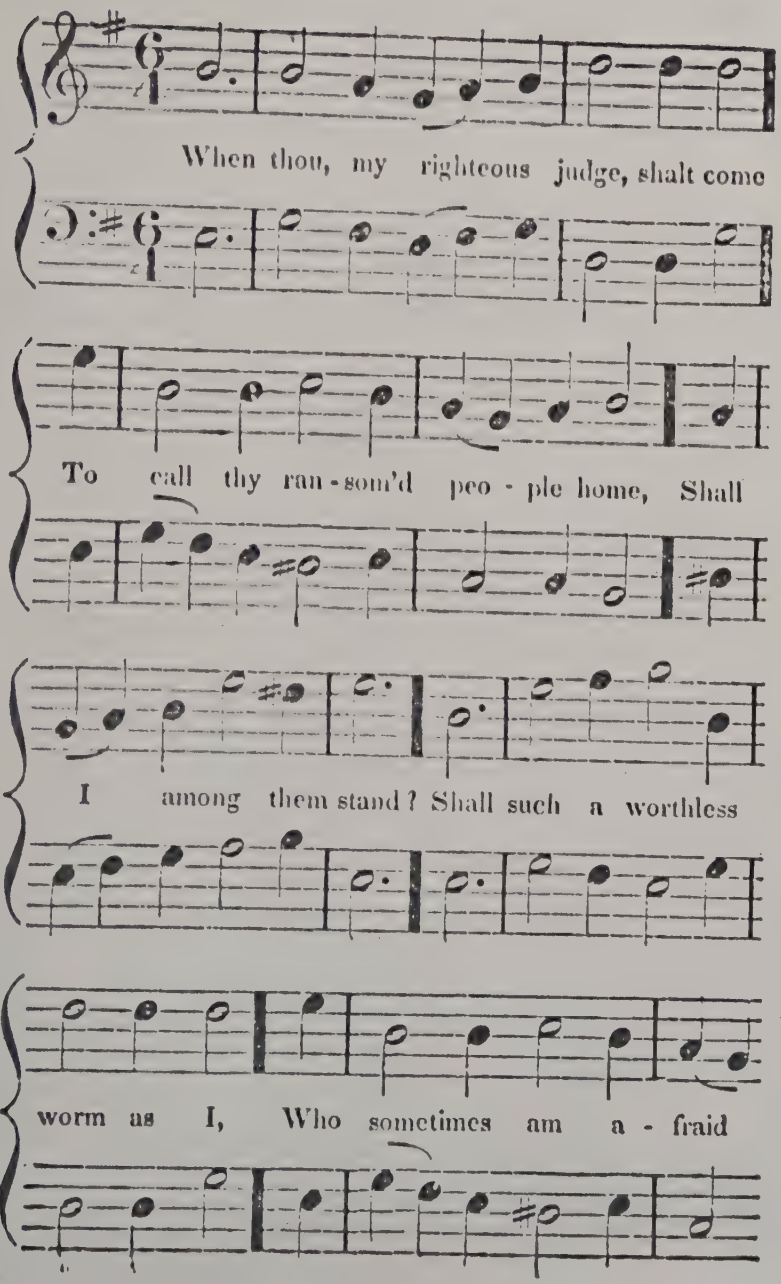
1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer

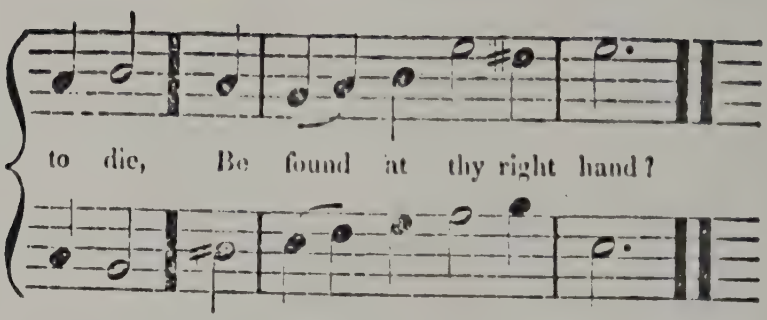
2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!


When thou, my righteous judge, shalt come
To call thy ran-som'd peo-ple home, Shall
I among them stand? Shall such a worthless
worm as I, Who sometimes am a-fraid



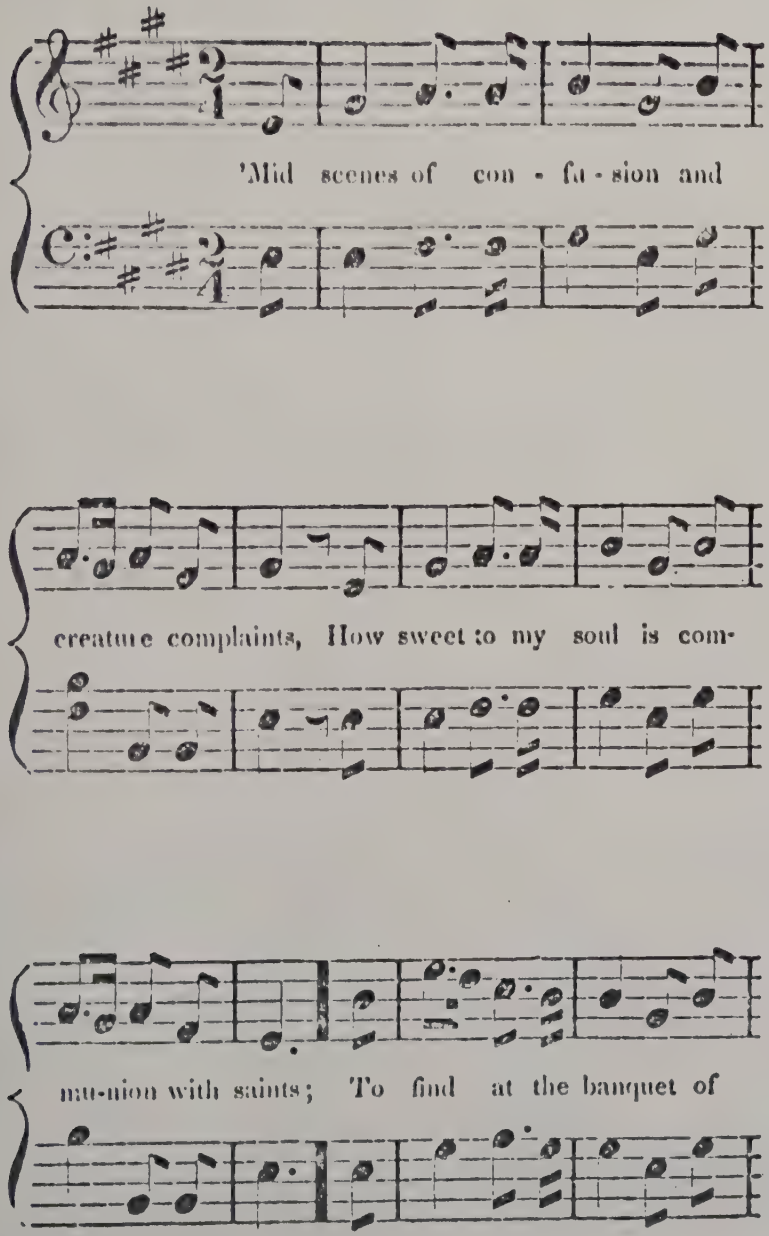
91. *Christ's Right Hand.*

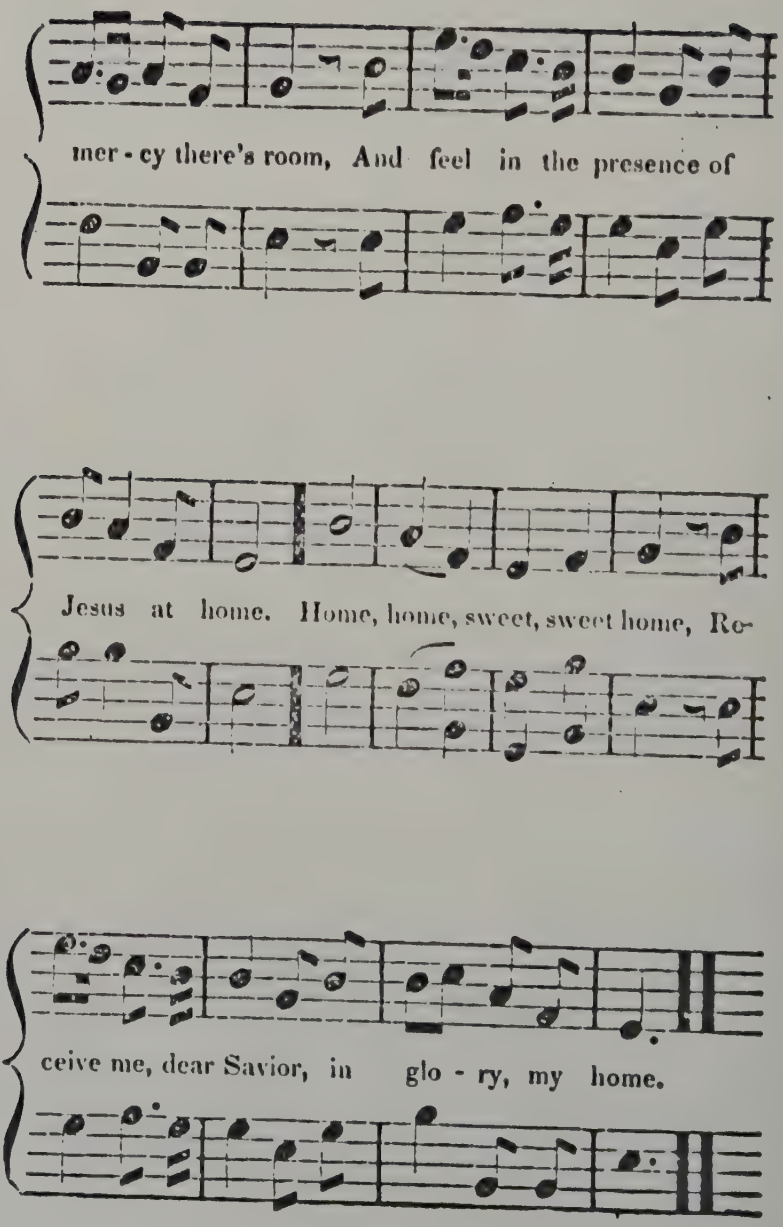
1 When thou, my righteous judge, shalt come
To call thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Tho' vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent it, Lord, by thy rich grace;
Be thou my soul's sure hiding place,
In this the accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
And see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.


'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and
creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-
mu-nion with saints; To find at the banquet of


mer - cy there's room, And feel in the presence of
Jesus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re-
ceive me, dear Savior, in glo - ry, my home.

95. *The Saint's Sweet Home.*

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints·
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at Home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Savior, in glory, my home.

96. *Sweet Home.*

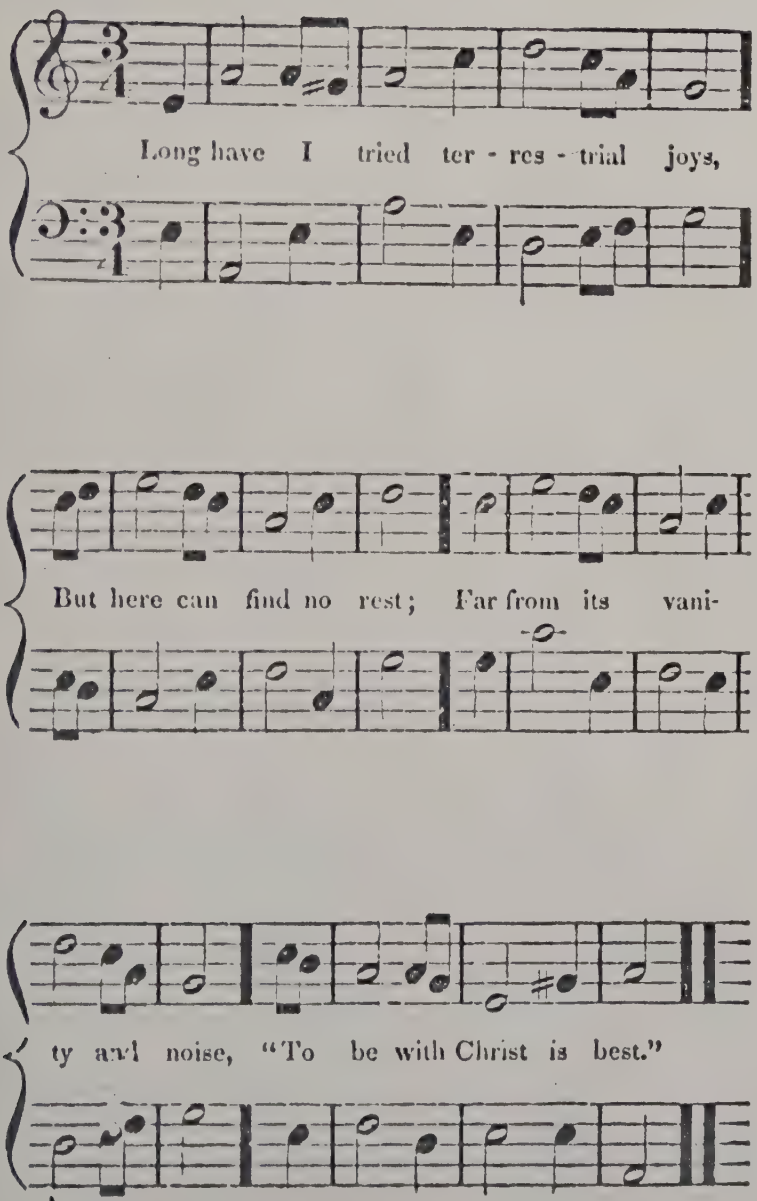
1 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Savior! direct me to heaven, my home.

2 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay,
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home!

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,
'Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence for ever at home.'
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Savior at home.

6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Savior for ever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Savior for ever at home.

Long have I tried ter - res - trial joys,
But here can find no rest; Far from its vani-
ty and noise, "To be with Christ is best."

97. *The Saint's Choice.*

1 Long have I tried terrestrial joys,
But here can find no rest;
Far from its vanity and noise,
"To be with Christ is best."

2 Fair is the Siren's painted face,
And sin looks gaily drest
To cheat me; but I fly the embrace,
"To be with Christ is best."

3 Temptations, with malignant smart,
Betray the unguarded breast:
Safe from the poison of each dart,
"To be with Christ is best."

4 'Tis desert here, and thorns and foes
Do all the road infest;
The danger of the journey's short,
"To be with Christ is best."

5 When earth can no delights afford,
He spreads a heavenly feast;
Such dainties crown his royal board,
"To be with Christ is best."

6 By this I fly the desert through,
And feel my soul refresh'd;
What can obstruct me, when I know
"To be with Christ is best."

7 There an eternity with thee,
I'll think myself well blest;
I see thee here; but oh! to be,
"To be with Christ is best."

8 Loosed from my clog, I'll dart the wing,
And seek on high my rest:
Sit in some heavenly grove and sing,
"To be with Christ is best."

98. *Longing for Heaven.*

1 Like Paul I would desire to die,
I long for death's arrest;
If any ask the reason why,—
"To be with Christ is best."

2 My unbelief, that bosom foe,
Which lurks within my breast,
So often seeks my overthrow,—
"To be with Christ is best."

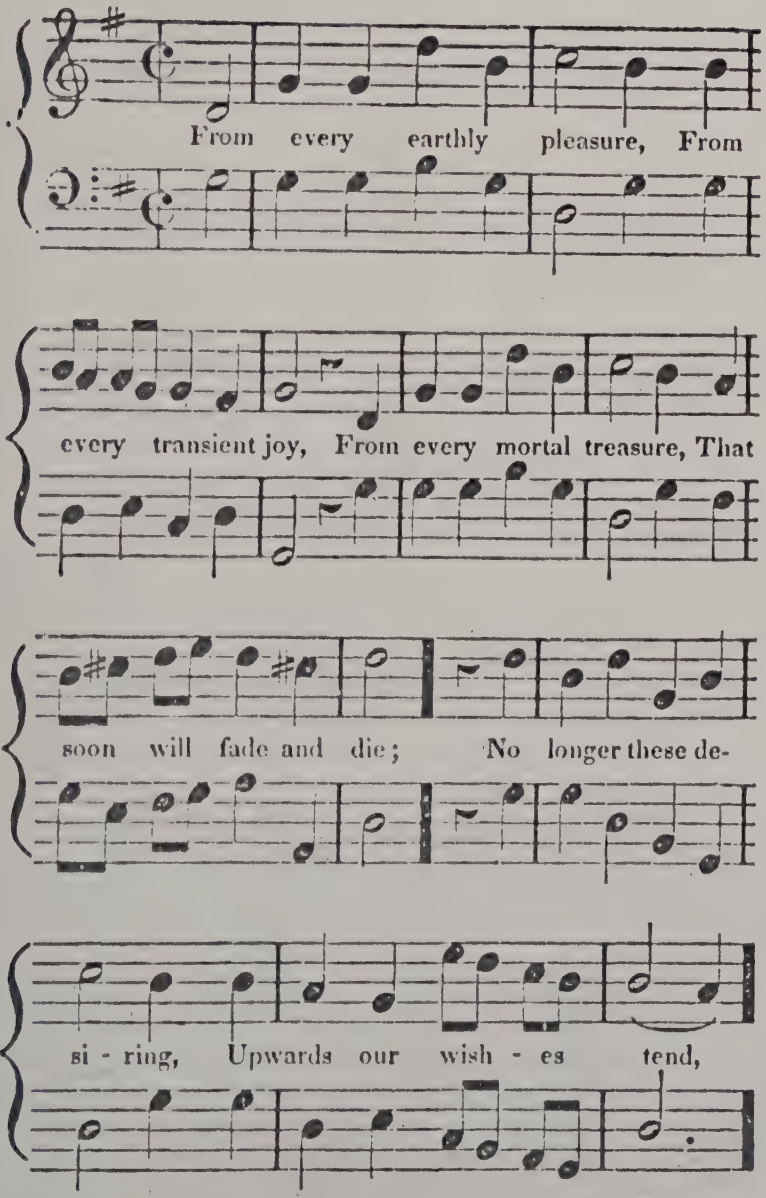
3 Should friends and kindred on me frown,
And leave my soul oppress;
Should evils crush my comforts down,
"To be with Christ is best."

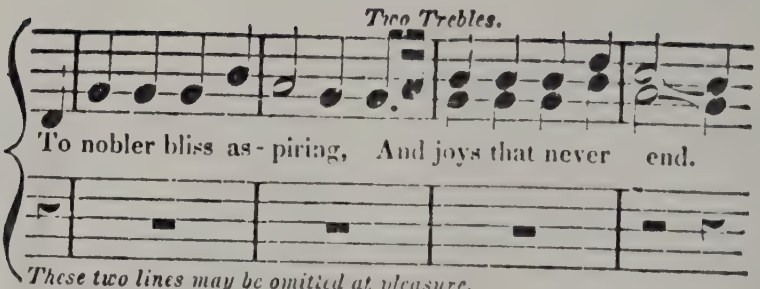
4 Had I a voice so loud and strong,
To sound from east to west;
I'd tell the honor-seeking throng,
"To be with Christ is best."

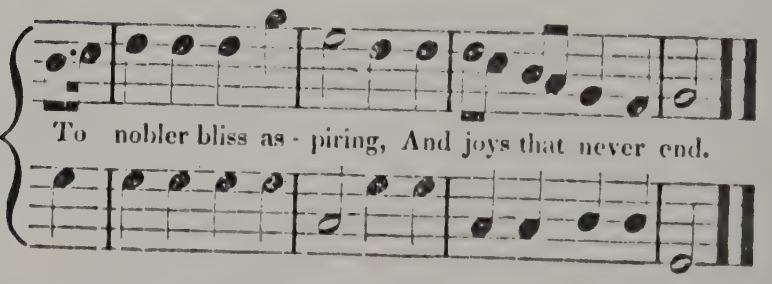
5 O come, sweet Jesus, quickly come,
And cheer my fainting breast;
I long to reach my heavenly home,
"To be with Christ is best."

6 Pinion'd with love, I'd take the wing,
And fly to thee, my rest:
There with the church triumphant sing,
"To be with Christ is best."

ROMAINE. 7. 6. D.


From every earthly pleasure, From
every transient joy, From every mortal treasure, That
soon will fade and die; No longer these de-
si - ring, Upwards our wish - es tend,

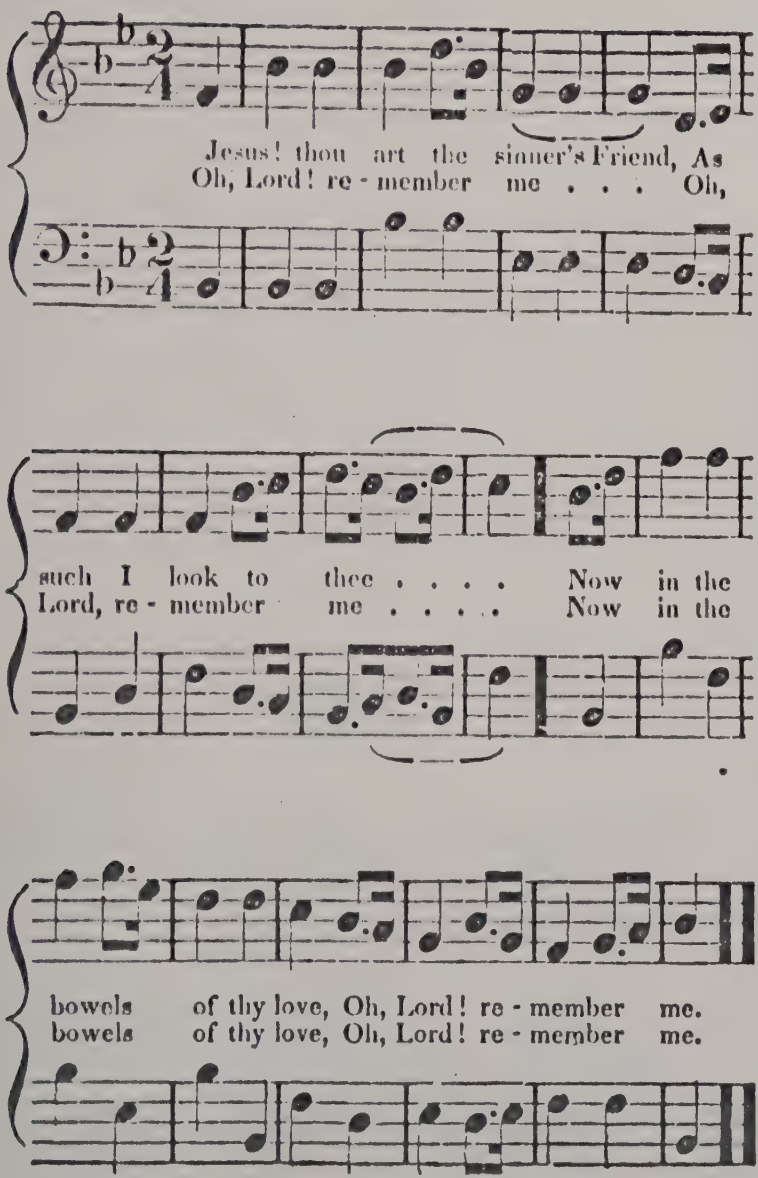




99. *Looking Forward.*

1 From every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upwards our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow,
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending,
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true, we are but strangers,
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go:
Though painful and distressing
Yet there is a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

Jesus! thou art the sinner's Friend, As
Oh, Lord! re - member me . . . Oh,
such I look to thee . . . . Now in the
Lord, re - member me . . . . Now in the
bowels of thy love, Oh, Lord! re - member me.
bowels of thy love, Oh, Lord! re - member me.

100. *Lord! remember me.*

1 Jesus! thou art the sinner's Friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

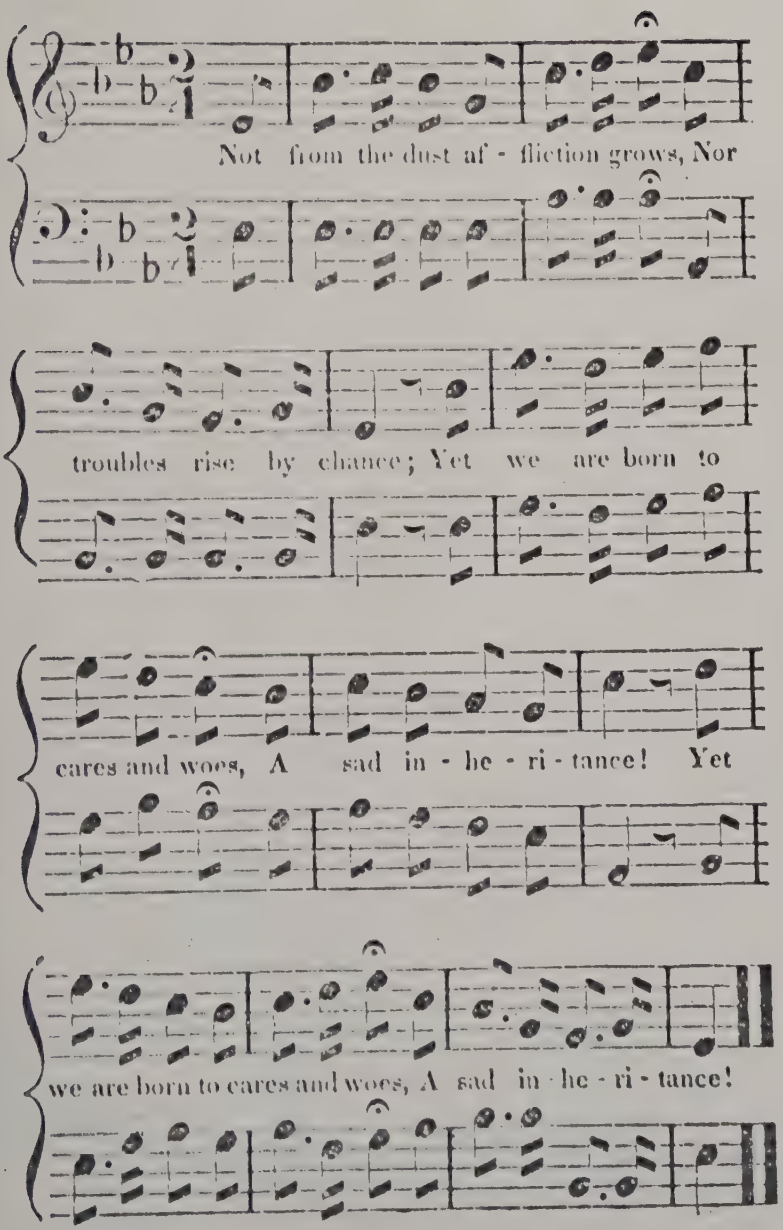
2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all abounding grace,
Oh Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.


Not from the dust af - fliction grows, Nor
troubles rise by chance; Yet we are born to
cares and woes, A sad in - he - ri - tance! Yet
we are born to cares and woes, A sad in - he - ri - tance!

101. *Resignation.*

1 Not from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes!
A sad inheritance!

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn:

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace;
He rules me by his well known laws,
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

102. *Contrition's Sigh.*

1 O thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face!
Hast thou not said—Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Guide! my Light!
Without one cheering ray:
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

103. *The Backslider.*

1 O why did I my Savior leave,
So soon unfaithful prove:
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love?

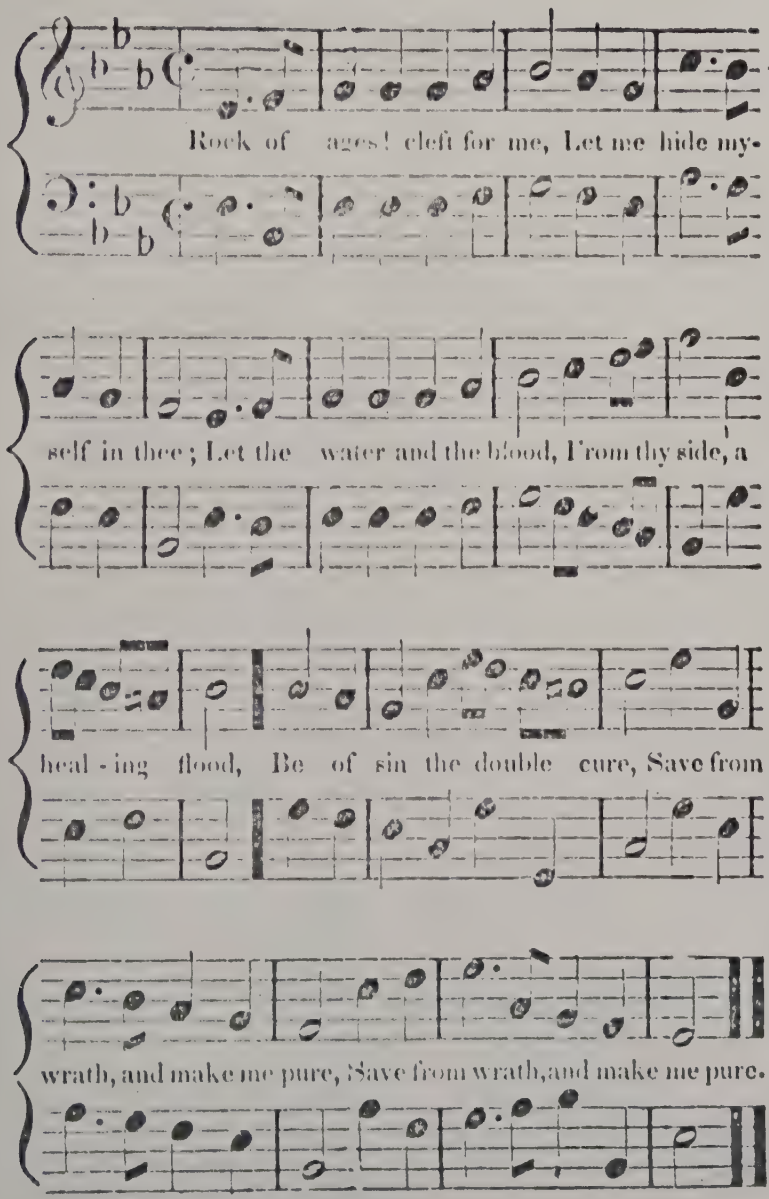
2 I forced thee first to disappear,
I turn'd thy face aside;
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

3 But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Savior, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

4 O could I lose myself in thee;
Thy depth of mercy prove;
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

5 My humble soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

6 I loathe myself, when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content, if thou exalted be,
And Christ be *All in All.*


Rock of ages! cleft for me, Let me hide my-
self in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy side, a
heal-ing flood, Be of sin the double cure, Save from
wrath, and make me pure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

104. *Faith.*

1 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

105. *Spirit of Adoption.*

1 Since the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty!
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace!
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Savior asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine!
Lo! to his my suit I join;
Join'd to his, it cannot fail:
Bless me; for I *will* prevail.

4 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my ture into thine!
Move, and spread throughout my soul.
Actuate, and fill the whole!
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay!
Come, and in thy temple stay!
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear!
Spring of Life, thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart!

106. *Praise to our King.*

1 Come and let us praise our King,
He is worthy to be praised;
Should his saints refuse to sing,
How would angels stand amazed!
O exalt the sinner's friend!
Let his praises never end.

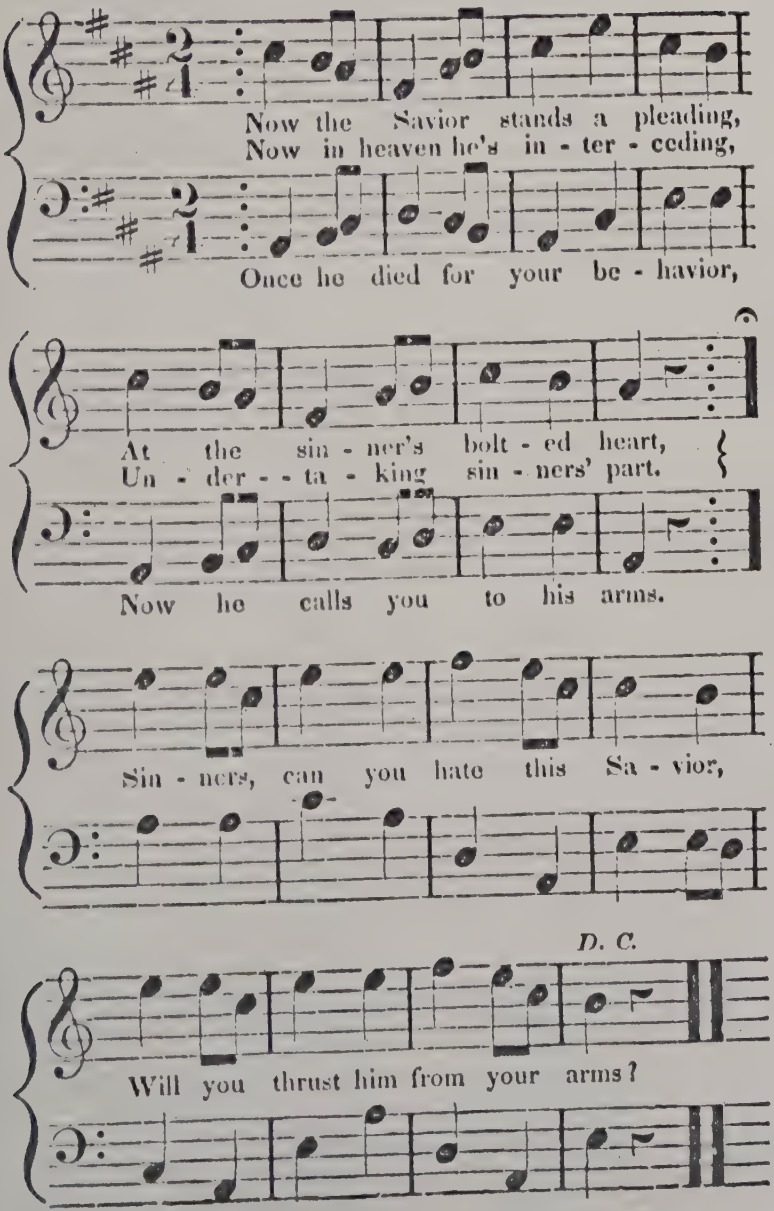
2 There he dwells whom angels sing;
Once he bore the cross below;
Jesus, heaven's eternal King,
Lived on earth a man of wo:
Now he reigns, and reigns above,
Jesus reigns the God of love.

3 Hail, immortal King of heaven!
Endless praise surround thy throne;
Lamb of God, for sinners given,
"Thou art worthy," thou alone:
Thee we serve, and thee we sing;
Jesus, hail, eternal King.

107. *Our Common Lord.*

1 Jesus is our common Lord,
He our loving Savior is;
By his death to life restored,
Misery we exchange for bliss:
Bliss to carnal minds unknown,
Only to believers shown.

2 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love:
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above:
Let us for that day prepare,
For our glorious meeting there!


Now the Savior stands a pleading,
Now in heaven he's in - ter - ceding,
Once he died for your be - havior,
At the sin - ner's bolt - ed heart,
Un - der - - ta - king sin - ners' part.
Now he calls you to his arms.
Sin - ners, can you hate this Sa - vior,
D. C.
Will you thrust him from your arms?

108. *Expostulation.*

1 Now the Savior stands a pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.
Sinners, can you hate this Savior?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behavior,
Now he calls you to his arms.

2 Now he pleads his sweat and blood-shed,
Shows his wounded hands and feet;
Father, save them, though they're blood red,
Raise them to a heavenly seat.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

3 Sinners, hear your God and Savior,
Hear his gracious voice to-day;
Turn from all your vain behavior,
O repent, return, and pray.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

4 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife;
Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
Turn upon the events of life.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

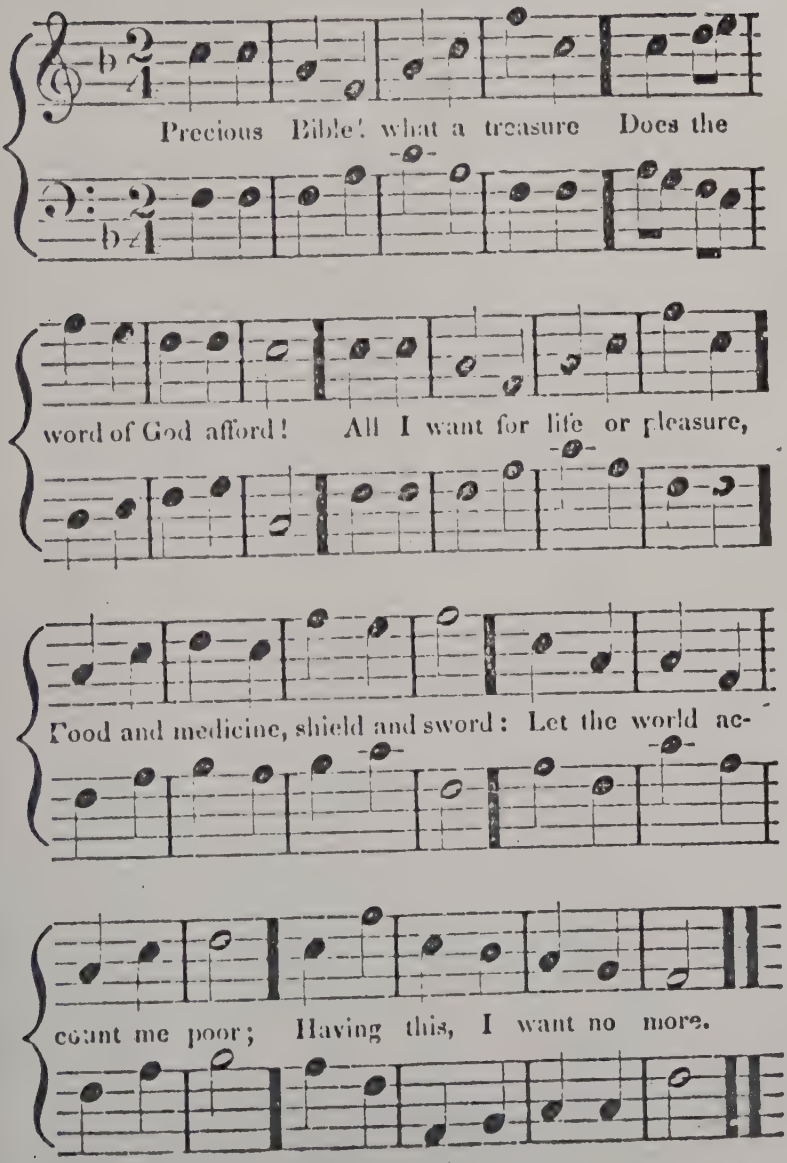
5 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee;
See, what kindness, love and pity,
Shine around on you and me.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

6 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Savior welcome in;
Now receive,—and O adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

7 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more.
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

TREASURE. 8. 7.

Written for the Lyre, by A. Forbush.


Precious Bible! what a treasure Does the
word of God afford! All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword: Let the world ac-
count me poor; Having this, I want no more.

109. *The Bible a precious treasure.*

1 Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I want no more.

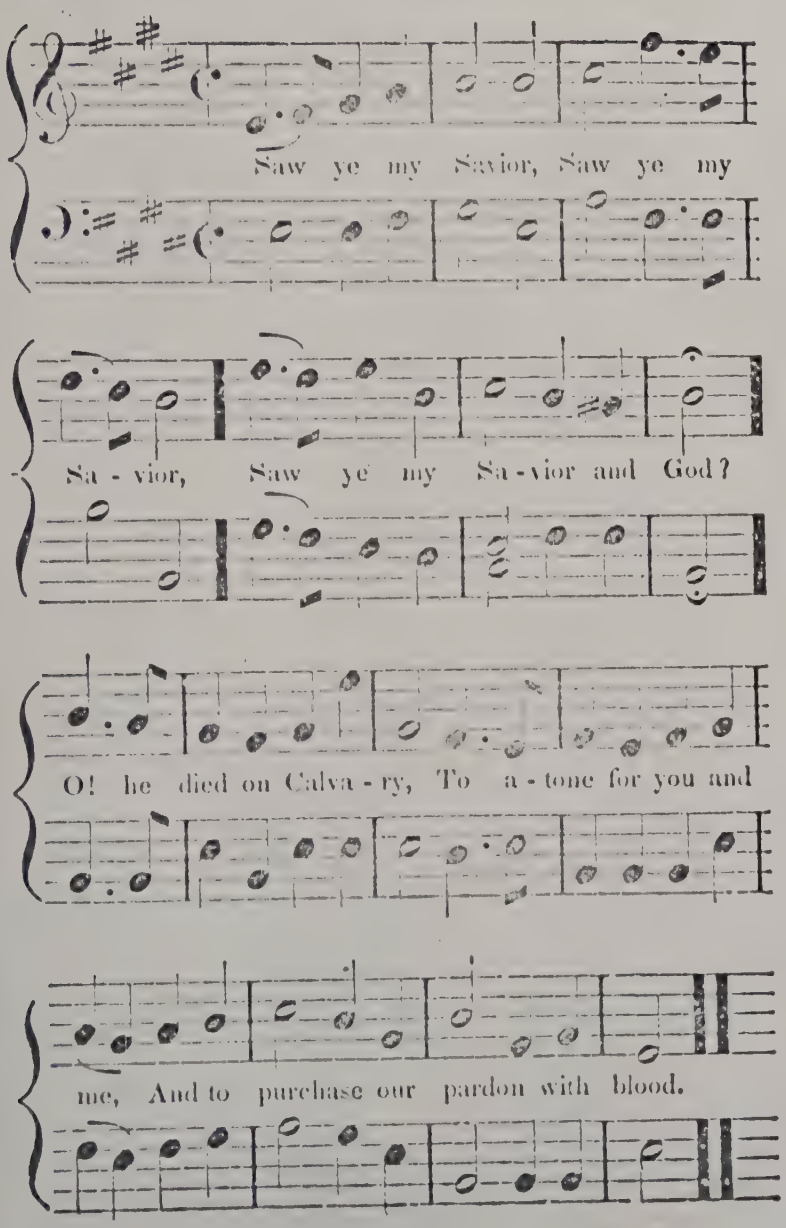
2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicine here I find;
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield:
While the Scripture truths are sure
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword:
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor.
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.


Saw ye my Savior, Saw ye my
Sa - vior, Saw ye my Sa - vior and God?
O! he died on Calva - ry, To a - tone for you and
me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.

110. *The Atonement.*

1 Saw ye my Savior—Saw ye my Savior,
Saw ye my Savior and God!
O! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended—He was extended,
Painfully nail'd to the cross;
Here he bow'd his head and died,
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding—Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain,
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.

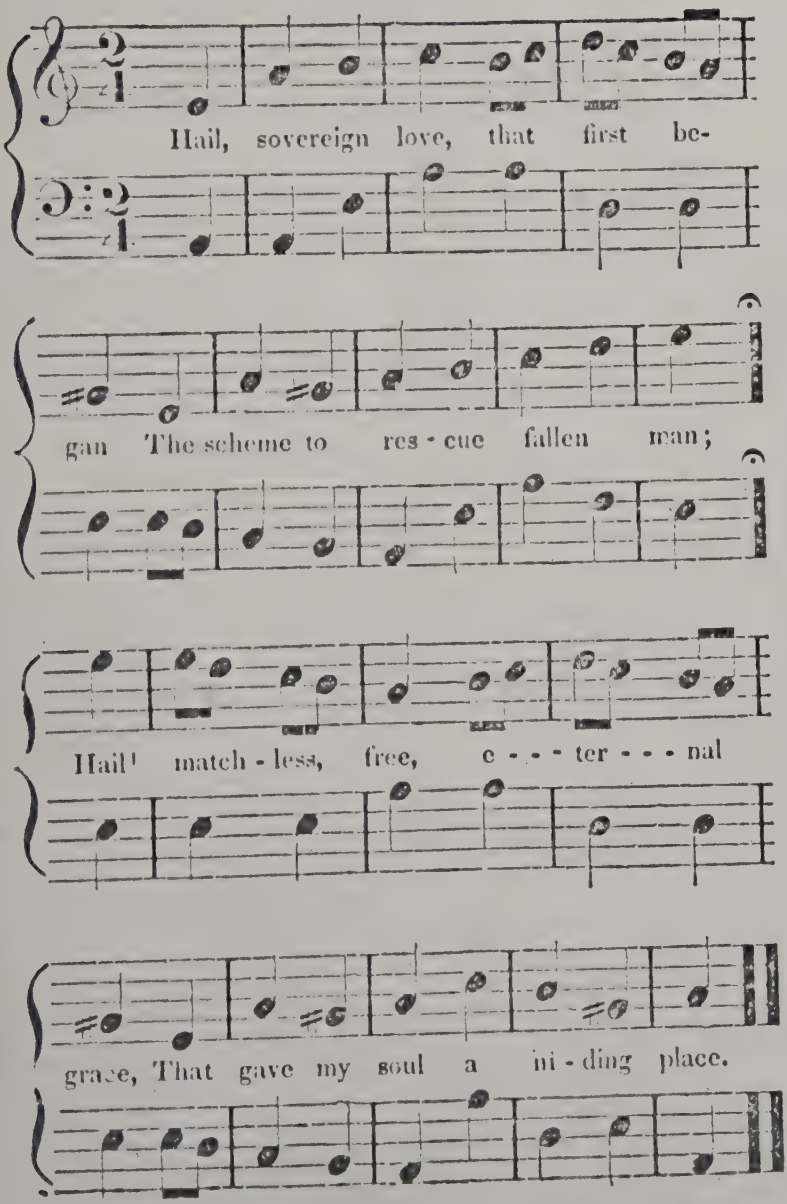
4 Darkness prevailed—Darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,
And the sun refused to shine,
When his majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted and slain.

5 When it was finish'd—When it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd with spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mighty Savior—Hail, mighty Savior,
Prince, and the author of peace;
O! he burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 There interceding—There interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "Father, I have died,
O, behold my hands and side,
O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."

8 "I will forgive them—I will forgive them
When they repent and believe,
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."


Hail, sovereign love, that first be-
gan The scheme to res - cue fallen man;
Hail! match - less, free, e - - - ter - - - nal
grace, That gave my soul a hi - ding place.

111. *The Hiding-place.*

1 Hail, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!

2 Against the God, that built the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high:
Despised the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

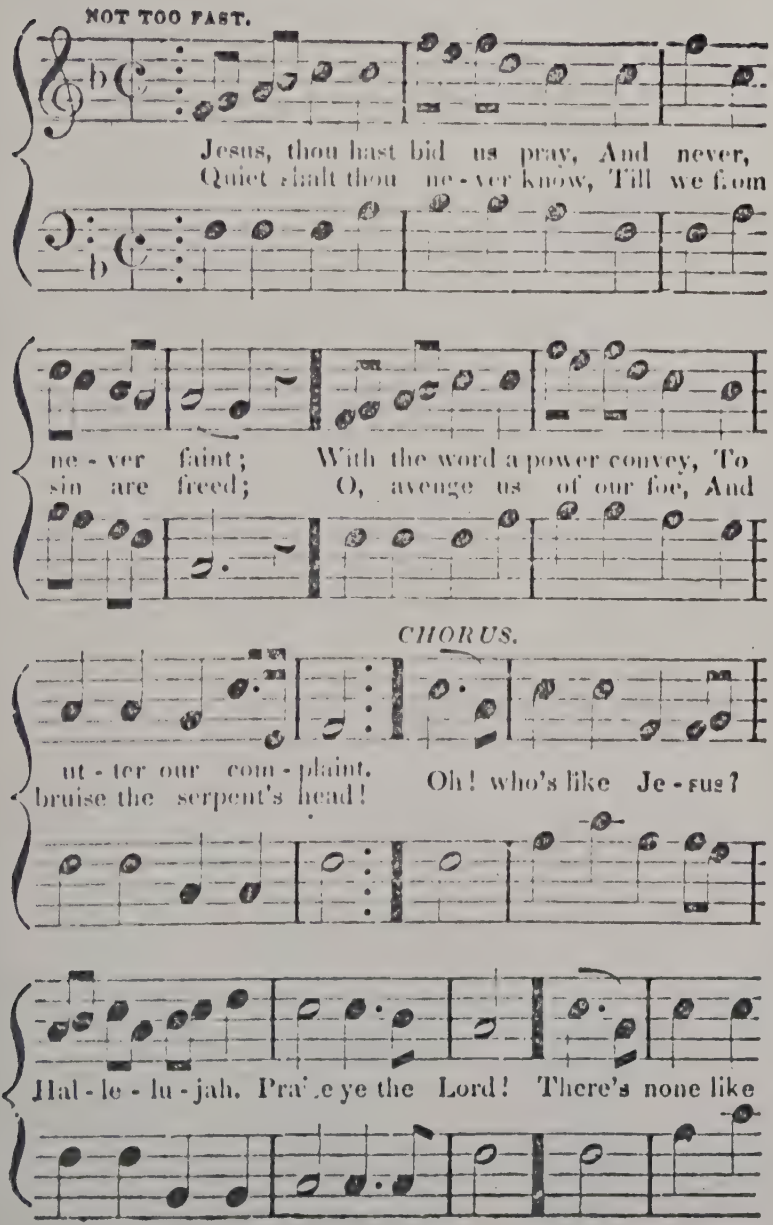
3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place!

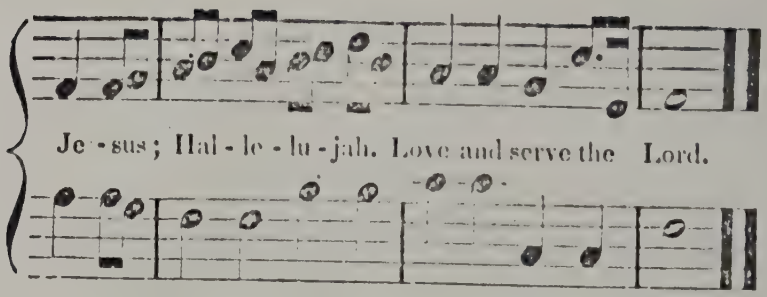
4 But lo! the eternal counsel ran,
'Almighty love arrest the man;'
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place.

6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appear'd;
Who led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.


NOT TOO FAST.
Jesus, thou hast bid us pray, And never,
Quiet shalt thou ne-ver know, Till we from
ne-ver faint; With the word a power convey, To
sin are freed; O, avenge us of our foe, And
CHORUS.
ut-ter our com-plaint.
bruise the serpent's head!
Oh! who's like Je-sus?
Hal-le-lu-jah. Pra-ise ye the Lord! There's none like



112. *Importunity.*

1 Jesus, thou hast bid us pray,
And never, never faint;
With the word a power convey,
To utter our complaint!
Quiet shalt thou never know,
Till we from sin are freed:
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

2 We have now begun to cry,
And we will never end,
Till we find salvation nigh,
And grasp the sinner's Friend:
Day and night we'll speak our wo,
Importunately plead;
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

3 Speak the word, and we shall be
From all our bands released;
Only thou canst set us free,
By satan long oppress'd:
Now thy power almighty show,
Arise, thou conquering Seed!
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

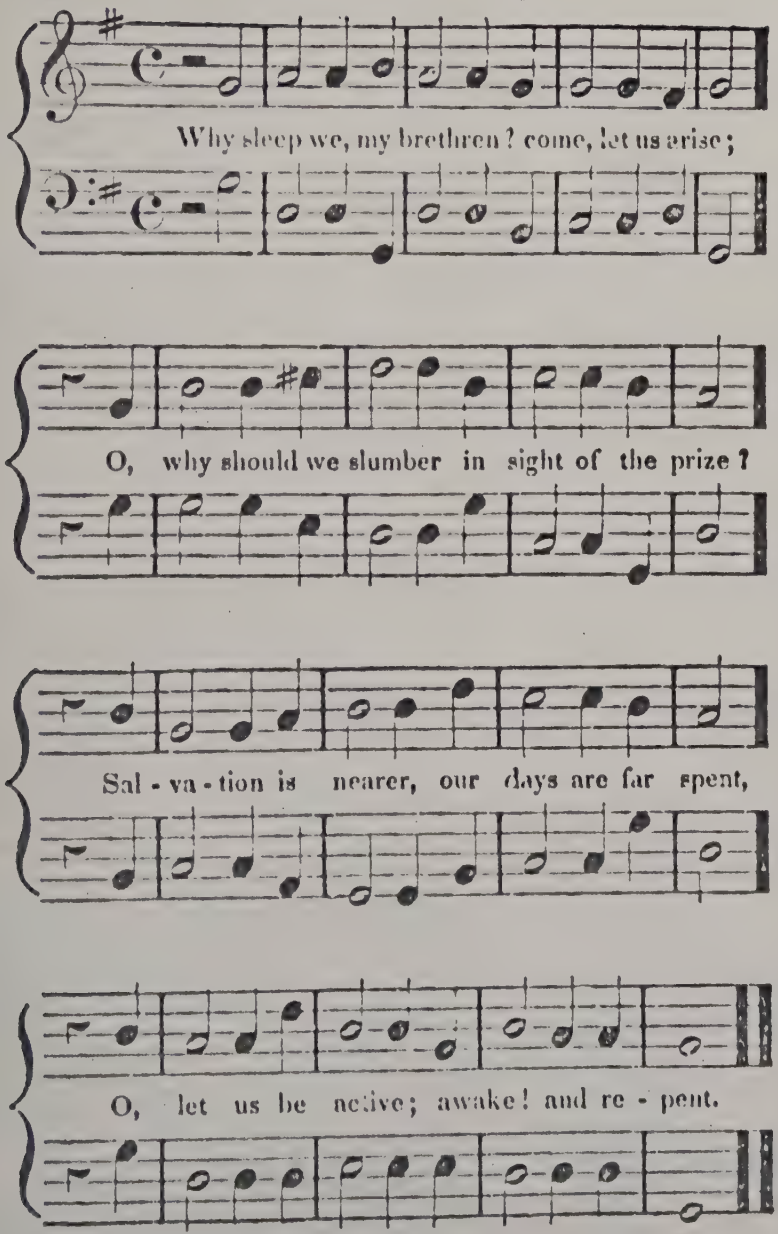
4 To destroy his work of sin,
Thyself in us reveal;
Manifest thyself within
Our flesh, and fully dwell:
Enter with us here below,
Ah! make us free indeed:
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

5 Stronger than the strong man, thou
His fury can't control:
Cast him out, by entering now,
And keep our ransom'd soul.
Satan's kingdom overthrow,
On powers of darkness tread;
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

6 To the never-ceasing cries
Of thine elect, attend;
Send deliverance from the skies,
Thy mighty Spirit send:
Though to man thou seemest slow,
And not our cries to heed;
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

7 Come, O come, all glorious Lord!
No longer now delay,
With thy Spirit's two-edged sword,
The crooked serpent slay!
Bare thine arm, and give the blow,
Root out the hellish seed:
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

8 Jesus, hear thy Spirit's call,
Thy Bride, who bids thee come:
Come, thou righteous Judge of all,
Pronounce the tempter's doom;
Doom him to eternal wo,
For all his angels made;
Now avenge us of our foe,
For ever bruise his head!


Why sleep we, my brethren? come, let us arise;
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Sal - va - tion is nearer, our days are far spent,
O, let us be active; awake! and re - pent.

113. *Why Sleep We?*

WRITTEN BY REV. J. HOPKINS.

1 Why sleep we, my brethren? come, let us arise,
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,
O, let us be active; awake! and repent.

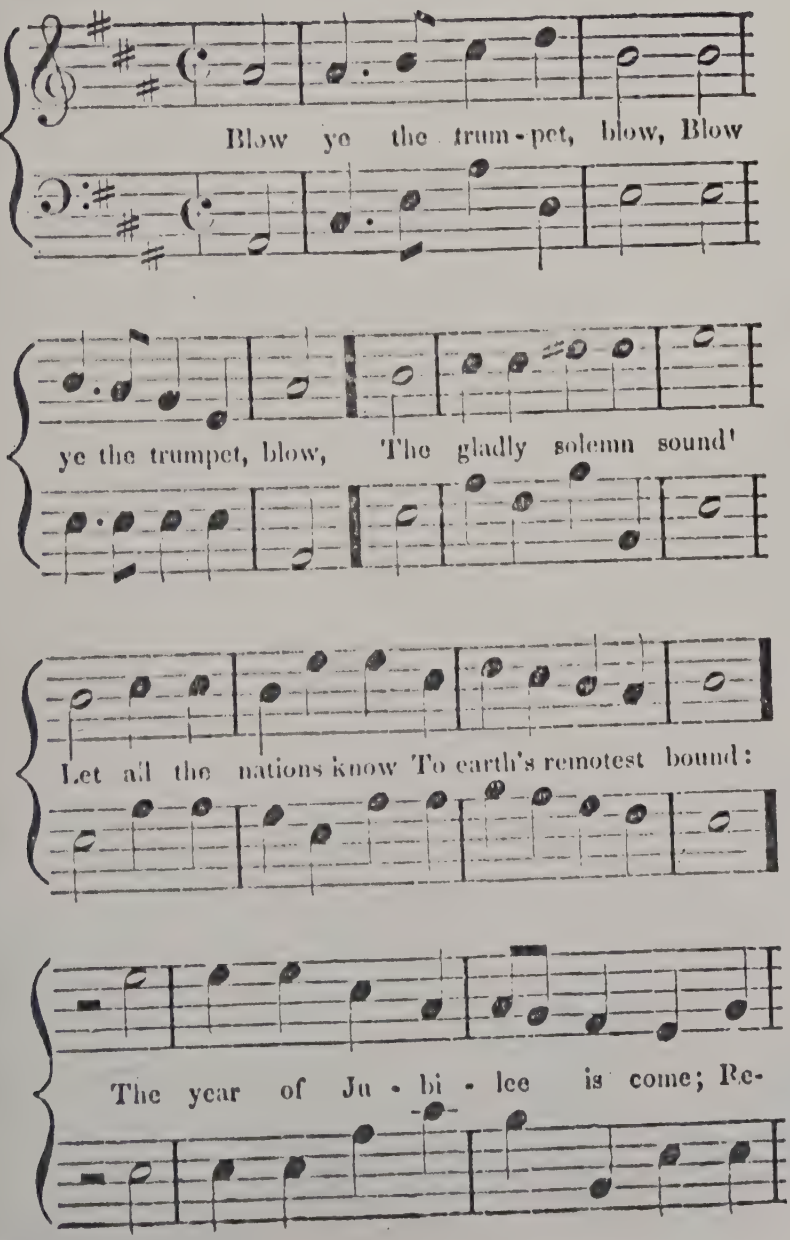
2 O, how can we slumber! the Master is come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

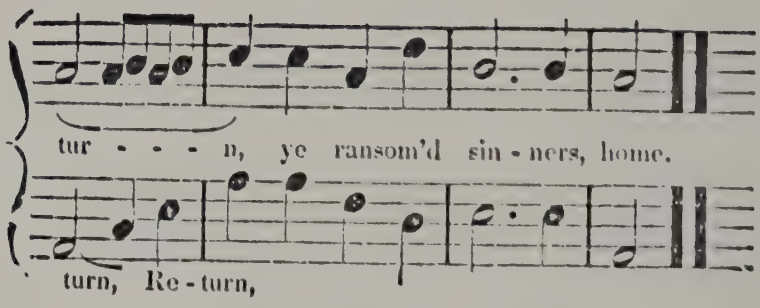
3 O, how can we slumber! our foes are awake;
To ruin poor souls every effort they make;
To accomplish their object no means are untried,
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.

4 O, how can we slumber! when so much was done,
To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son!
Now mercy is proffer'd, and justice display'd,
Now God can be honor'd, and sinners be saved.

5 O, how can we slumber! when death is so near,
And sinners are sinking to endless despair;
Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high prize,
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

6 O, how can ye slumber! ye sinners, look round,
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound;
O, fly to the Savior, he calls you to-day;
While mercy is waiting, O make no delay.


Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, Blow
ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-



114. *The Year of Jubilee.*

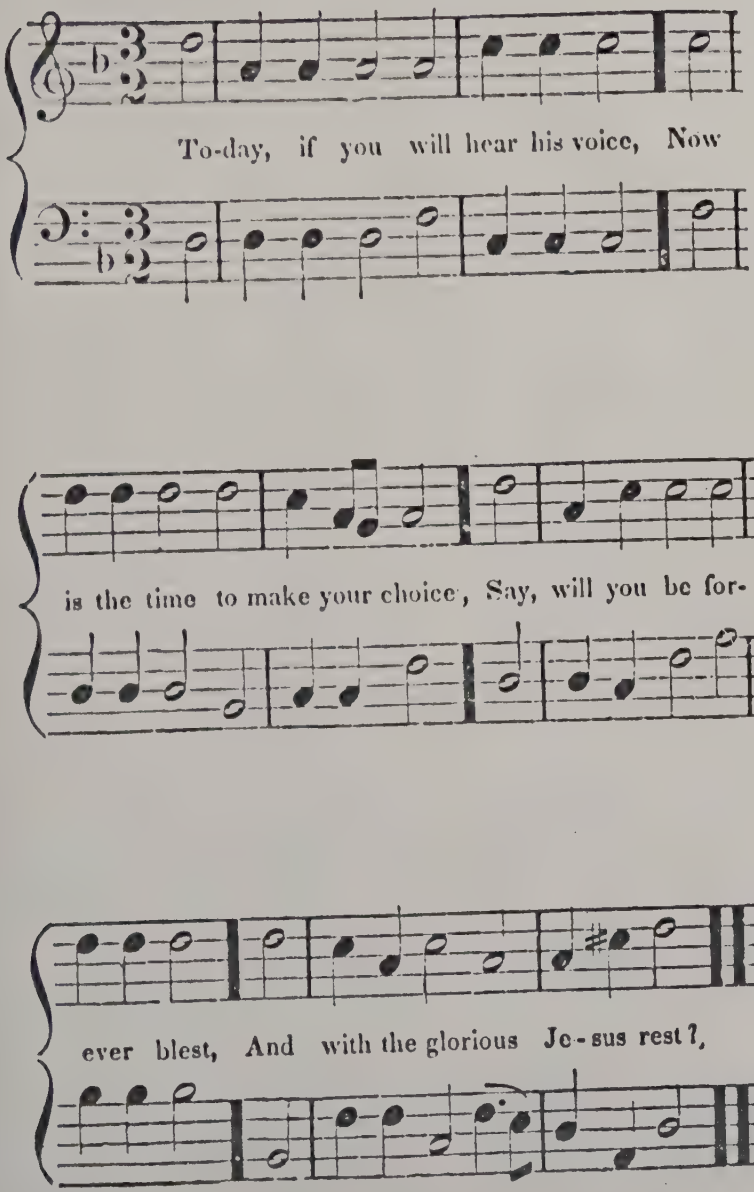
1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.


To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now
is the time to make your choice, Say, will you be for-
ever blest, And with the glorious Je-sus rest?,

115. *To-day.*

1 To-day, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice
Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with the glorious Jesus rest?

2 Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?
Say, will you to mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

3 Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

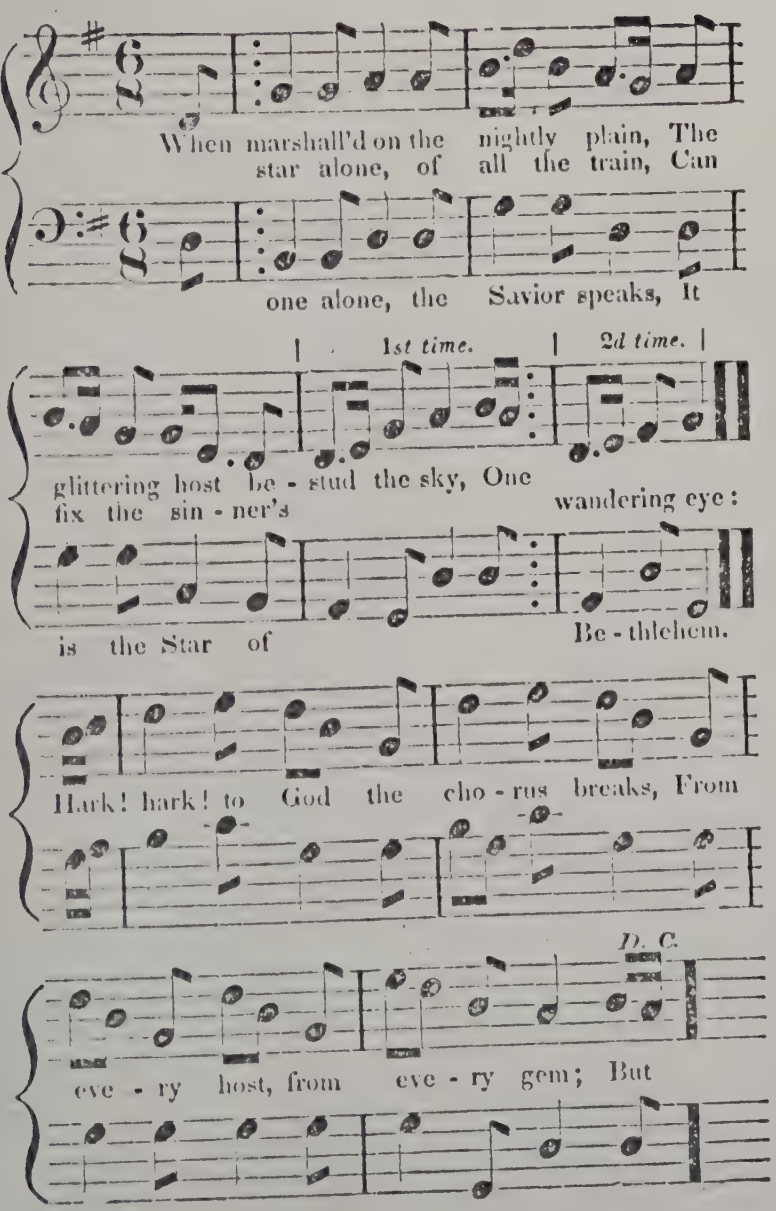
4 Behold, he's waiting at your door!
Make now your choice; O, halt no more
Say, sinner, say, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

5 Your sports, and all your glittering toys,
Compared to our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear;
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.

6 Why rush in carnal pleasures on?
Why madly plunge in sorrow down?
Say, without Christ what can you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

7 O, must we bid you all farewell;
We bound to heaven, and you to hell?
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you, ere that burning day.

8 Once more we ask you in his name,
We know his love remains the same;
Say, will you to mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?


When marshall'd on the nightly plain, The
star alone, of all the train, Can
one alone, the Savior speaks, It
1st time.
2d time.
glittering host be - stud the sky, One
fix the sin - ner's
wandering eye:
is the Star of
Be - thlehem.
Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks, From
D. C.
eve - ry host, from eve - ry gem; But

116. *The Star of Bethlehem.*

1 When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye:
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

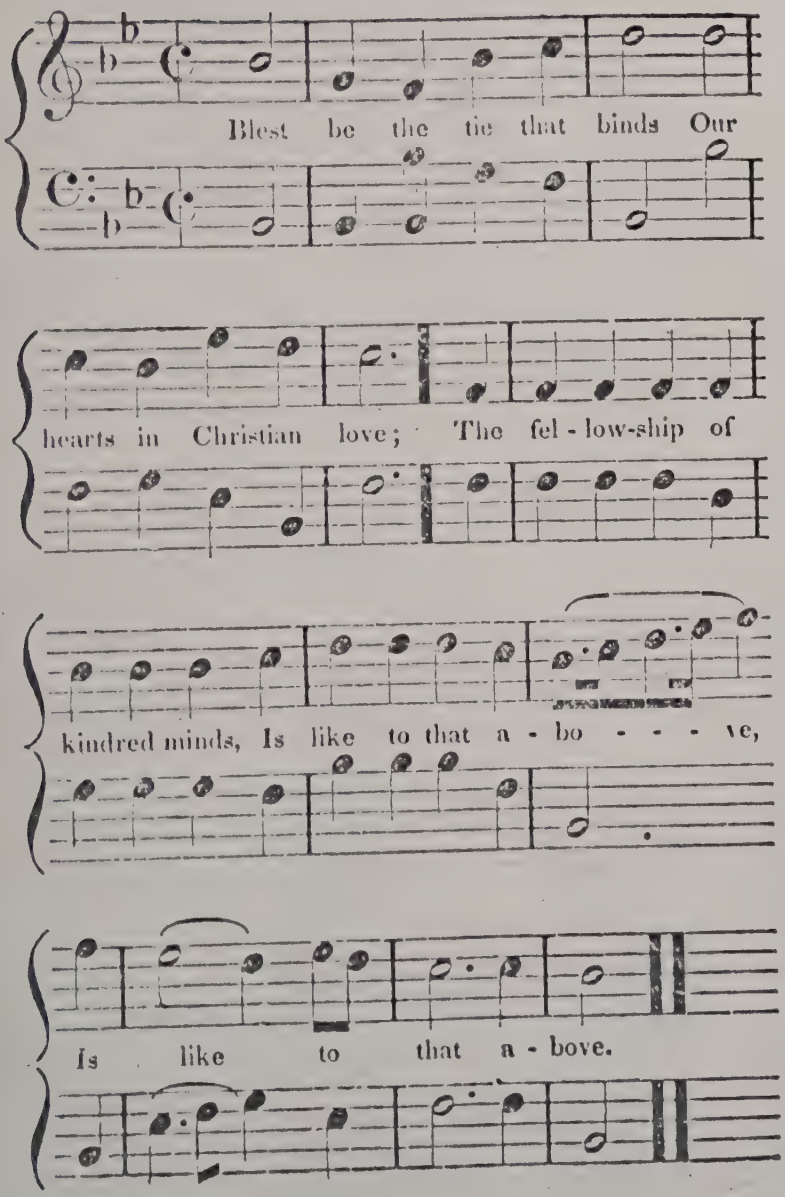
117. *The Ransomed Spirit.*

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

1 The ransom'd spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty flies;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies:
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If thou art absent, Holy Love!

2 The cherub near the viewless throne,
Hath smote the harp with trembling hand;
And one with incense-fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel band;
But tuneless is the quivering string,
No melody can Gabriel bring,
Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to Love!

3 Earth, sea and sky one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul;
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders thunders roll:
That voice is heard, and tumults cease,
It whispers to the bosom peace;
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,
And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!


Blest be the tie that binds Our
hearts in Christian love; The fel - low-ship of
kindred minds, Is like to that a - bo - - - ve,
Is like to that a - bove.

118. *Christian Love.*

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

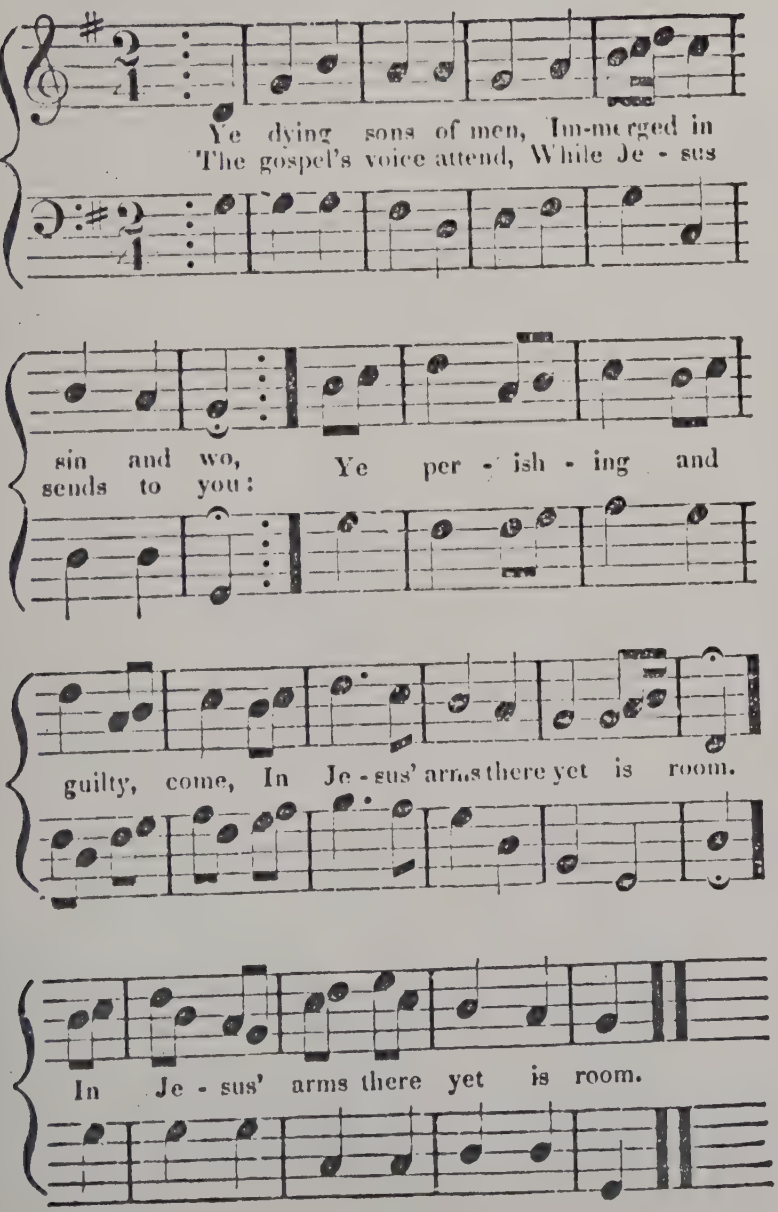
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.


Ye dying sons of men, Im-mer ged in
The gospel's voice attend, While Je - sus
sin and wo, Ye per - ish - ing and
sends to you:
guilty, come, In Je - sus' arms there yet is room.
In Je - sus' arms there yet is room.

119. *The Gospel's Voice.*

1 Ye dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and wo,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay;
No vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinners, come!
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering souls, draw near;
Christ calls you from above—
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will, now come;
In mercy's arms there still is room.

120. *Pastoral Cares.*

1 Who can describe the pain,
Which faithful preachers feel,
Constrain'd to preach in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel?
Or who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

2 The Savior's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their warm affections move,
And draw their efforts forth:
They pray and strive—their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in sinner's hearts.

3 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceived;
Then how their inmost souls are grieved.

4 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade,
The ripening ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest joys can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

5 On what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

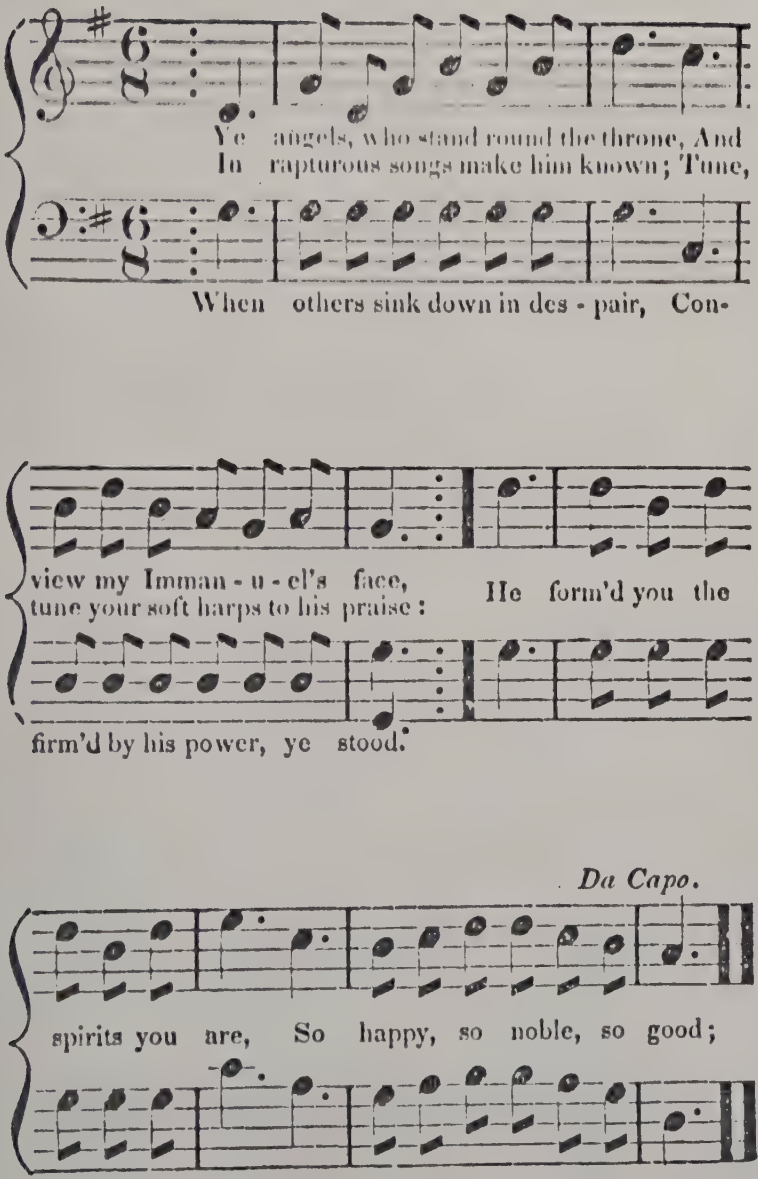
121. *Doxology.*

1 We give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above:
He sent his own Eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by his blood,
From everlasting wo:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honors done;
The sacred Persons three,
The Godhead only one:
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.


Ye angels, who stand round the throne, And
In rapturous songs make him known; Tune,
When others sink down in des - pair, Con-
view my Imman - u - el's face,
tune your soft harps to his praise:
He form'd you the
firm'd by his power, ye stood.
Da Capo.
spirits you are, So happy, so noble, so good;

122. *Panting for Heaven.*

1 Ye angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave—
He ransom'd from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there

3 Oh, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Savior belong!
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Savior to see!

4 I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb,
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;
I want—Oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder, and worship with you!

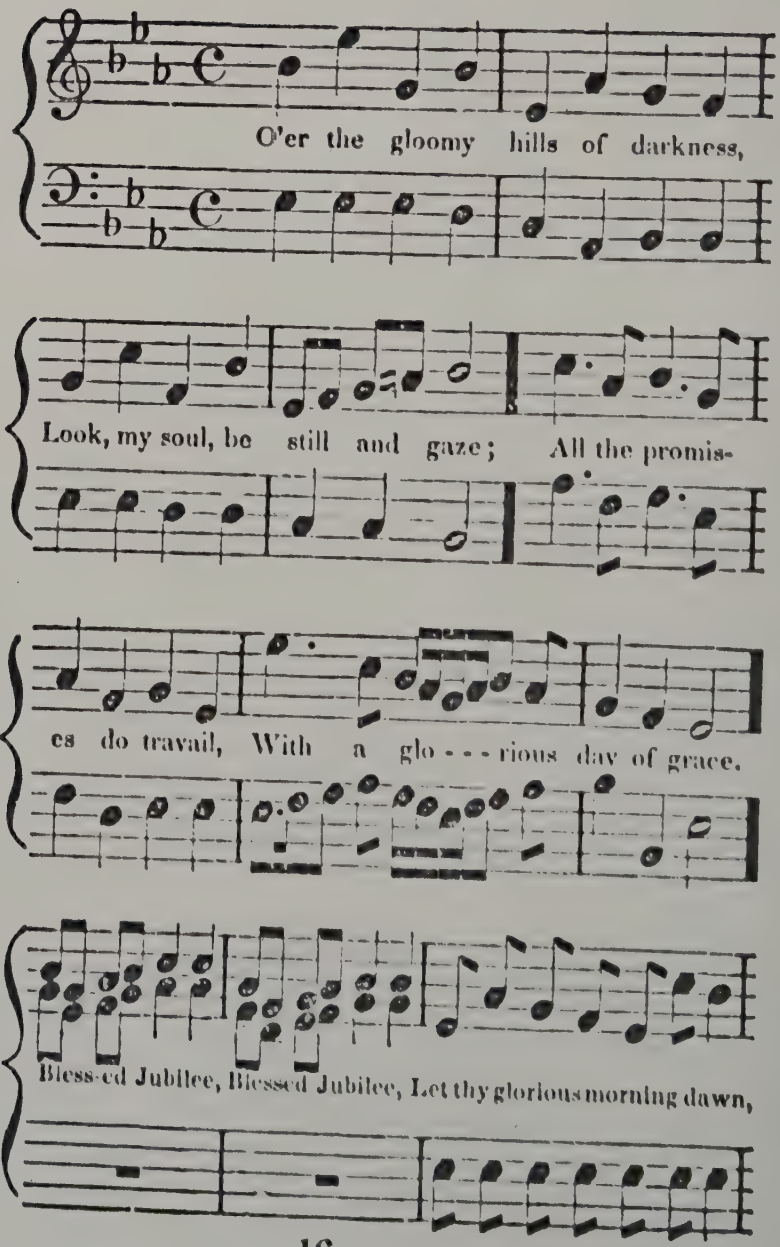
123. *Longing for Christ.*

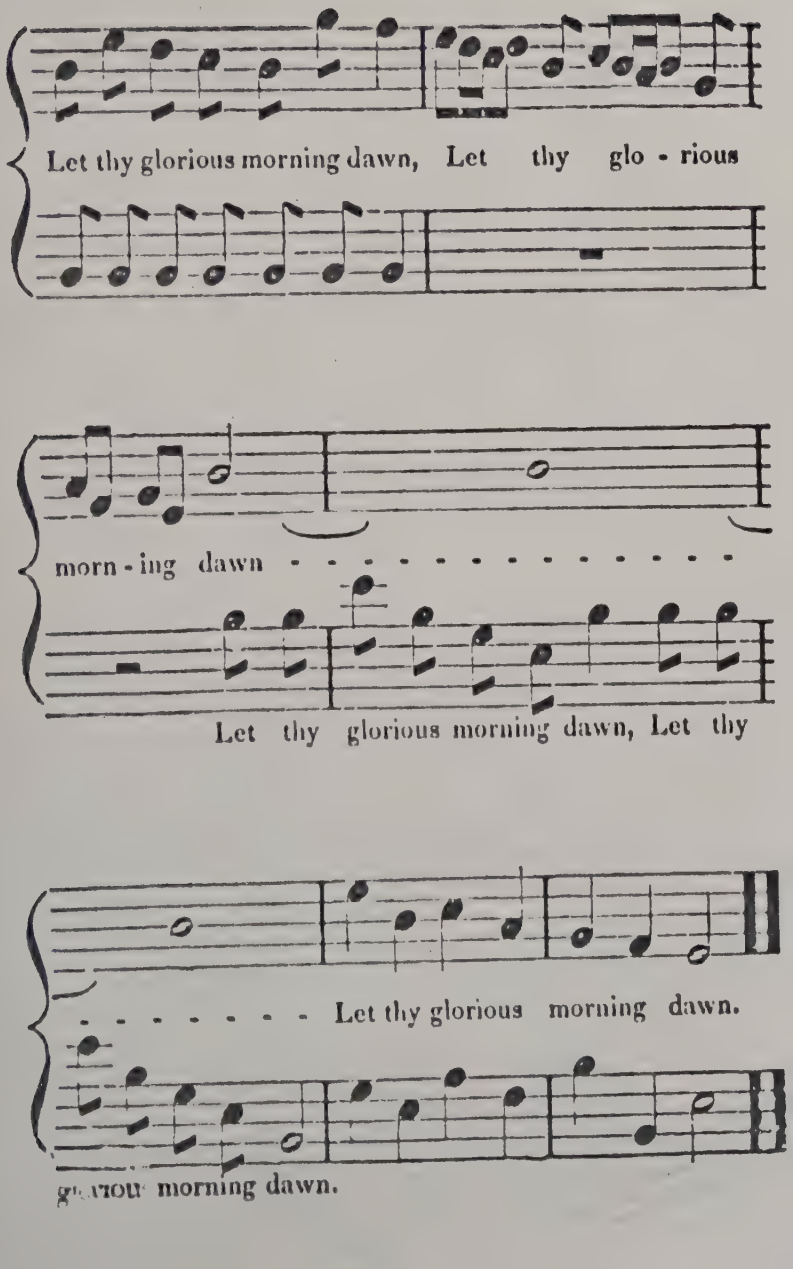
1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields swive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore:
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.


O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze; All the promis-
es do travail, With a glo - - - rious day of grace.
Bless-ed Jubilee, Blessed Jubilee, Let thy glorious morning dawn,


Let thy glorious morning dawn, Let thy glo - rious
morn - ing dawn
Let thy glorious morning dawn, Let thy
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
glorious morning dawn.

124. *Hills of Darkness.*

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail,
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Soon resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal love proclaim,
And the everlasting gospel,
Spread abroad thy holy name,
O'er the borders,
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions,
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around.

125. *On the Mountains.*

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliverance,
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

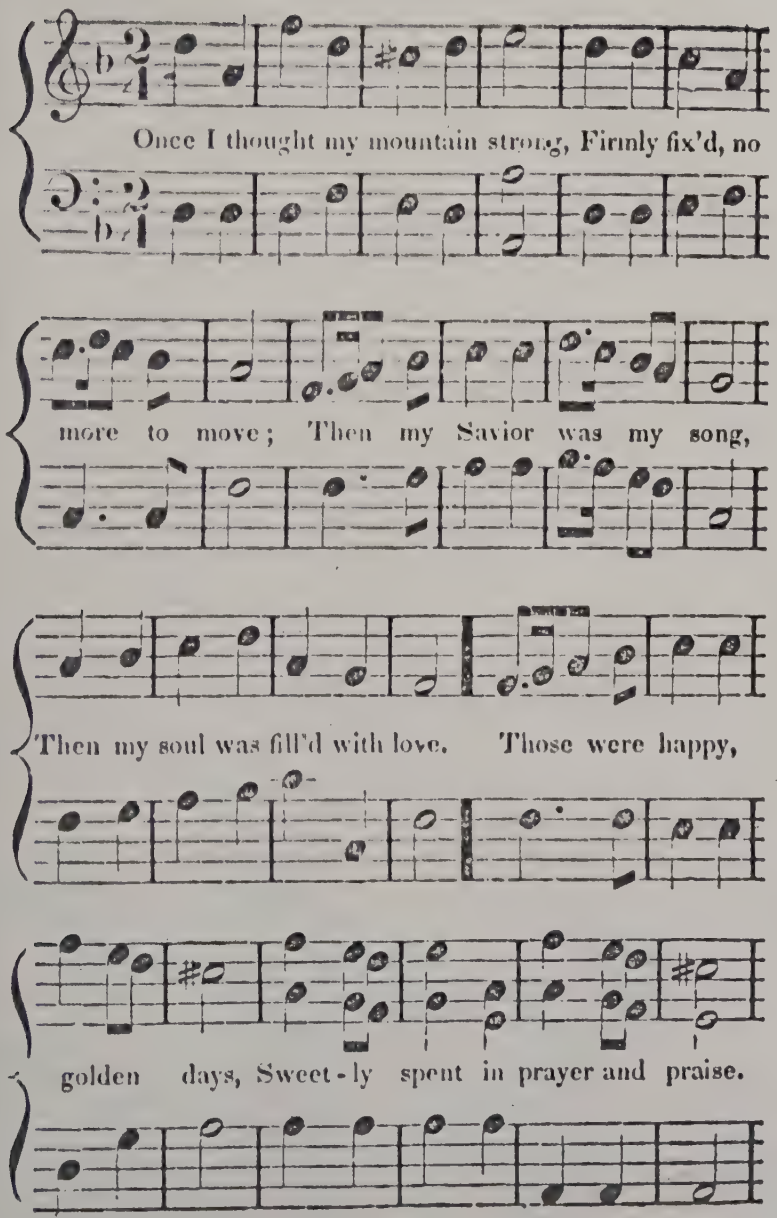
4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Savior, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

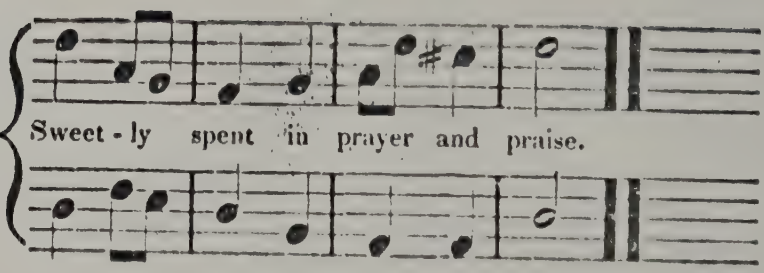
126. *Men of God.*

1 Men of God, go take your stations,
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Savior's matchless worth.

2 What tho' earth and hell united,
Should oppose the Savior's plan?
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted:
Fear ye not the face of man:
Vain their tumult,
Stop his work they never can.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend:
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.


Once I thought my mountain strong, Firmly fix'd, no
more to move; Then my Savior was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love. Those were happy,
golden days, Sweet-ly spent in prayer and praise.



127. *Once I Thought.*

1 Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move;
Then my Savior was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

3 Savior, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

128. *Faith Encouraged.*

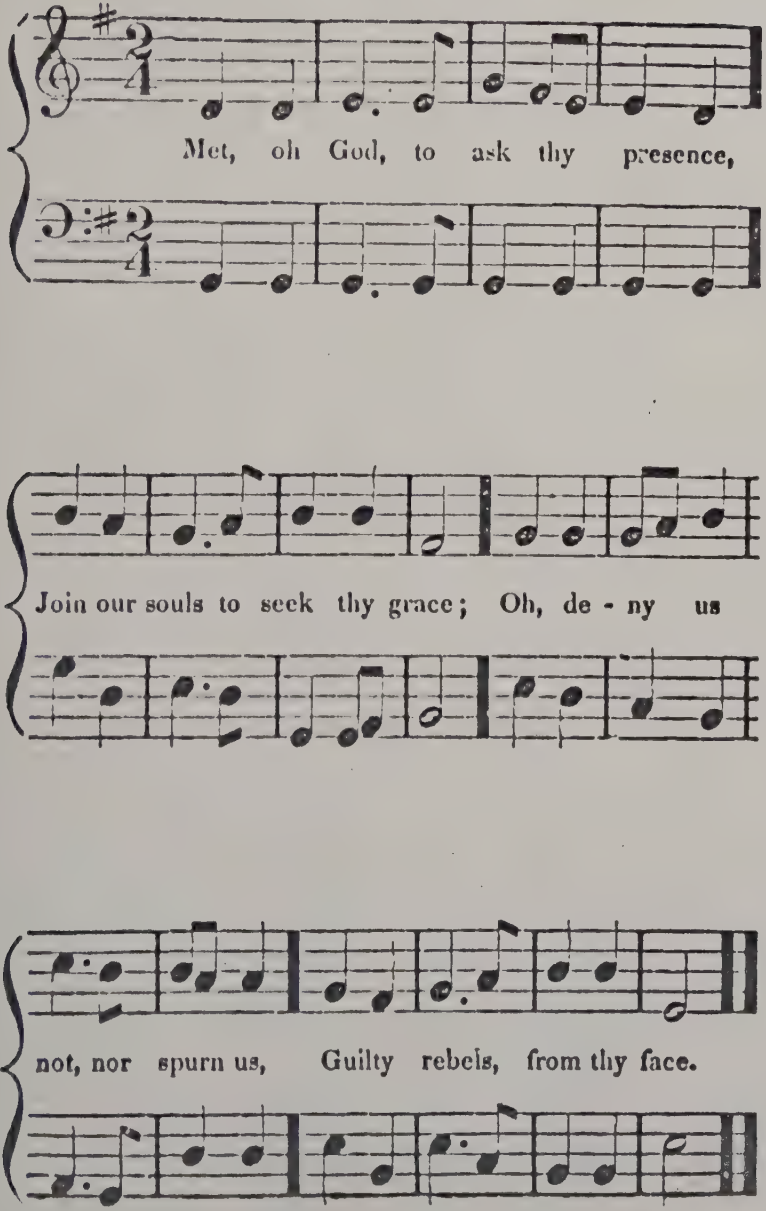
1 Pensive, doubting, fearful heart,
Hear what Christ the Savior says;
Every word should joy impart,
Change thy mourning into praise.
Fearful soul, attend and see;
Yes, he speaks, and speaks to thee.

2 "Fear thou not, nor be ashamed,
All thy sorrows soon shall end;
I, who heaven and earth have framed,
Am thy husband and thy friend:
I, the High and Holy One,
As thy Savior will be known.

3 "For a moment I withdrew,
And thy heart was fill'd with pain;
But thy mercies I'll renew,
Thou shalt soon rejoice again:
Though I seem to hide my face,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

4 "When my peaceful bow appears,
Painted on the watery cloud,
'Tis to dissipate thy fears,
Lest the earth should be o'erflow'd:
'Tis an emblem too of peace;
Very soon my wrath shall cease.

5 "Though afflicted, tempest toss'd,
Comfortless awhile thou art,
Faithful souls shall ne'er be lost;
I have graved them on my heart
Look to me, and prove anew,
What a God of love can do."


Met, oh God, to ask thy presence,
Join our souls to seek thy grace; Oh, de - ny us
not, nor spurn us, Guilty rebels, from thy face.

129. *Backslider's Confession.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 Met, O God, to ask thy presence,
Join our souls to seek thy grace;
Oh, deny us not, nor spurn us,
Guilty rebels from thy face.

2 All is sin, we own, our Father,
All our lives are mark'd with guilt;
Nought we plead, our sins to cover,
Save the blood that Jesus spilt.

3 We have wander'd—long have wander'd,
Much we need thy chastening rod;
But we come to own our folly:
Heal and pardon, O our God!

4 May thy people wake from slumber,
Ere their lamps shall fail and die:
Bridegroom of the Church, awake them!
Rouse them by the "midnight cry."

5 Let conviction seize the careless,
Through their souls thine arrows dart;
Let thy truth, so long rejected,
Break and melt the flinty heart.

6 Oh, thou kind, forgiving Spirit,
Comforter, on thee we call!
Cheer the saint—alarm the sinner,
Oh, now revive us all.

J. B. W.

130. *Christ at the Door*

Written for the Lyre.

1 Jesus stands, oh, how amazing,
Stands and knocks at every door;
In his hands ten thousand blessings,
Proffer'd to the wretched poor.

2 See me bleeding, dying, rising,
To prepare you heavenly rest;
Listen, while I kindly call you,
Hear—and be for ever blest.

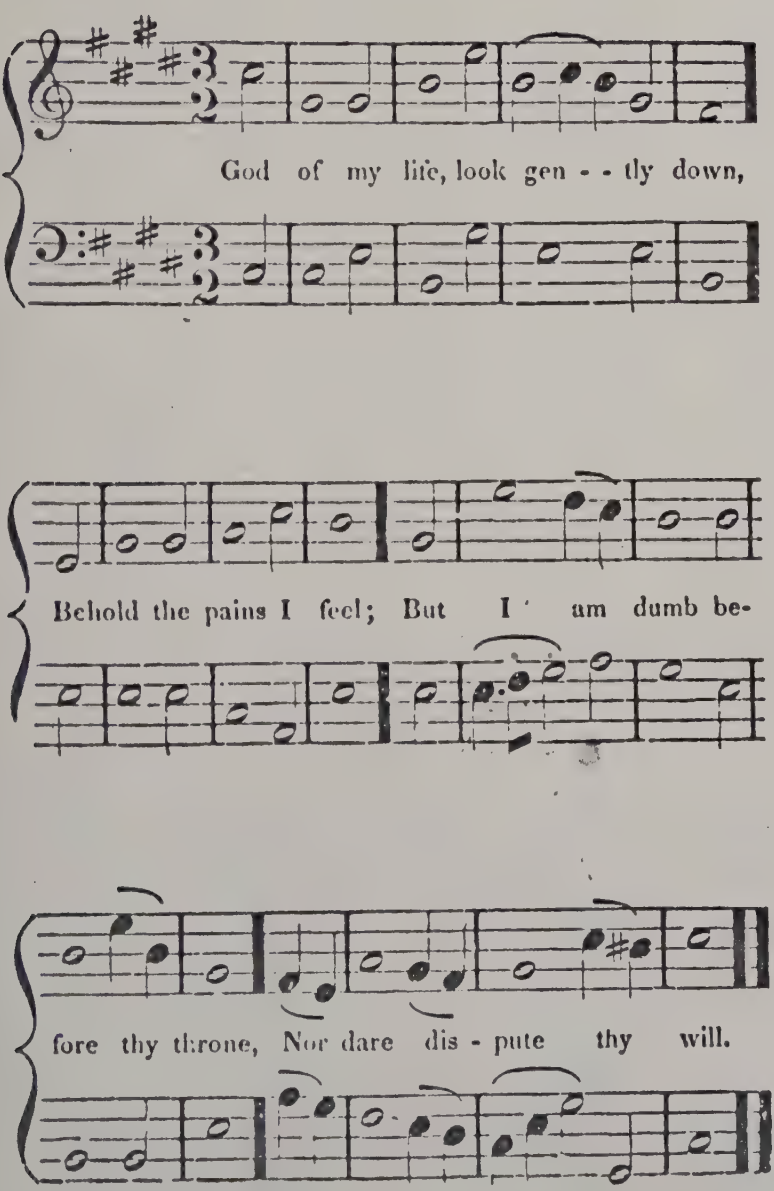
3 Will you spurn my richest mercy,
Spurn—and sink to endless pain;
Or to realms of bliss and glory
Rise, and with me ever reign?

4 Now I have not come to judgment,
To condemn your wretched race;
But to ransom ruin'd sinners,
And display unbounded grace.

5 Will you plunge in endless darkness,
There to bear eternal pain;
Or to realms of glorious brightness
Rise—and with me ever reign?

6 Will you hear my invitation,
That your sins may be forgiven;
Or now make the guilty preference,
Which shall bar your souls from heaven?

S. G


God of my life, look gen - - tly down,
Behold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be-
fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will.

131. *God of my Life.*

1 God of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

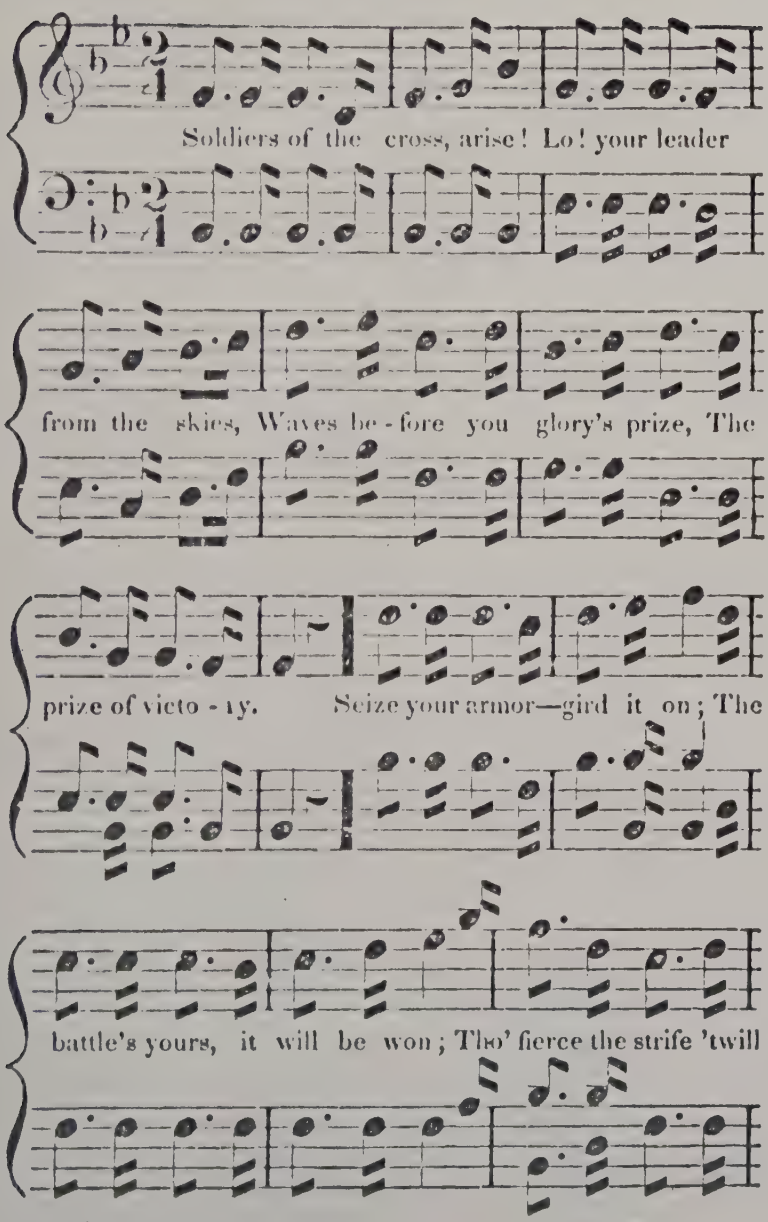
2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.

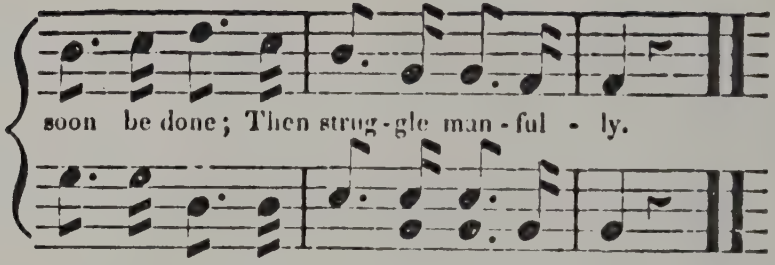
3 Yet I may plead, with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand
And all our beauty's lost.

5 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear!

6 And if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove;
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.


Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your leader
from the skies, Waves be-fore you glory's prize, The
prize of victo-ry. Seize your armor—gird it on; The
battle's yours, it will be won; Tho' fierce the strife 'twill



132. *Soldiers of the Cross.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 Soldiers of the cross, arise!
Lo! your leader from the skies
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.
Seize your armor—gird it on;
The battle's yours, it will be won;
Though fierce the strife 'twill soon be done;
Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell,
Met and vanquish'd earth and hell;
Now he leads you on, to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt or who can fear?
"God our strength and shield" is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
The crown of glory you shall gain;
And walk among that glorious train,
Who shout their Savior's praise.

J. B. W.

Christian Warrior.

Written for the Lyre.

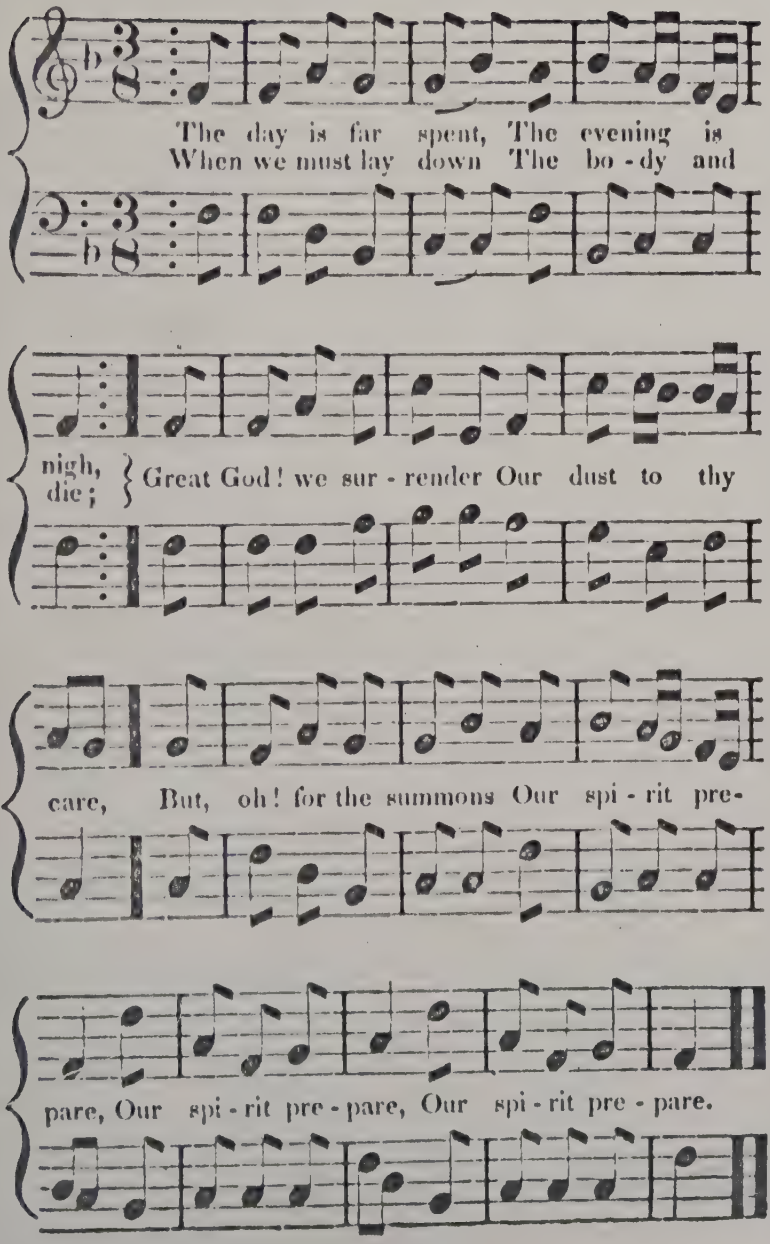
1 Servants of the living God,
When the paths of sin ye trod,
Grace restrain'd the angry rod;
Bless Messiah's name.
Satan's bondmen once ye were,
Willing captives in his snare,
Till with mighty arm made bare,
Christ your rescue came.

2 Now the fight of faith begin;
Be no more the slaves of sin;
Strive the victor's palm to win,
Trusting in the Lord.
Gird ye on the armor bright,
Warriors of the King of light,
Never yield, nor lose by flight
Your divine reward.

3 Fear not, though a feeble band,
Marching through a hostile land;
Guided by a mighty hand,
Ye shall win the day.
Faithful to your banner be,
Ever fighting manfully;
Laurels shall be won by thee,
Fading not away.

4 Sinners, long estranged from God,
Paths of sorrow ye have trod,
Oft have felt the avenging rod;
Peace have never known.
Give to Christ the glory due,
Be his soldiers faithful, true;
Then he will award to you,
An immortal crown.

W. M.


The day is far spent, The evening is
When we must lay down The bo - dy and
nigh, die;
Great God! we sur - render Our dust to thy
care, But, oh! for the summons Our spi - rit pre-
pare, Our spi - rit pre - pare, Our spi - rit pre - pare.

133. *The Day is spent.*

1 The day is far spent,
The ening is nigh,
When w .nust lay down
The body and die;
Great God! we surrender
Our dust to thy care,
But, oh! for the summons
Our spirit prepare.

2 The hours that remain,
Oh, with us abide,
And in the dark vale
Of death, be our guide;
Through life's weary journey,
Thou still hast been near;
And in our last moments,
Lord, for us appear.

3 We die to obtain
A seat with the blest,
A freedom from pain,
A mansion of rest;
We see, not regretting,
The shadows arise,
The sun of life setting
And night on the skies.

4 Though rayless the night,
Though starless the skies,
Extinguish'd all light,
And death on our eyes;
An unclouded morning
Shall rise on the tomb,
Before whose bright dawning
Shall vanish its gloom.

5 O, day long foretold!
When wilt thou appear?
Thy approach we behold
With hope and with fear!
O, righteous Judge, spare us,
From sin set us free,
And daily prepare us
To stand before thee!

134. *A Brother is dead.*

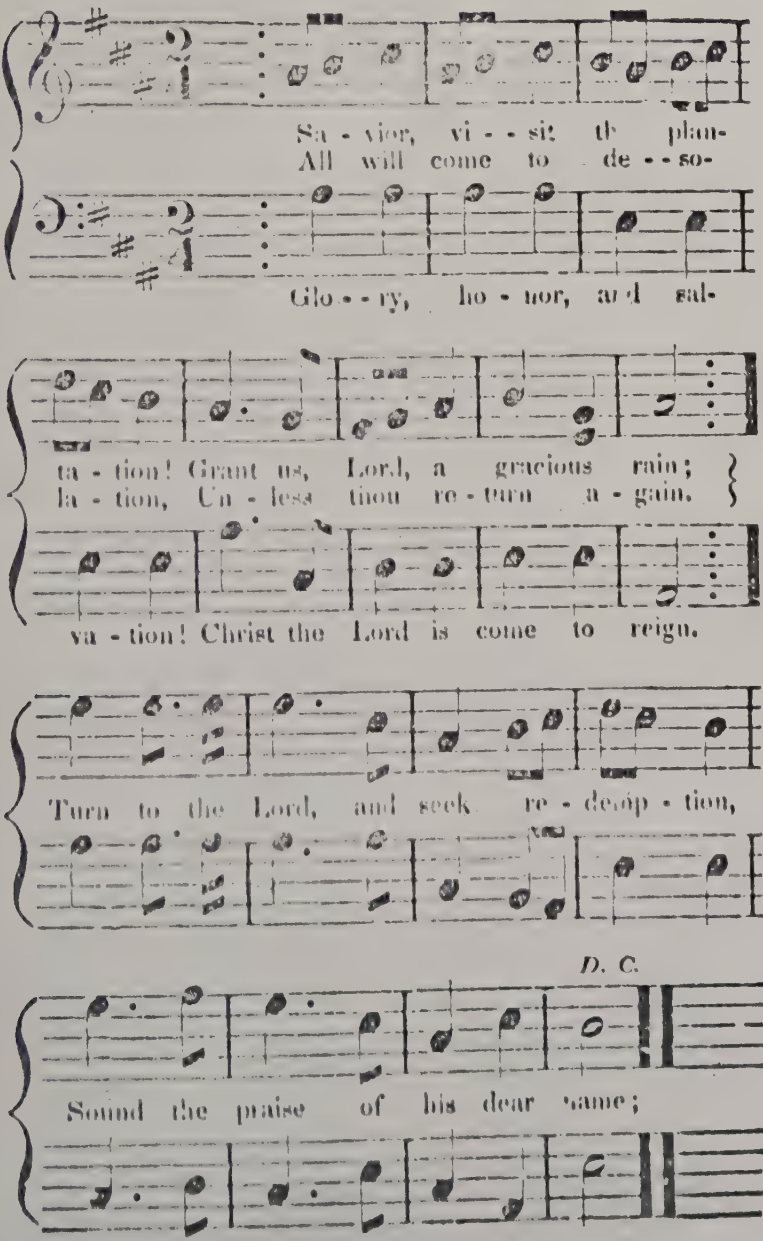
1 Hark! what is that note,
So mournful and slow,
That sends on the winds
The tidings of wo?
It sounds like the knell
Of a spirit that's fled;
It tells us, alas!
A brother is dead.

2 Yes, gone to the grave
Is he whom we loved;
And lifeless that form,
That so manfully moved;
The clods of the valley
Encompass his head,
The marble reminds us,
A brother is dead.

3 But marble and urns!
They never can tell
The spot where the soul
Is destined to dwell.
Ye spirits of air,
That surrounded his bed,
O, speak ye, and tell
Where *the spirit has fled*

4 O say, have ye heard,
In the heavenly throng,
That voice, once with ours
Commingled in song?
O say, to the courts
Of our God, have ye led
The soul that from earth
For ever has fled.

5 No voice from the grave,
No voice from the sky,
Discloses the deeds
That are doing on high:
It need not: Jehovah
Hath said in his word,
That "Blessed are they,
Who die in the Lord."


Sa - vior, vi - - sit th plan-
All will come to de - - so-
Glo - - ry, ho - nor, and sal-
ta - tion! Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
va - tion! Christ the Lord is come to reign.
Turn to the Lord, and seek re - demp - tion,
D. C.
Sound the praise of his dear name;

135. *The Savior's Visit.*

1 Savior, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord, and seek redemption,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;
Happy seasons we have seen!
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from thee.
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples for our youth!
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

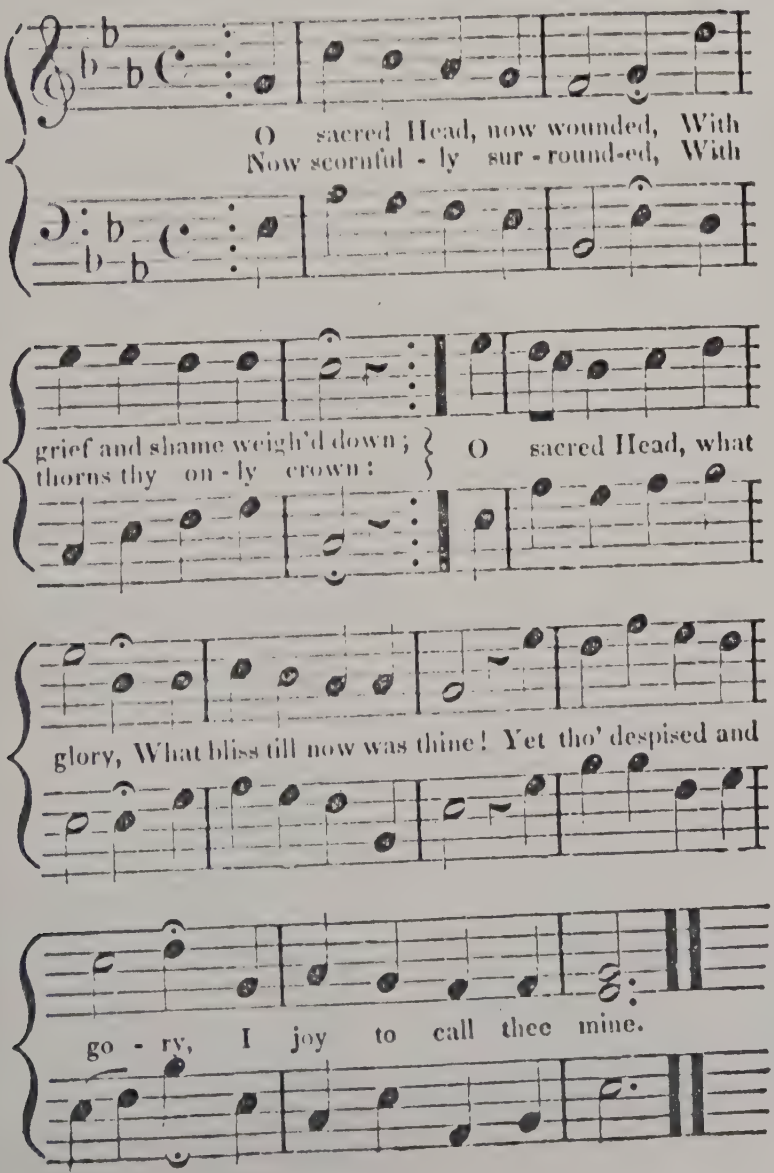
7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

8 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither;
Let not all our hopes be vain!
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.

Furnished for the Lyre, by Mr. Kammerer, of New-York,
formerly Professor of Music at Hofwyl.


O sacred Head, now wounded, With
Now scornful - ly sur - round-ed, With
grief and shame weigh'd down;
thorns thy on - ly crown:
O sacred Head, what
glory, What bliss till now was thine! Yet tho' despised and
go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

136. *O Sacred Head.*

Translated from Gerhardt's favorite German Hymn, "O Haupt voll blut und wunden,"

BY REV. J. W. ALEXANDER.

1 O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown:
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All fear'd when thou appearedst;
What shame on thee is hurl'd!
How art thou pale, with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn.

3 What thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior!
'Tis I deserve *thy* place,
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace!

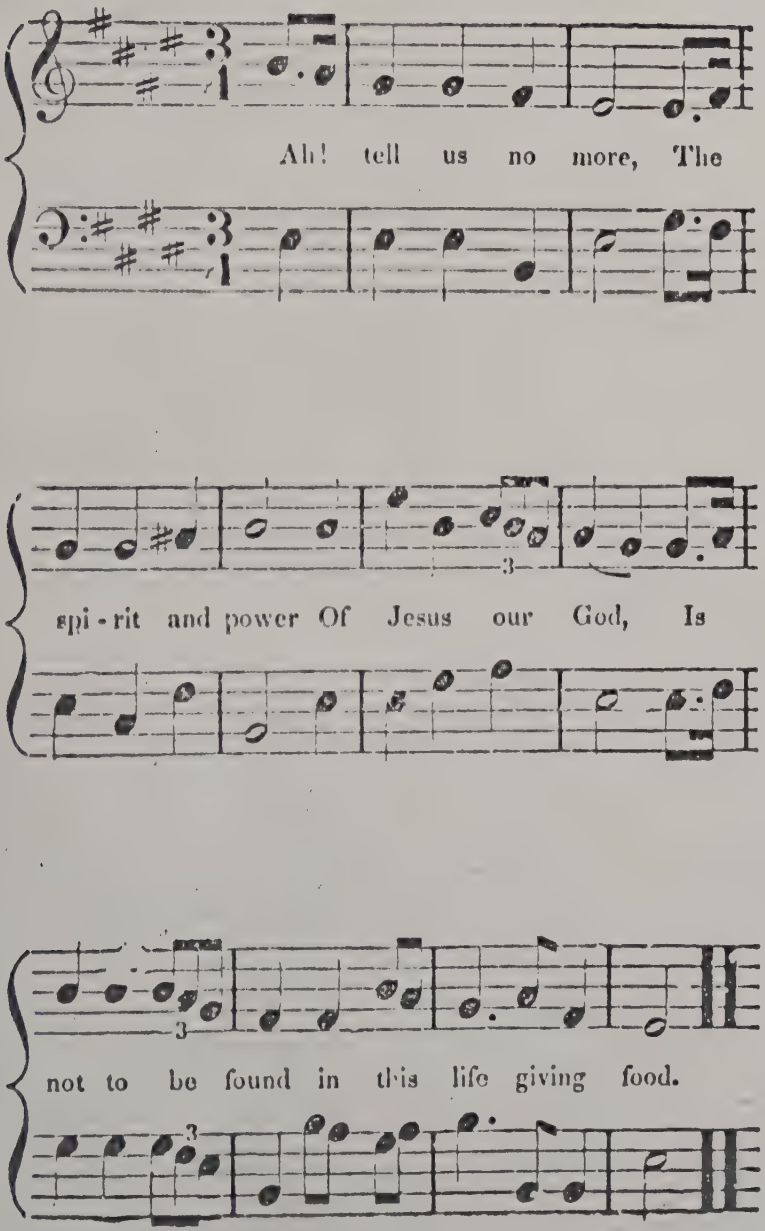
4 Receive me, my Redeemer,
My Shepherd, make me thine;
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

5 The joy can ne'er be spoken
—Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of Life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

6 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

7 If I, a wretch, should leave thee,
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive thee,
When death shall set me free
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

8 Be near when I am dying,
O, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes now faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.


Ah! tell us no more, The
spi - rit and power Of Jesus our God, Is
not to be found in this life giving food.

137. *Sacrament.*

1 Ah, tell us no more,
The spirit and power
Of Jesus, our God,
Is not to be found in this life-giving food.

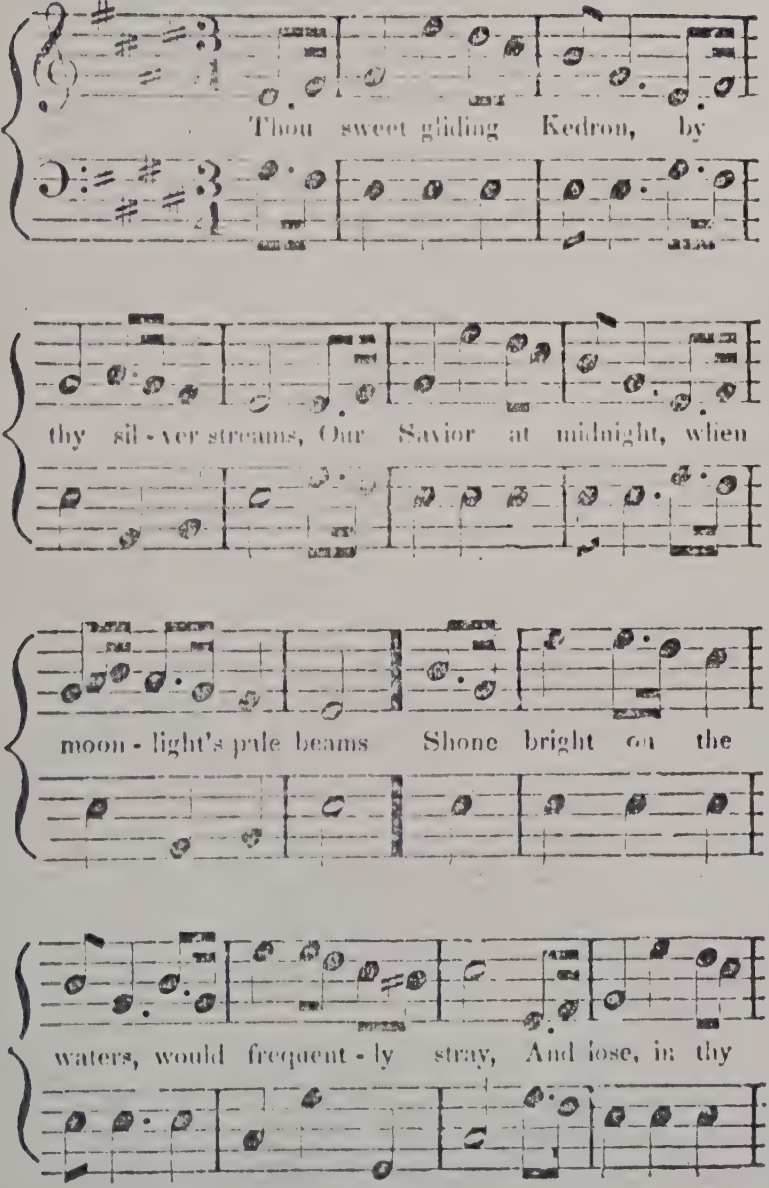
2 Did Jesus ordain
His supper in vain,
And furnish a feast
For none but his earliest servants to taste?

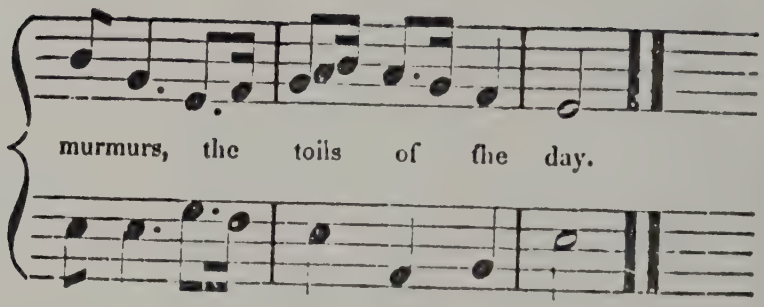
3 Nay, but this is his will,
(We know it and feel)
That we should partake
The banquet, for all he so freely did make.

4 In rapturous bliss
He bids us do this;
The joy it imparts,
Hath witness'd his glorious design in our hearts.

5 'Tis God, we believe,
Who cannot deceive;
The witness of God
Is present, and speaks in the mystical blood.

6 Receiving the bread,
On Jesus we feed;
It doth not appear,
His manner of working, but Jesus is here.


Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by
thy sil - ver streams, Our Savior at midnight, when
moon - light's pale beams Shone bright on the
waters, would frequent - ly stray, And lose, in thy



138. *Kedron.*

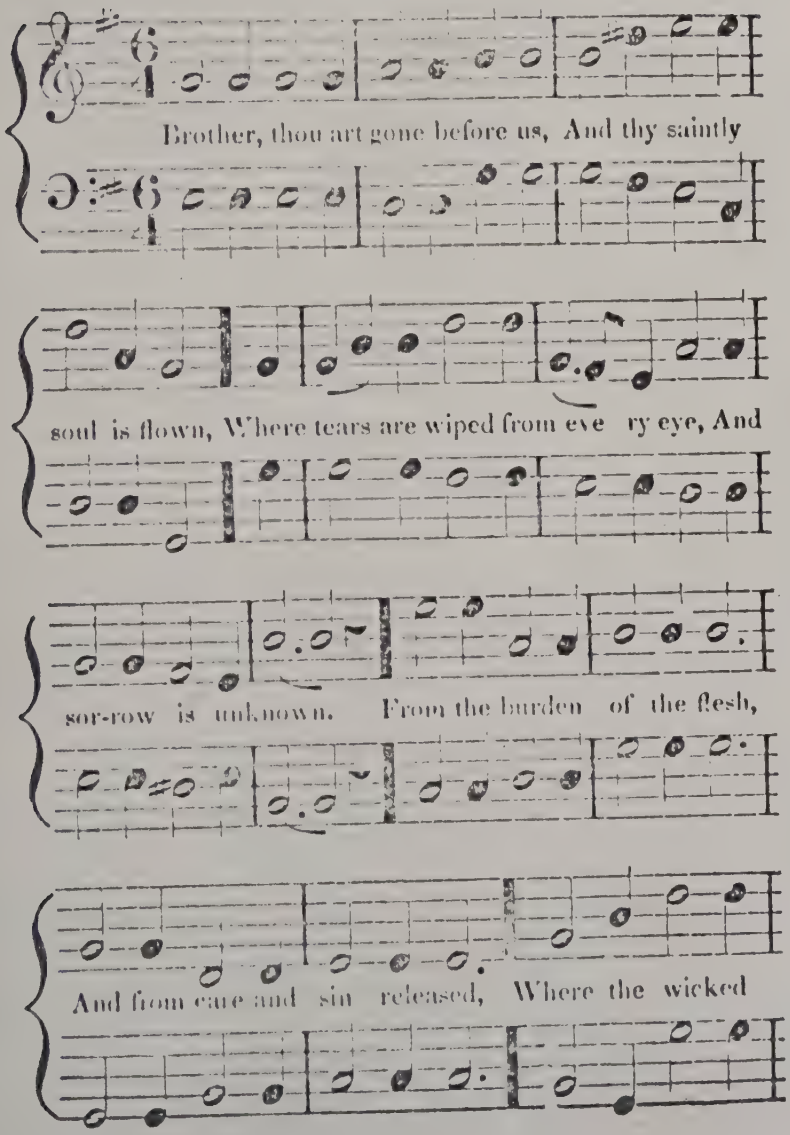
1 Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

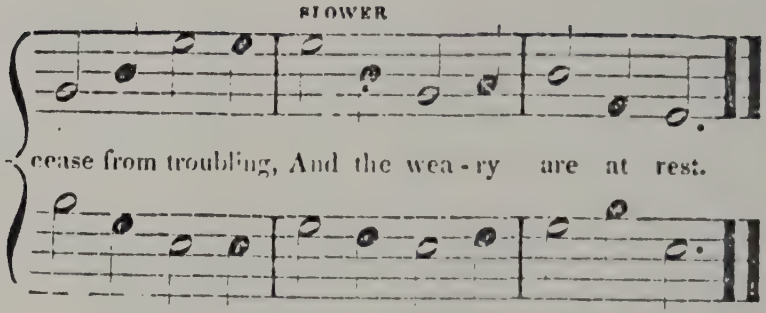
2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies.

Composed Jan. 1, 1823, by Rev. Jonas King,
to be sung at the grave of Parsons.


Brother, thou art gone before us, And thy saintly
soul is flown, Where tears are wiped from eve ry eye, And
sor-row is unknown. From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released, Where the wicked



139. *The Weary at Rest.*

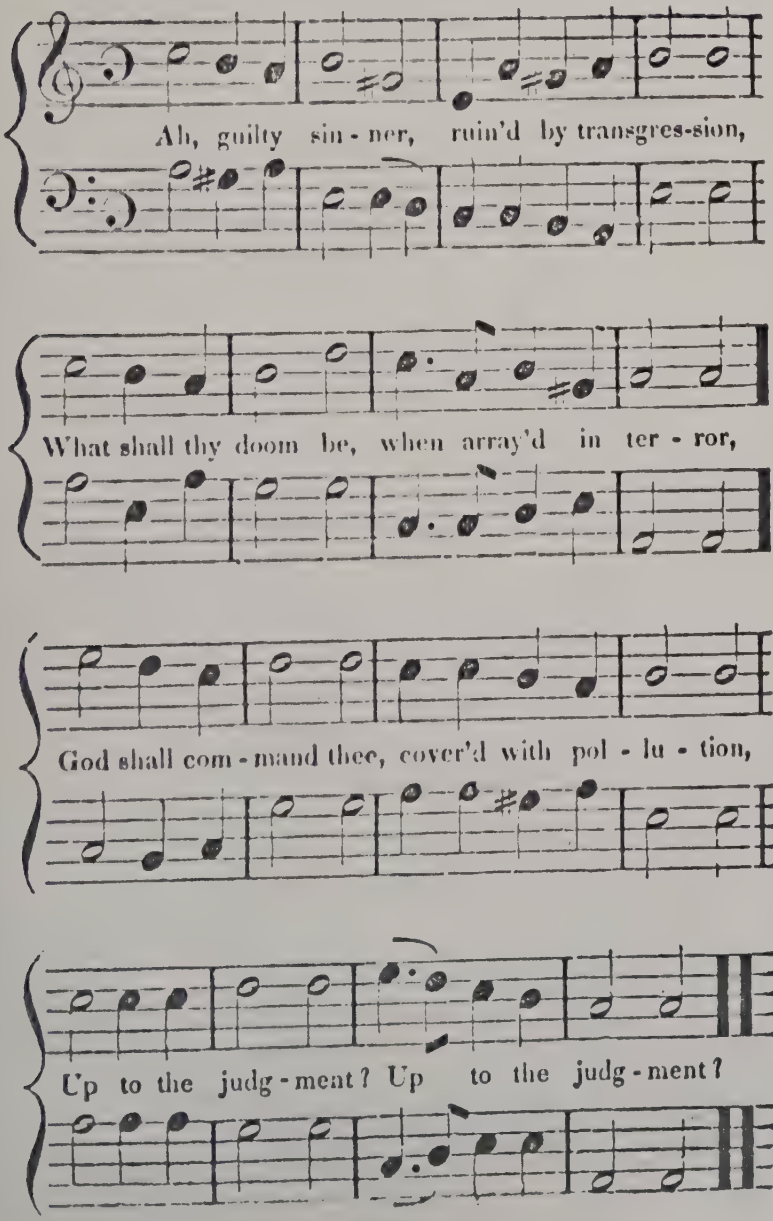
1 Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

2 The toilsome way, thou'st travel'd o'er,
And hast borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode.
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
On his Father's faithful breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor can doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail.
And then thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Thus the solemn priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away,
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

5 And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou now hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious, happy guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.


Ah, guilty sin - ner, ruin'd by transgres-sion,
What shall thy doom be, when array'd in ter - ror,
God shall com - mand thee, cover'd with pol - lu - tion,
Up to the judg - ment? Up to the judg - ment?

140. *The Voice of Warning.*

1 Ah, guilty sinner, ruin'd by transgression,
What shall thy doom be, when array'd in terror,
God shall command thee, cover'd with pollution,
Up to the judgment?

2 Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice,
Fly to the caverns, court annihilation?
Vain thy presumption, justice still shall triumph
In thy destruction.

3 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in vengeance,
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,
Swift to perdition.

4 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.

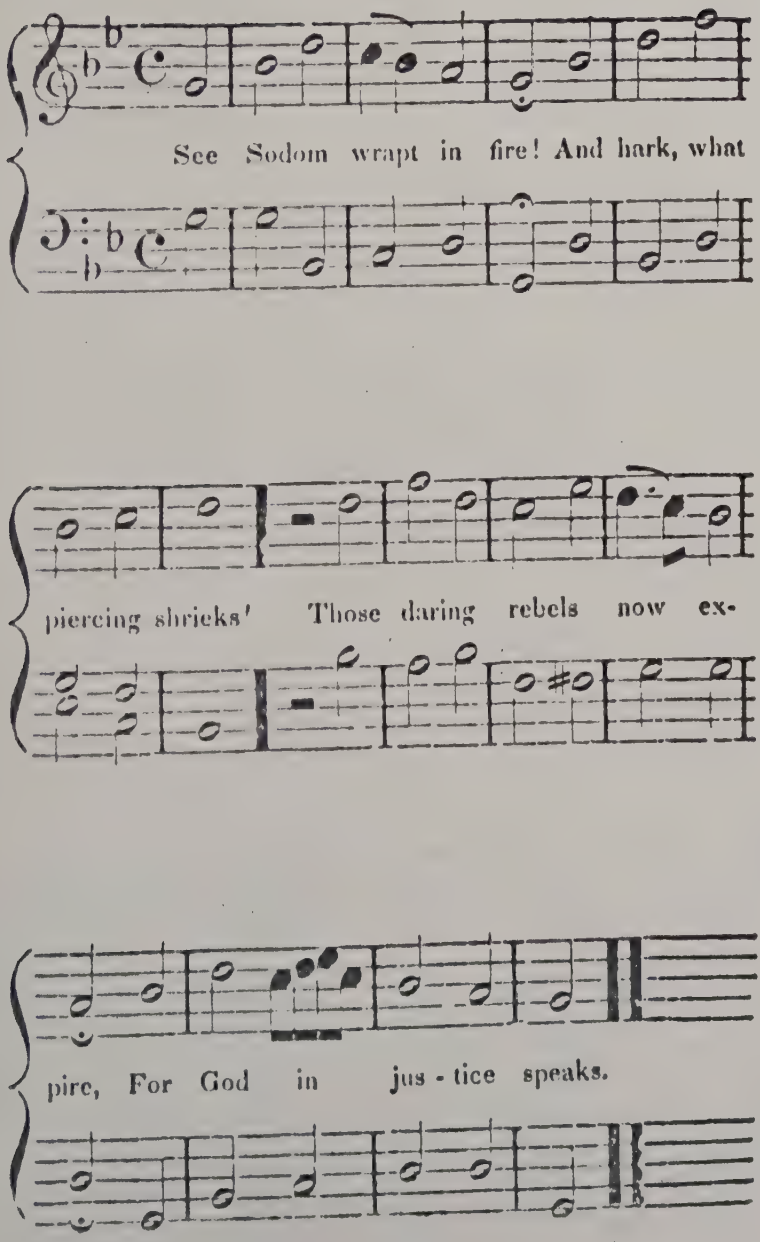
5 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness;
Jesus invites you.

6 But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment,
Quit you for ever.

7 Then you shall call, but he will not regard you,
Seek for his favor, yet shall never find it,
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence,
Deep in their caverns.

8 Where the worm dies not, and the fire eternal,
Fills the lost soul with anguish and with terror,
There shall the sinner spend a long for ever,
Dying unpardoned.

9 Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Savior, and embrace his pardon;
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment!


See Sodom wrapt in fire! And hark, what
piercing shrieks! Those daring rebels now ex-
pire, For God in jus - tice speaks.

141. *Escape for thy Life.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 See Sodom wrapt in fire!
And hark, what piercing shrieks!
Those daring rebels now expire,
For God in justice speaks.

2 O sinner, mark thy fate!
Soon will the Judge appear;
And then thy cries will come too late;
Too late for God to hear.

3 Thy day of mercy gone,
The Spirit grieved away,
Thy cup, long filling, now o'erflown,
Demands the vengeful day.

4 Thy God, insulted, seems
To draw his glittering sword;
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,
To vindicate his word.

5 One only hope I see;
Oh, sinner seize it now,—
The blood that Jesus shed for thee!
No other hope hast thou.

J. B. W.

142. *Invitation.*

1 Sinners, the call obey,
The latest call of grace:
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race.

2 Enter into the Rock,
Ye trembling slaves of sin,
The Rock of your salvation, struck
And cleft to take you in.

3 Jesus, to thee we fly
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defence is nigh;
Our help is in the Lord.

4 Our life with thee we hide
Above the furious blast,
And shelter'd in thy wounds abide
Till all the storms are past.

143. *Justification.*

1 How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Savior show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

3 Exults our rising soul,
Disburthen'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

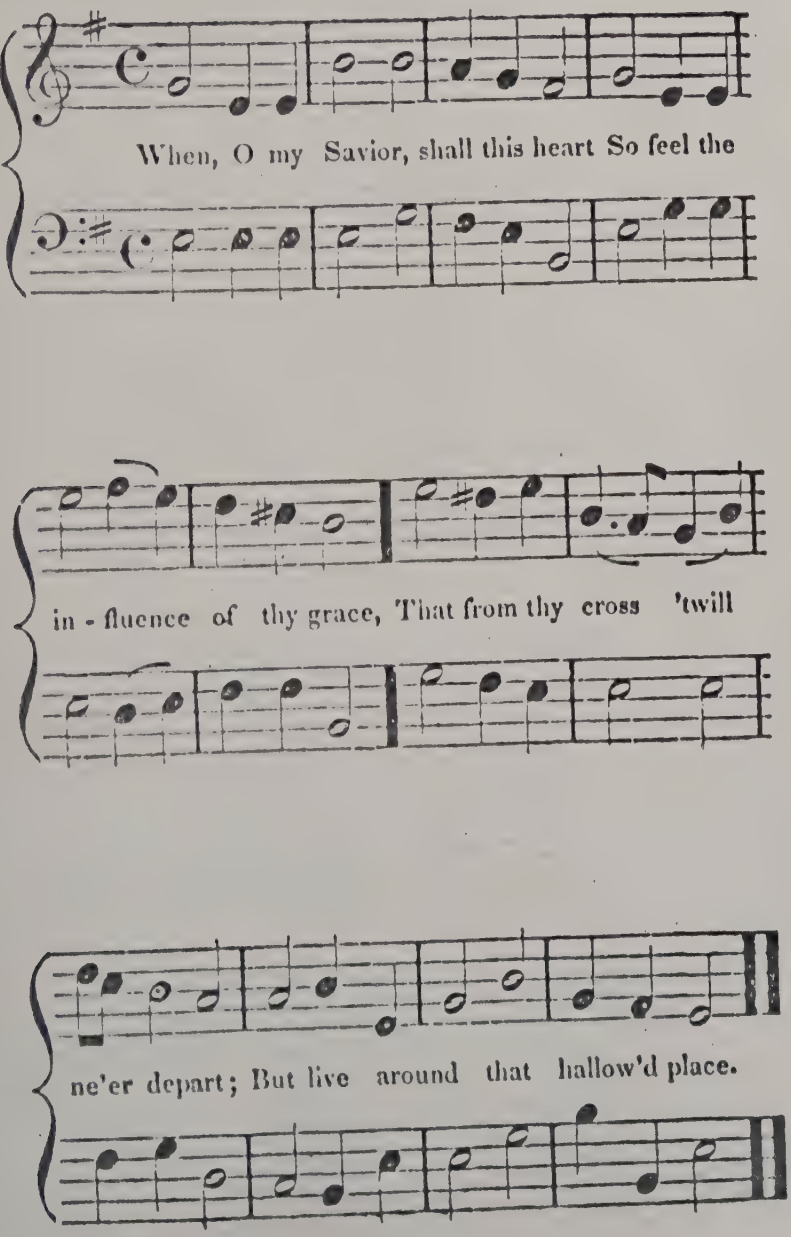
4 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

5 We by his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestow'd.

6 His Spirit to us he gave,
And dwells in us we know;
The witness in ourselves we have
And all its fruits we show.

7 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.

8 His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.


When, O my Savior, shall this heart So feel the
in - fluence of thy grace, That from thy cross 'twill
ne'er depart; But live around that hallow'd place.

144. *Closet Hymn.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 When, O my Savior, shall this heart
So feel the influence of thy grace,
That from thy cross 'twill ne'er depart;
But live around that hallow'd place?

2 The brightest scenes of earth are dim,
If Jesus be not with me there;
All worldly joys, compared with him,
Seem vain as fleeting shadows are.

3 O could I live beneath his smile,
And lean upon his sacred breast,
No fond allurement should beguile
A heart so privileged—so blest.

4 Come then, my Savior, and constrain
This wayward soul, nor let it rove;
Recal me to thine arms again,
And bind me there "with cords of love." J. B. W.

145. *Repentance.*

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received!
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

3 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest:
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 This only wo I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
And raise me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

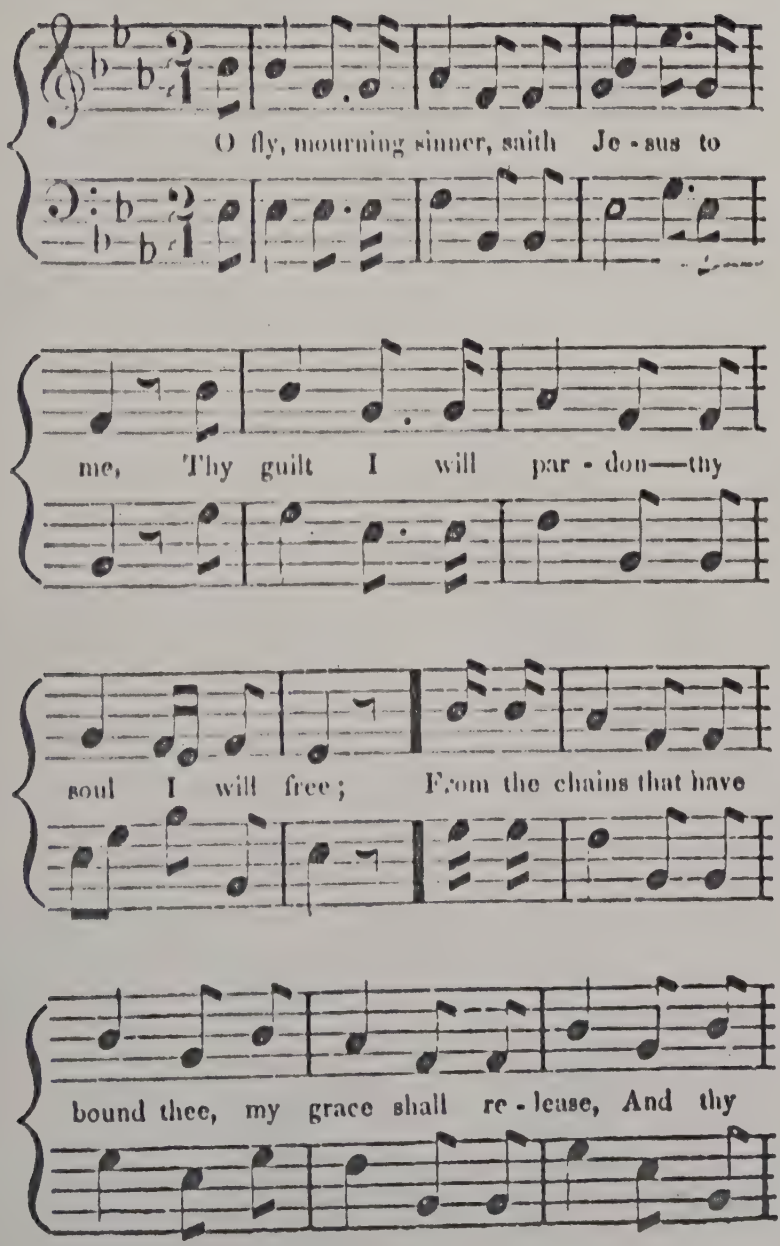
146. *Prayer for Zeal.*

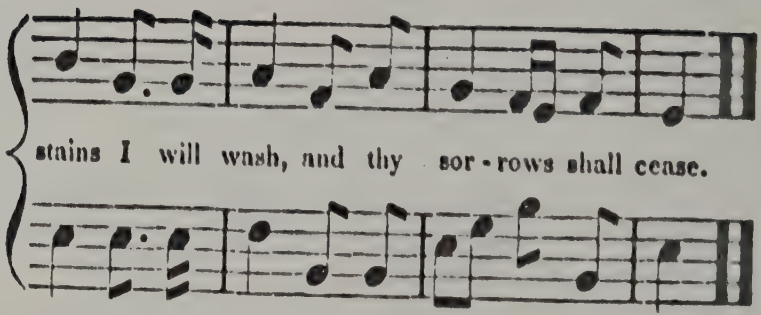
1 O Thou who all things canst control,
Chase this dead slumber from my soul,
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light,
Pierce through, dispel the shade of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

3 With out-stretch'd hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But, ah! how soon it dies away!

4 The deadly slumber soon I feel,
Afresh upon my spirit seal;
Rise, Lord; stir up thy quickening power,
And wake me that I sleep no more


O fly, mourning sinner, saith Je - sus to
me, Thy guilt I will par - don—thy
soul I will free; From the chains that have
bound thee, my grace shall re - lease, And thy



147. *Oh fly, Mourning Sinner.*

WRITTEN FOR THE LYRE.

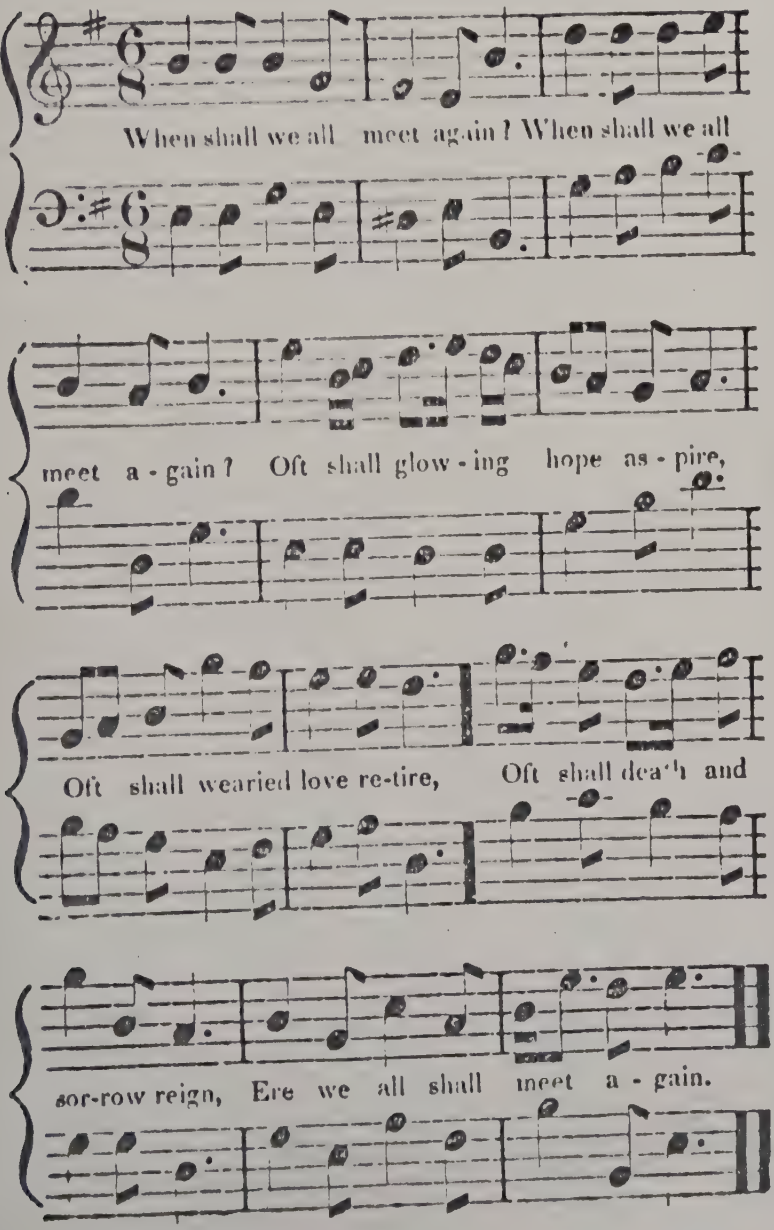
1 O FLY, mourning sinner, saith Jesus, to me,
Thy guilt I will pardon—thy soul I will free;
From the chains that have bound thee, my grace shall release,
And thy stains I will wash, and thy sorrows shall cease.

2 Too long, guilty wanderer—too long hast thou been
In the broad road of ruin, in bondage to sin;
Thee the world has allured, and enslaved, and deceived,
While my counsel thou'st spurn'd, and my Spirit hast grieved.

3 Though count'less thy sins, and though crimson thy guilt,
Yet for crimes such as thine was my blood freely spilt;
Come, sinner, and prove me; come, mourner, and see
The wounds that I bore, when I suffer'd for thee.

4 Thou doubt'st not my power—deny not my will;
Come, needy—come, helpless, thy soul I will fill;
My mercy is boundless; no sinner shall say,
That he sued at my feet—but was driven away.

J. B. W.


When shall we all meet again? When shall we all
meet a-gain? Oft shall glow-ing hope as-pire,
Oft shall wearied love re-tire, Oft shall death and
sor-row reign, Ere we all shall meet a-gain.

148. *When shall me meet.*

1 When shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

INDEX OF TUNES IN VOLUME I.

Accomack, L. M.	208	Mendon, 7. 6. 8.	54
Anticipation, C. P. M.	140	Middleton, 8. 7.	12
Atonement	160	Missionary hymn, 7. 6.	24
Bartimeus, 8 & 7.	8	Moravian hymn, C. M.	98
Benevento, 7s.	4	Mount Calvary, 7s.	6
Bunker Hill, 11. 5.	204	Muhlenburgh, 11s.	138
Calcutta, 8. 7. 4.	181	New Grafton, L. M.	170
Carmarthen, H. M.	176	Nineveh, 10. 11.	192
Cecil, 7s.	154	Parsons, 8. 7.	202
Chase, 7s.	14	Parting friends, 7s.	212
Cheerful hope, 7. 6.	80	Pilgrim's farewell, L. M.	37
Christian Soldier, 7. 6.	16	Pisgah, C. M.	150
Come and welcome,	73	Pleading Savior, 8. 7.	156
Complaint, 7s.	184	Poland, C. M.	188
Confidence, 10. 11.	30	Providence, 4. 6. 8.	92
Egypt, S. M.	206	Reflection, C. M.	114
Expostulation, 11s.	40	Resignation, C. M.	152
De Fleury, 8s.	178	Rest, 11s.	210
Douglass, 8. 7.	132	Rock of our salvation,	107
Fairfax, 7s.	124	Romaine, 7. 6.	148
Farewell,	106	Sacrament, 5. 11.	198
Favoring gale, 8. 4.	94	Scotland, 12s.	34
Forest, L. M.	68	Sincerity, 7s.	102
Funeral thought, C. M.	110	Solicitude, 11. 8.	88
Ganges, C. P. M.	28	Sovereign grace, 7s.	64
Garden hymn, C. P. M.	46	Spring, C. M.	78
Good Physician, 7. 6.	116	Star in the east, 10. 11.	104
Good Shepherd, 8. 7.	48	Star of Bethlehem, L. M.	172
Gospel trumpet, 8. 4.	56	St. Denis, 11s.	200
Greenville, 8. 7. 4.	10	Suffering Savior, C. M.	42
Happiness, 5. 6. 9.	96	The captive's song, C. M.	112
Harvest home L. P. M.	134	The closing scene, C. M.	140
Haven, 7s.	66	The gospel pool, S. M.	82
Heavenly home, 7s.	18	The resolve,	118
Heaven y love, C. M.	122	The trumpet, 12s.	60
Heave ly union, 8. 7.	74	Thorncliff, 7. 6.	86
Hiding place, L. M.	162	Treasure, 8. 7.	158
Hotwyl, 7. 6.	196	Union hymn, 8s.	126
Home, 11s.	142	Vesper hymn, 8. 7.	44
Hopkins, 11s.	166	Visitation, 8. 7.	194
Invitation, C. M.	62	Walbridge, S. M.	130
Jerusalem, C. M.	76	Wallace, 7. 5.	190
Jubilee, H. M.	168	Warning voice, 7s.	120
Judgment,	90	Warren, 7s.	32
Light, 7. 6.	136	Waterbury, 8. 7.	186
Lisbon, S. M.	174	Welsh Melody, 8. 4.	26
Littleton, 8. 7. 4.	20	Whiting, C. M.	146
Lovest thou me, 7s.	81	Who's like Jesus, 7. 6.	164
Loving kindness, L. M.	22	Willowby, C. P. M.	50
Marseilles, 7. 9.	70	Woodstock, C. M.	58
Melody, C. M.	128	Zion's Pilgrim, 11. 8.	52

INDEX TO THE HYMNS IN VOLUME I.

Ah, guilty sinner - - - - 235
Ah! tell us no more - - - 199
Alas! and did my Savior - 39
Am I a soldier - - - - - 99
An alien from God - - - 145
Attend, ye saints - - - - 75
Awake and sing - - - - 131
Awaked by Sinai's - - - 29
Awake, my soul - - - - 23
Blest be the dear - - - - 123
Blest be the tie - - - - - 175
Blow ye the trumpet - - 169
Brethren, while we - - - 19
Brother, thou art gone - - 203
Children of the heavenly 33
Come, and let us - - - - 155
Come and welcome - - - 37
Come, ye weary souls - - 103
Depth of mercy - - - - 103
Farewell, dear friends - - 39
Far from mortal cares - - 45
Father, I long I faint to see 123
Father of mercies - - - - 123
From every earthly - - - 149
From Greenland's icy - - 25
From whence doth - - - 127
Gently, Lord, O gently - - 11
God of my life - - - - 189
Hail, sovereign love - - - 163
Hail, the blest morn - - - 135
Hark, how the gospel - - 57
Hark, my soul - - - - - 85
Hark! what is that note - 193
Hasten, sinner, to be wise - 15
Hearts of stone - - - - 7
Here at this pool - - - - 82
Holy Ghost dispel - - - 133
How can a sinner know - 207
How happy are they - - - 97
How happy is the pilgrim's - 51
How lost was my condition 117
How peaceful is the closing 100
How tedious and tasteless - 180
If life's pleasures charm thee 109
I'll try to prove faithful - - 119
I'm not ashamed to own - 99
In songs of sublime adoration 53
I would not live alway - - 139
Jerusalem, my happy home 77
Jesus comes with all - - - 33
Jesus, I love thy charming 79
Jesus is our common Lord - 155
Jesus, lover of my soul - - 67
Jesus stands, O how - - - 187
Jesus, thou art the sinner's 151
Jesus, thou hast bid us pray 165
Let thy kingdom, blessed - 49
Light of those whose dreary 13
Like Paul I would desire - 147
Long have I tried terrestrial 147
Lo! on a narrow neck - - 51
Lord, how large thy bounties 103
Lord, with glowing heart - 45
Meet and right it is to sing - 87
Men of God, go - - - - - 183
Mercy, O thou son of David 8
Met, O God, to ask thy - - 187
Mid scenes of confusion - - 144
My days, my weeks - - - 115
My friends, I bid you all - 109
My hope, my all, my Savior 69
My Jesus, thou hast taught 131
My soul would fain - - - 111
Not from the dust - - - - 153
Now begin the heavenly - 33
Now is the accepted time - 131
Now the Savior stands - - 157
O'er the gloomy hills - - 183
O fly, mourning sinner - - 211
O for a closer walk - - - - 59
O God, thy gifts of tender love 79
Oh no, we cannot sing - - 113
Once I thought - - - - 185
Once, O Lord, thy garden - 11
One there is, above all - - 11
On the mountains - - - 183
O sacred Head, now - - - 197
O that my load of sin - - 69
O, there will be mourning - 91
O thou in whose presence - 89
O thou, who all things can 209
O thou, who driest - - - 113
O thou, whose tender - - 153
O turn ye, O turn ye - - 41
O, when shall I see Jesus - 17
O, why did I my Savior - 153
Pensive, doubting - - - 185
People of the living God - 66
Precious Bible - - - - - 159
Rock of ages! cleft for me 155
Savior, visit thy plantation 195
Save ye my Savior - - 160

INDEX TO THE HYMNS IN VOLUME I.

See Israel's gentle Shepherd 59
Seek, my soul, the narrow 15, 125
See Sodom wrapt in fire - 207
Servants of the living God - 191
Since the Son hath made me 155
Sing, my soul, thy wondrous 65
Sinner, art thou still - - - 125
Sinner, hath a voice within 121
Sinner, is thy heart at rest - 125
Sinner, rouse thee from thy 65
Sinners, the call obey - - 207
Sinners, turn, why will ye die 5
Sinners, will you scorn - - 21
Soldiers of the cross, arise - 191
Sometimes a light surprises 137
Sovereign grace has power - 65
Stay, thou insulted Spirit - 209
Stop, poor sinner, stop and - 121
The chariot! the chariot - 61
The day is far spent - - - 193
The day of death's a doleful 111
The host of heaven - - - 70
The Lord into his garden - 47
The ransom'd spirit to her - 173
There is a land of pure delight 129
There's a friend above - - 26
The voice of free grace - - 36
This is the day, when Christ 59
Though hard the winds - - 81
Though in the outward - - 135
Thou sweet gliding Kedron 201
Though troubles assail - - 31
Through sorrow's night - - 111
Time flies, man dies - - - 92
'Tis a point I long to know 15
To-day, if you will hear - 171
To heaven I'm bound - - 95
Toss'd upon life's raging - 13
Vain, delusive world, adieu 55
Wake, isles of the south - 36
We give immortal praise - 177
What is the thing of greatest 129
When for eternal worlds - 94
When marshall'd on - - - 173
When, O my Savior - - - 209
When, my Savior, shall I be 33
When shall we all meet - - 213
When thou, my righteous - 141
While with ceaseless course 5
Who can describe the pain - 177
Why sleep we, my brethren 167
Ye angels who stand round 179
Ye dying sons of men - - 177
Ye saints, assist me in my - 129
Ye wretched, hungry - - 63

NOTE.

The Lyre is indebted for its external appearance to the skill and attention of G. B. Lothian, music-type founder, No. 76, Prince Street; A. Chandler, stereotype founder, No. 2, Ann Street; C. Dingley, printer of music; and the press of Sleight & Robinson, No 25, Exchange Place.

THE

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BY JOSHUA LEAVITT.

VOL. II.

SIXTEENTH EDITION.

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1833.

Southern District of New York, ss.

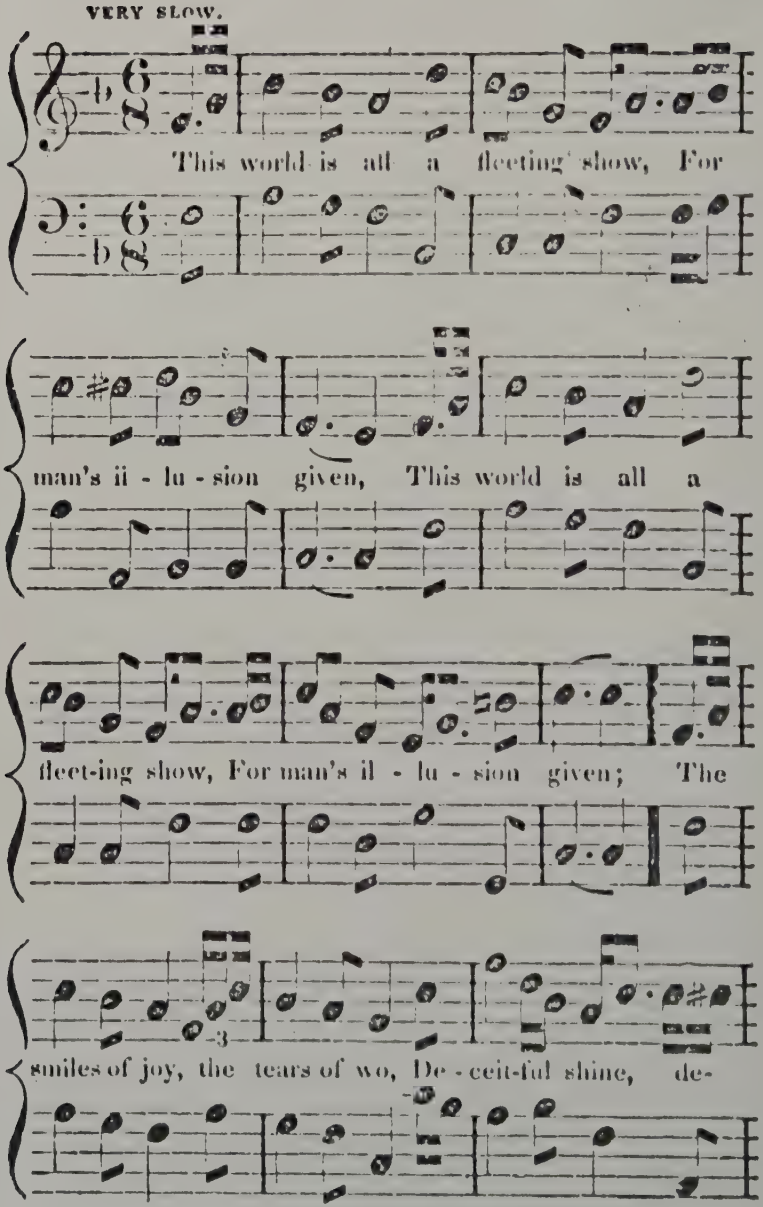
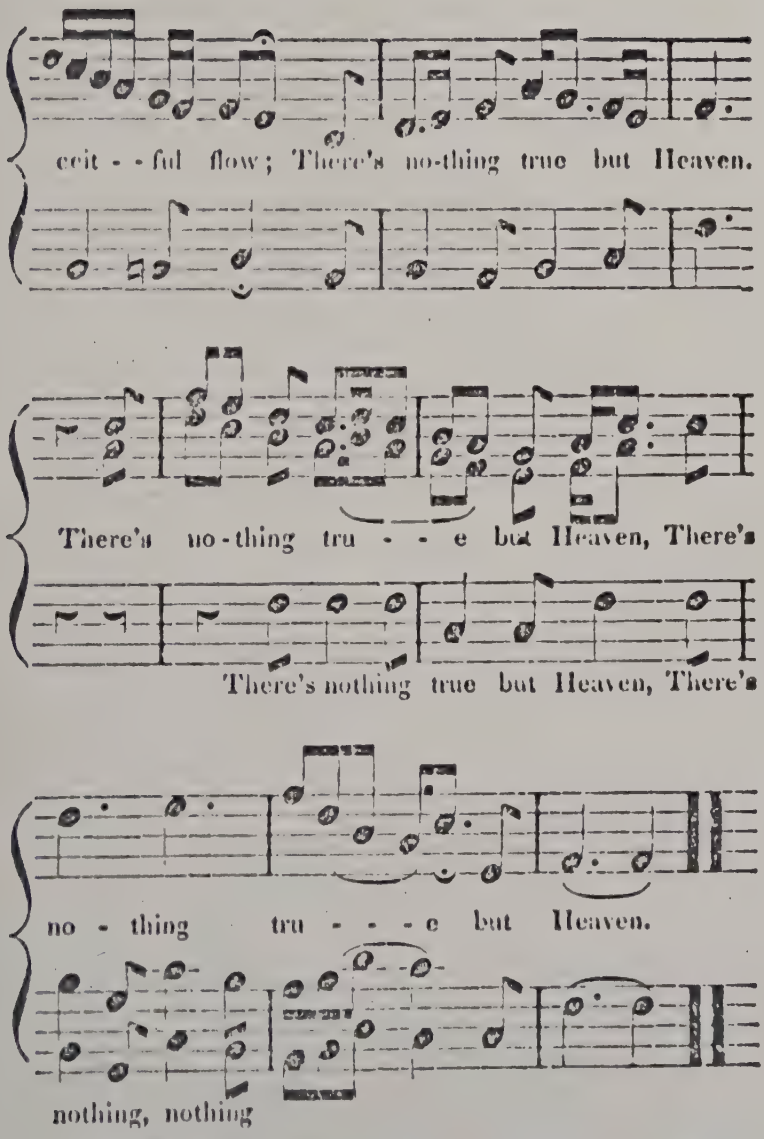
BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the sixteenth day of October, A. D. 1830, in the fifty fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Joshua Leavitt, of the said District, has deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

"The Christian Lyre. By Joshua Leavitt."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

FRED. J. BETTS,

Clerk of the Southern District of New York.


VERY SLOW.
This world is all a fleeting show, For
man's il - lu - sion given, This world is all a
fleet-ing show, For man's il - lu - sion given; The
smiles of joy, the tears of wo, De - ceit-ful shine, de-

ceit - - ful flow; There's no-thing true but Heaven.
There's no-thing tru - - - e but Heaven, There's
There's nothing true but Heaven, There's
no - thing tru - - - e but Heaven.
nothing, nothing

NOTE.—*This tune is published in the Lyre by express permission of the author*, O. SHAW, Esq.

1. *Nothing true but Heaven.*

1 This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow:
There's nothing true but heaven!

2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but heaven!

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way;
There's nothing calm but heaven!

2. *Heaven on earth.*

1 This world's not "all a fleeting show,
For man's *illusion* given;"
He that hath soothed a widow's wo,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

2 And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray;
Hath something felt of heaven.

3 He, that the Christian's course has run,
And all his foes forgiven;
Who measures out life's little span,
In love to God, and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

3. *The Heavenly Rest.*

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

5 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There joys divine disperse the gloom:—
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven

4. *Creation.*

1 Begin, my soul, the exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name;
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair;
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.

3 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound;
While all the adoring thrones around,
His boundless mercy sing:
Let every listening ear above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

4 Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou, dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid;
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

5 Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow:
Ye dragons, sound his awful name,
To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.

6 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

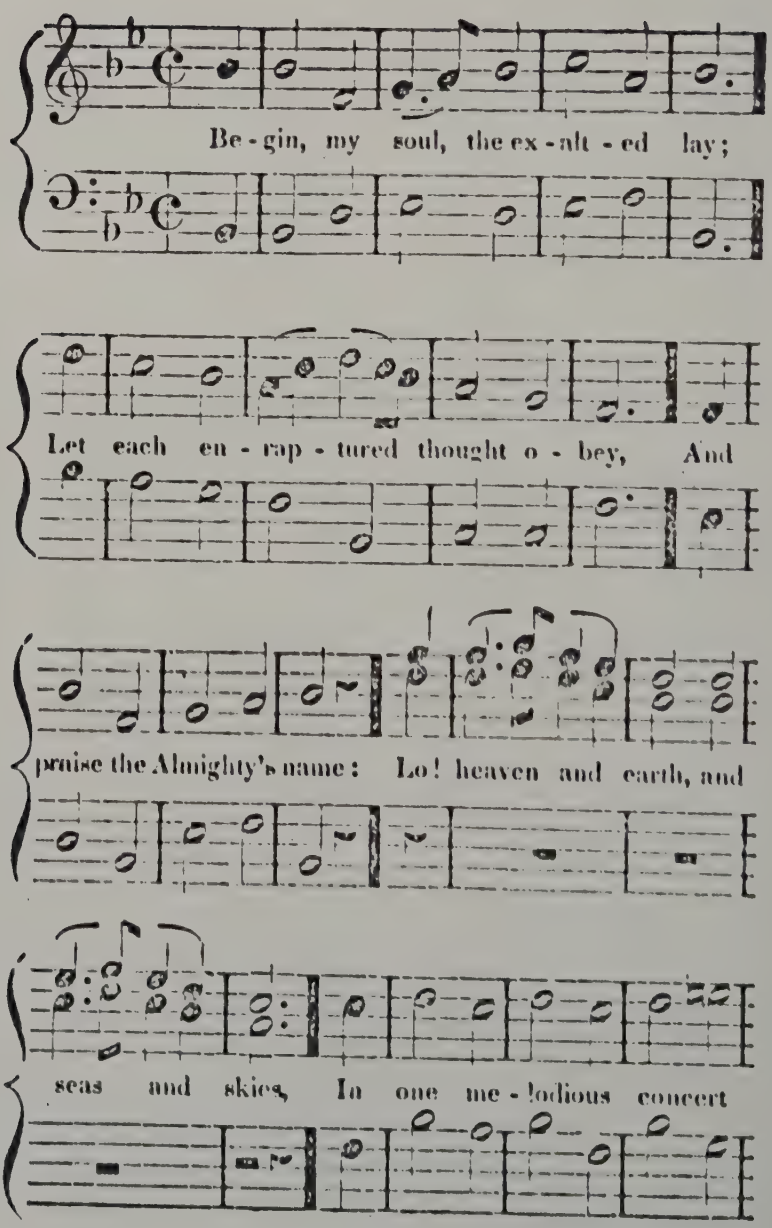
5. *Perfect Love.*

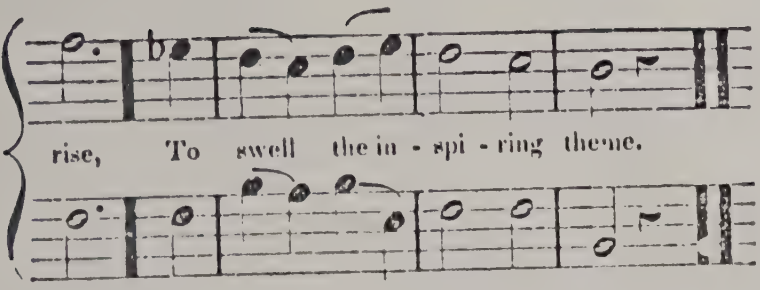
1 O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagle's wings:
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise,
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.


Be - gin, my soul, the ex - alt - ed lay;
Let each en - rap - tured thought o - bey, And
praise the Almighty's name: Lo! heaven and earth, and
seas and skies, In one me - lodious concert



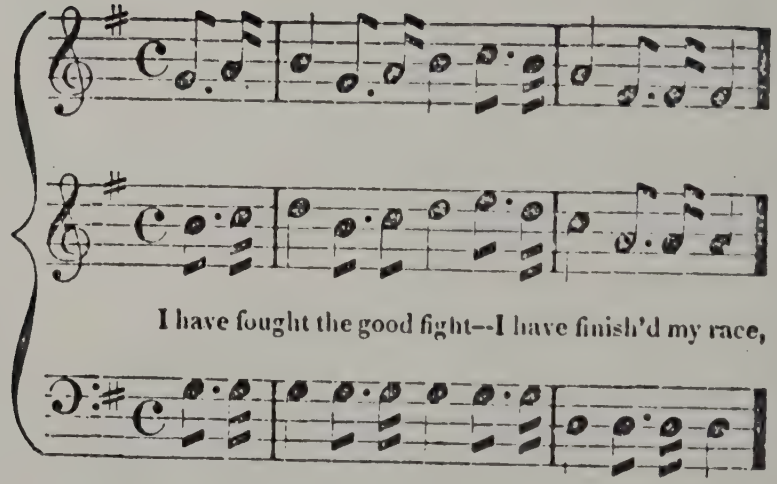
6. *Perfect Confidence.*

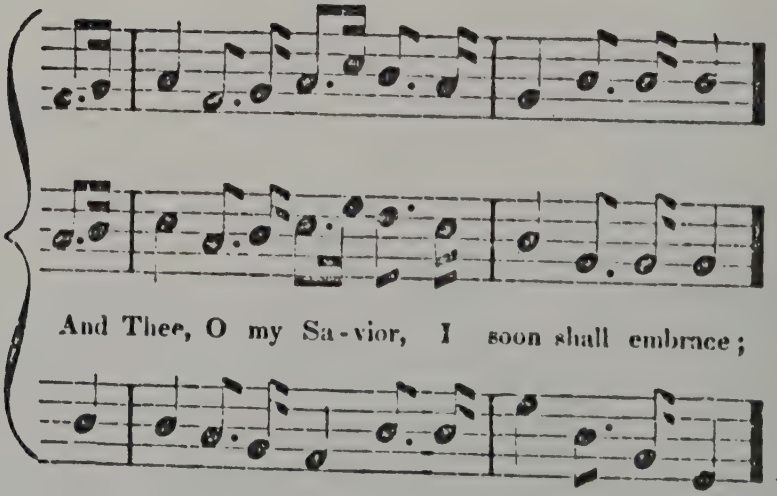
1 Although the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by his grace be heal'd.

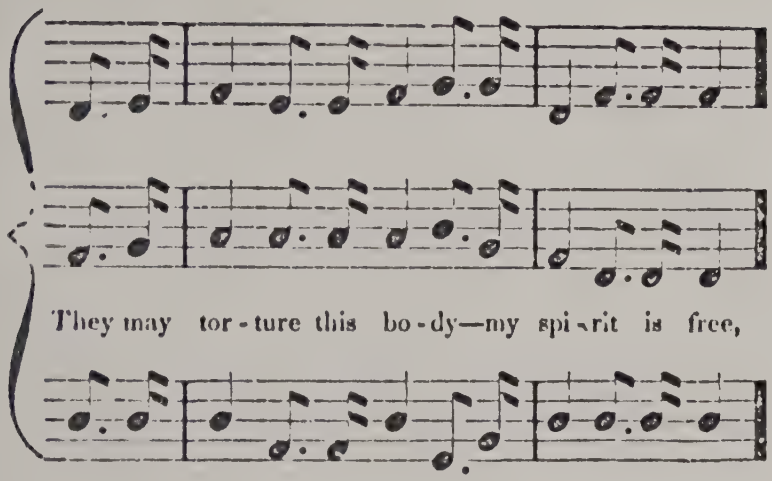
2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

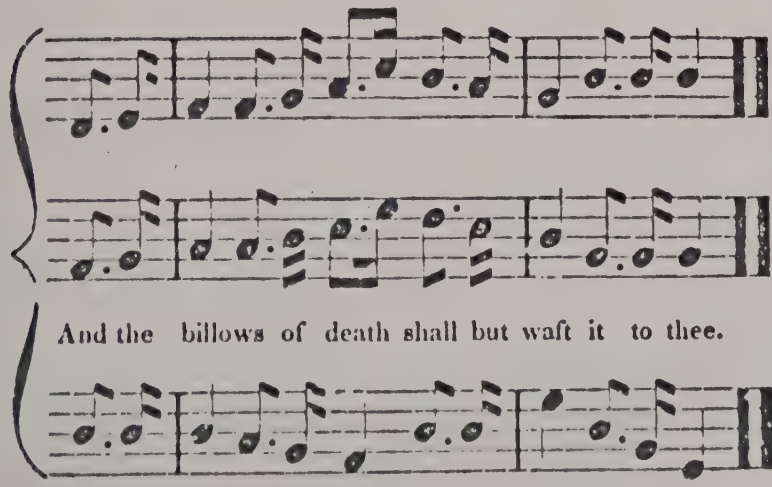
3 Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There, God is all in all.

4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love;
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.


I have fought the good fight--I have finish'd my race,


And Thee, O my Sa-vior, I soon shall embrace;


They may tor-ture this bo-dy—my spi-rit is free,


And the billows of death shall but waft it to thee.

7. *The Martyr's Death Song.*

WRITTEN FOR THE LYRE.

1 I HAVE fought the good fight—I have finish'd my race,
And Thee, O my Savior, I soon shall embrace;
They may torture this body—my spirit is free,
And the billows of death shall but waft it to thee.

2 Let thy strength, Lord, but gird me—thy smile be but mine,
And my soul on thy faithfulness, firmly recline;
The dungeon—the sword, or the stake, I can dare,
And in transports expire,—if my Jesus be there.

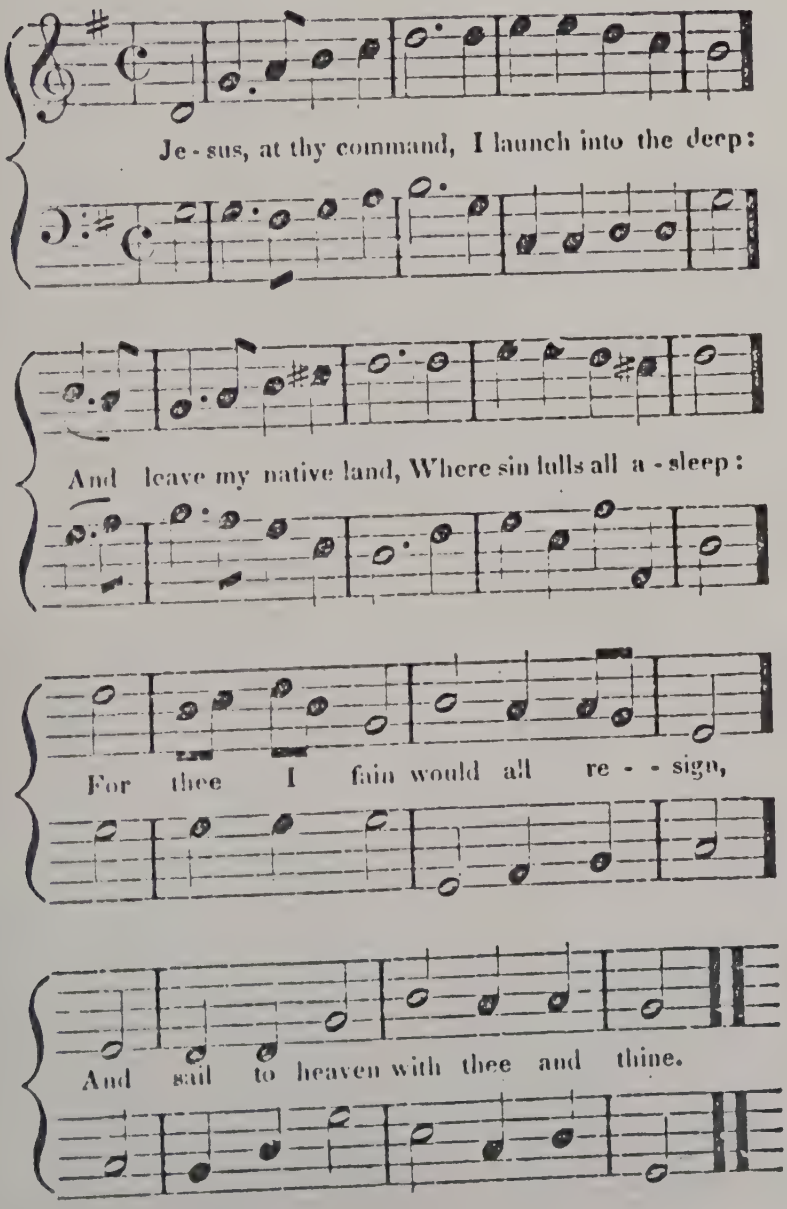
3 Did my Lord feel the scourge? Did the thorns pierce his brow?
In the darkness of death, on the cross did he bow?
All this didst thou suffer, my Savior, for *me?*
Then welcome the fetters, that link me to thee.

4 United in sufferings—the promise is clear,
I shall with my Jesus in glory appear;
Out of great tribulation in triumph I go,
With my robe wash'd in blood, and made whiter than snow.

5 I go to my Savior—I go to my God,
I tread the same path my Redeemer once trod:
Unworthy, my Jesus, unworthy am I,
E'en to fall in thy cause—for thy truth e'en to die.

6 Lo! on my clear vision, the seats of the bless'd
Seem calmly to shine, and invite me to rest;
Then unshaken my soul on the promise relies;
"Though I die, I shall live—though I fall, I shall rise."

J. B. W.


Je - sus, at thy command, I launch into the deep:
And leave my native land, Where sin lulls all a - sleep:
For thee I fain would all re - - sign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

8. *Jesus, the Pilot.*

1 Jesus, at thy command,
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Thro' rocks and quicksands deep,
Though all my passage lie;
Yet thou wilt safely keep,
And guide me with thine eye:
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
Oh, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!

5 Where'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms and winds subside;
Lord, to my succor fly,
And keep me near thy side:
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, heavenly Wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft me from below,
To heaven, my destined place:
Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world, and sin behind.

9. *The way to glory.*

1 Through tribulation deep
The way to glory is;
Thus stormy course I keep,
On these tempestuous seas:
By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driven;
Freighted with grace, and bound for heaven.

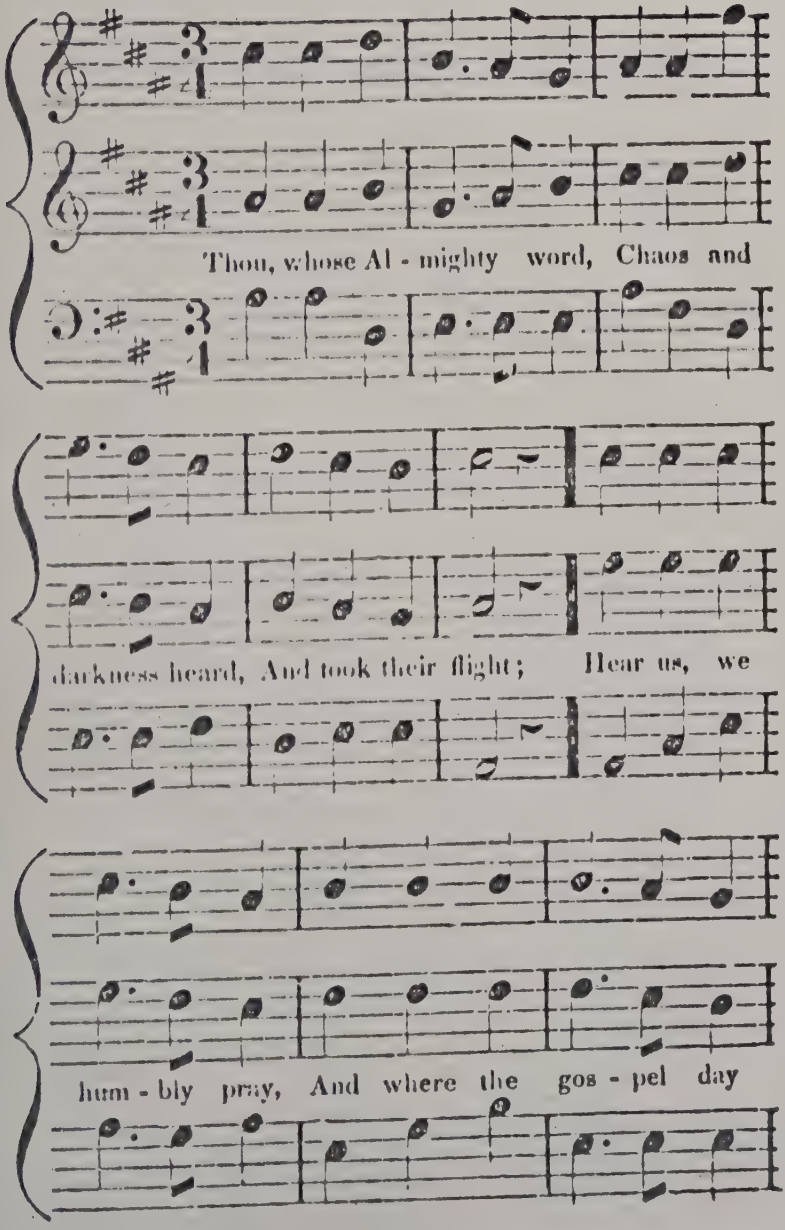
2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er my sides break in:
But still my little ship outbraves
The blustering winds, and surging waves.

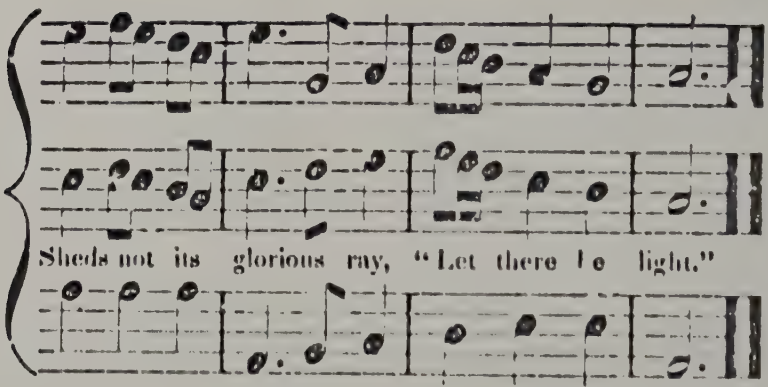
3 When I, in my distress,
My anchor, *Hope*, can cast
Within thy promises,
It holds my vessel fast:
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Midst stormy winds and swelling tides.

4 The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show:
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

5 My vessel would be lost,
In spite of all my care,
Did not the Holy Ghost
Himself vouchsafe to steer:
And I through all my voyages will
Depend upon my steersman's skill.

6 When through this gulf I get,
(Though rough it is but short)
The Pilot angels meet,
And bring me into port:
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe forevermore.


Thou, whose Al - mighty word, Chaos and
darkness heard, And took their flight; Hear us, we
hum - bly pray, And where the gos - pel day



10. *Let there be Light.*

1 Thou, whose almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind
"Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Thro' the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light."

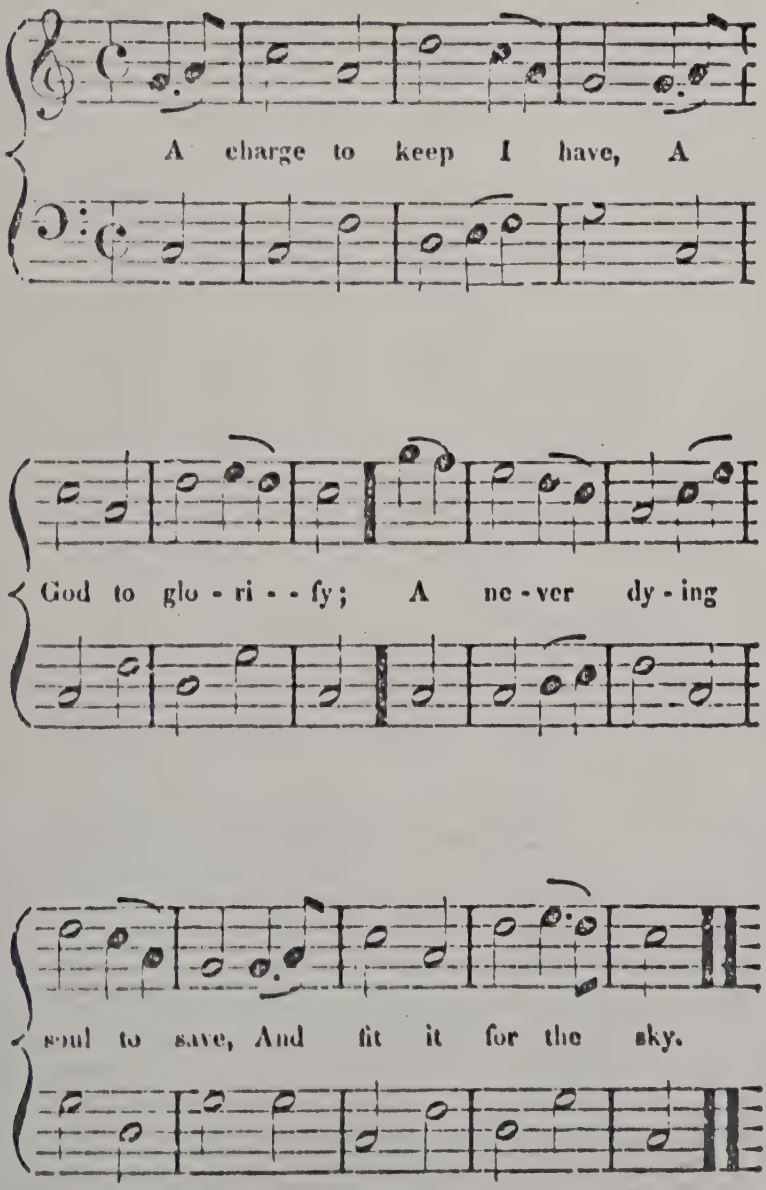
11. *Lofty Praise.*

1 Sing, sing his lofty praise,
Whom angels cannot raise,
But whom they sing;
Jesus, who reigns above,
Object of angels' love,
Jesus, whose grace we prove,
Jesus, our King.

2 Jesus the curse sustain'd,
Bitter the cup he drain'd,
Happy for us:
Angels were fill'd with awe,
When their own King they saw
Honor his holy law,
Honor it thus.

3 Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought:
But when we see his face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then we shall sing his grace,
Sing without fault.

4 Yet we will sing of him,
Jesus our lofty theme,
Jesus we'll sing:
Glory and power are his,
His too the kingdom is;
Triumphs, ye saints, in this,
Jesus is King.


A charge to keep I have, A
God to glo - ri - - fy; A ne - ver dy - ing
soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

12. *Watchfulness.*

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live:
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

13. *God all sufficient.*

1 WHEN earthly comforts die,
And thorns o'erspread the road,
Whither, O whither shall I fly?
But unto thee, my God!

2 When anxious thoughts arise,
And sorrows compass round,
Amidst ten thousand enemies,
In thee my help is found.

3 Then at thy feet I'll bow,
And in thy mercy trust:
If I am saved, how good art thou,
And if I perish, just!

4 Perish!—It cannot be,
Since Jesus shed his blood;
The promise is both rich and free,
And he will make it good.

14. *The penitent Backslider.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 OH! let me see thy light
Mild beaming from above;
The light that gilds the mercy-seat,—
Thy countenance of love.

2 These clouds so dark and cold—
These gloomy clouds remove;
And let my longing eyes behold
Thy countenance of love.

3 The joys I wont to feel,
Alas! no more I prove:
Why, O my God! dost thou conceal
Thy countenance of love.

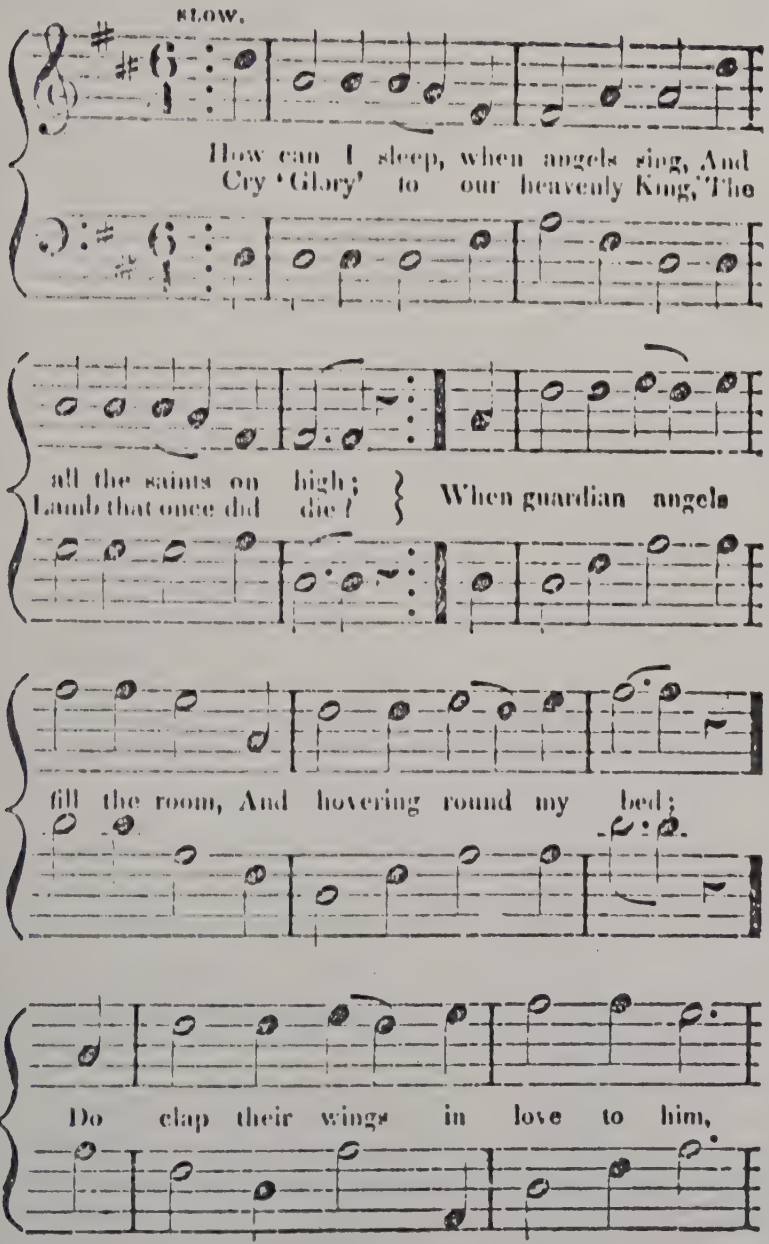
4 This fickle, faithless heart
Has dared from thee to rove;
I need not ask what should avert
Thy countenance of love.

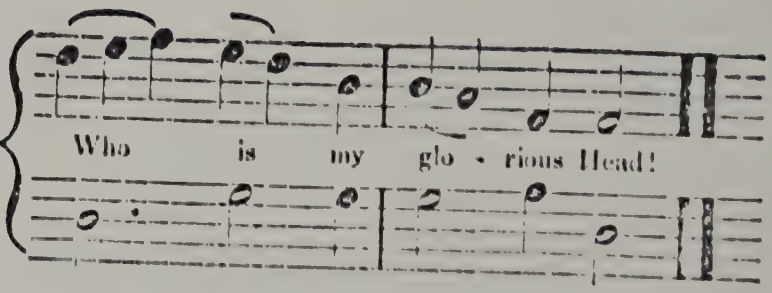
5 How oft did I rebel,
When thy good Spirit strove;
And could I hope to meet thy smile,—
Thy countenance of love.

6 Ashamed, abased, I fall
Before thee, Holy Dove!
Oh! turn on this sad, contrite soul
Thy countenance of love.

7 Oh! let me see thy light
Mild beaming from above;
The light that gilds the mercy-seat—
Thy countenance of love.

March 10th, 1831. T. P.


SLOW.
How can I sleep, when angels sing, And
Cry 'Glory' to our heavenly King; The
all the saints on high;
Lamb that once did die!
When guardian angels
fill the room, And hovering round my bed;
Do clap their wings in love to him,



15. *Night Thought.*

1 How can I sleep while angels sing,
When all the saints on high
Cry 'Glory' to the eternal King
The Lamb that once did die:
When guardian angels fill the room,
And hovering round my bed,
Do clap their wings, in love to him,
Who is my glorious head.

2 Such joyful spirits never sleep,
Their love is ever new;
Then, O my soul, no longer cease
To love and praise him too,
For I, of all the race that fell,
Or all the heavenly host,
Have greatest cause, with humbler soul,
To love and praise him most.

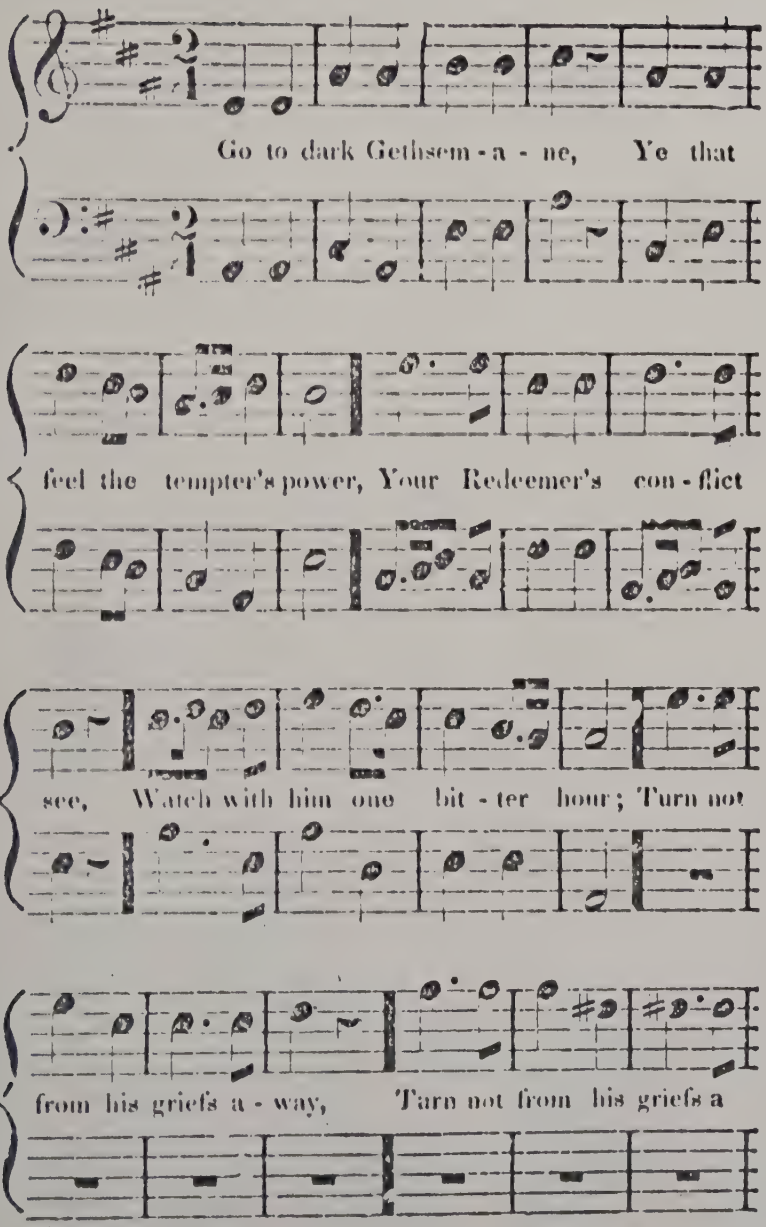
3 Did God the Father love men so,
As to give up his Son,
To be a ransom, and redeem
Them from the sins they'd done?
Did Jesus leave the Father's breast,
That heaven of heavens on high,
To come to earth, this world of woe,
For guilty worms to die?

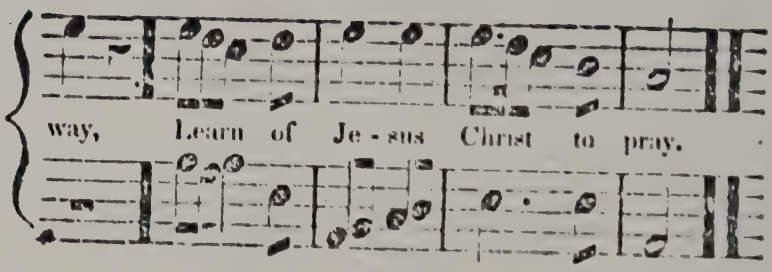
4 And has the Holy Ghost applied
The blood of Christ to me,
To cleanse my guilty soul from sin,
And set my spirit free?
With me, O heaven and earth admire,
Who am of all the race,
The chiefest sinner, and deserve,
In hell, the hottest place.

5 No longer then will I lie here,
But rise and praise and pray!
And join to sing, while I enjoy
A glimpse of heavenly day.
Lord, give me strength to die to sin,
To run the Christian race;
To live to God, and glorify
The riches of his grace.

6 If meditation all divine,
At midnight fill my soul;
Sleep shall no longer all my powers
And faculties control.
My lovely Jesus, while on earth,
Did rise before 'twas day,
And to a solitary place
Departed, there to pray.

7 I'll do as did my blessed Lord,
His foot-steps I will trace:
I'll go to meet him in the grove,
And view his smiling face.
And when my soul hath found my love,
Whom all my powers adore,
I'll bring him to my Father's house,
And let him go no more.


Go to dark Gethsem - a - ne, Ye that
feel the tempter's power, Your Redeemer's con - flict
see, Watch with him one bit - ter hour; Turn not
from his griefs a - way, Turn not from his griefs a



16. *Learning of Christ.*

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes!
Savior, teach us so to rise.

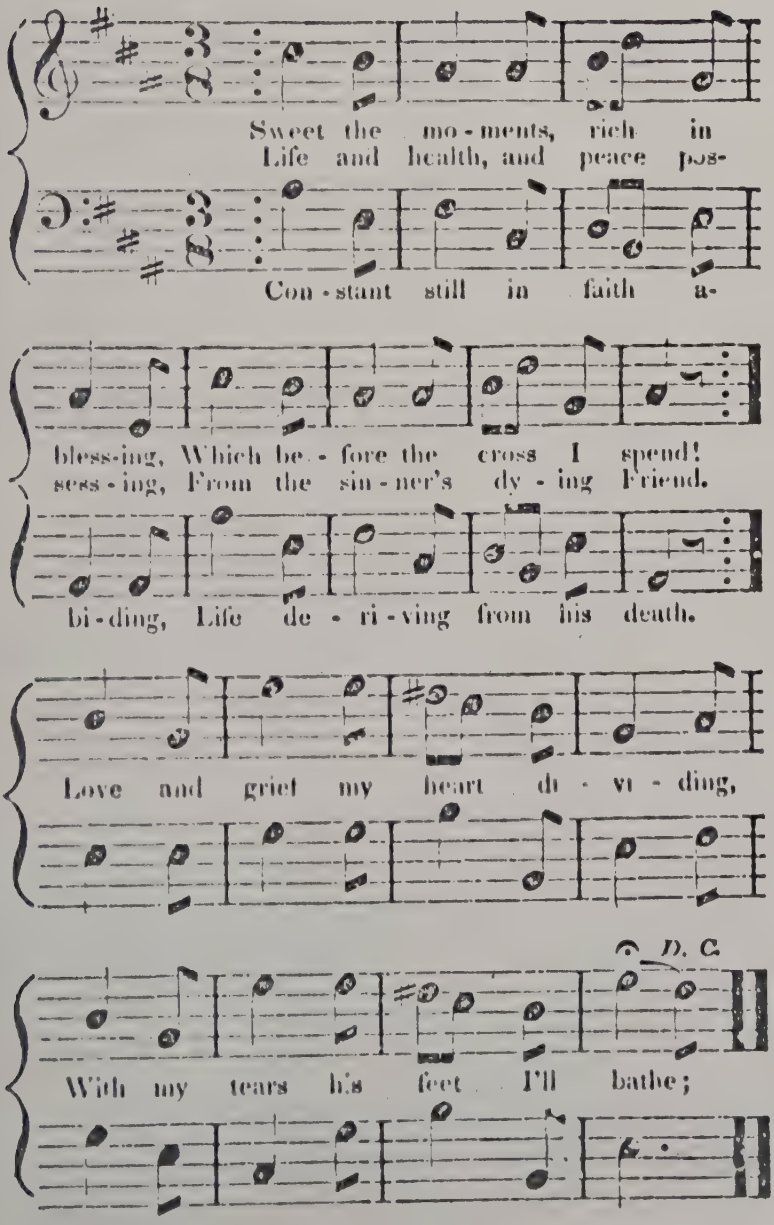
17. *The Child.*

1 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, guard, and guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.


Sweet the mo-ments, rich in
Life and health, and peace pos-
Con-stant still in faith a-
bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend!
sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
bi-ding, Life de-ri-ving from his death.
Love and grief my heart di-vi-ding,
D. C.
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;

18. *Gazing on the Cross.*

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend!
Life and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

2 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven;
Lost in wonder, love and praise.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his blood each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

19. *Conviction.*

1 Jesus, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation,
See, I languish, faint, and die.
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief—
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, O send me quick relief!

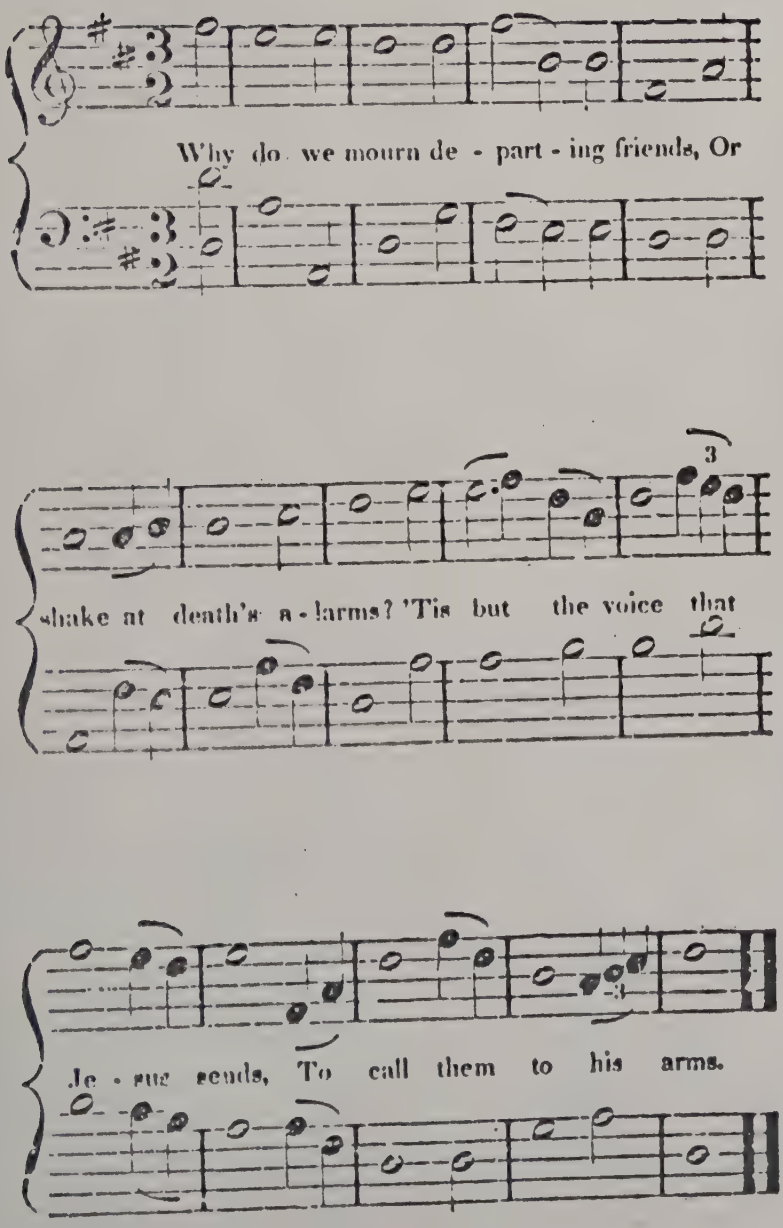
2 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
Thro' the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

20. *Miracle of Grace.*

1 Hail! my ever-blessed Jesus,
Only thee, I wish to sing;
To my soul, thy name is precious,
Thou my prophet, priest, and king:
O! what mercy flows from heaven,
O! what joy and happiness!
Love I much?—I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Savior pass'd that way:
Witness, all ye host of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much?—I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb, enthroned above;
Whilst astonish'd, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
That blest moment I received him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much?—I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.


Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or
shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis but the voice that
Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

21. *Why do we mourn.*

1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move!
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

22. FAITH.

"God hath not called us to fear."

Fear ye, beneath the torturing power
Of stern disease to moan?
Faith can illume the darkest hour
And hush the deepest groan.

Shrink ye from sorrow? Who can tell
With what benign intent
Into your bosom's secret cell,
By heaven's decree 'twas sent?

3 If hatred frown, with fearful face,
Approach! its might declare;
Its essence and its dwelling place
Are but the poison'd air.

4 With many a thorn our pilgrim path
Adversity may sow:—
Is there no hand to check its wrath,
And mitigate its wo?

5 There's peril even in prosperous days:—
Heaven can their sway control,—
Ere to destructive folly's ways
They lure the cheated soul.

6 There's fear in death? No, not to those,
Who feel it break their chain,
And hear them high, o'er all their woes,
From weeping, change, and pain.

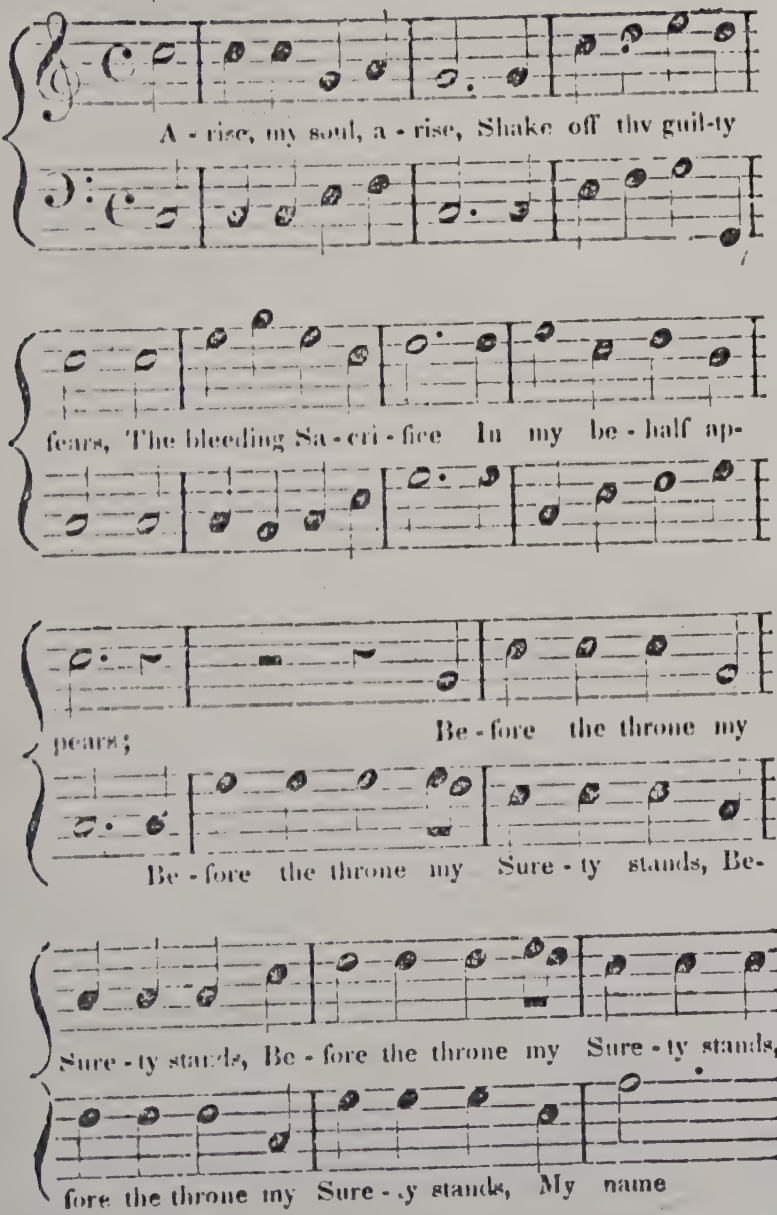
H.

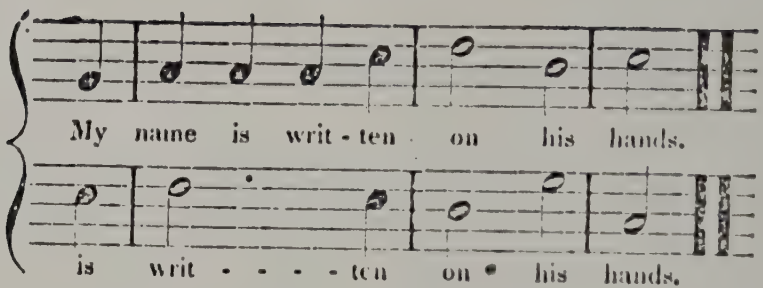
23. *Inviting.*

1 Oh, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, eternal love abounds,
A deep celestial spring,

3 This spring with living water flows,
And living joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.


A - rize, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guil-ty
fears, The bleeding Sa - cri - fice In my be - half ap-
pears;
Be - fore the throne my
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be-
Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name



24. *Justification by Faith.*

1 Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let the ransom'd sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

25. *Christmas Hymn.*

1 Hark! what celestial notes,
What melody we hear;
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravish'd ear.
The tuneful shell, the golden lyre,
And vocal choir the concert swell.

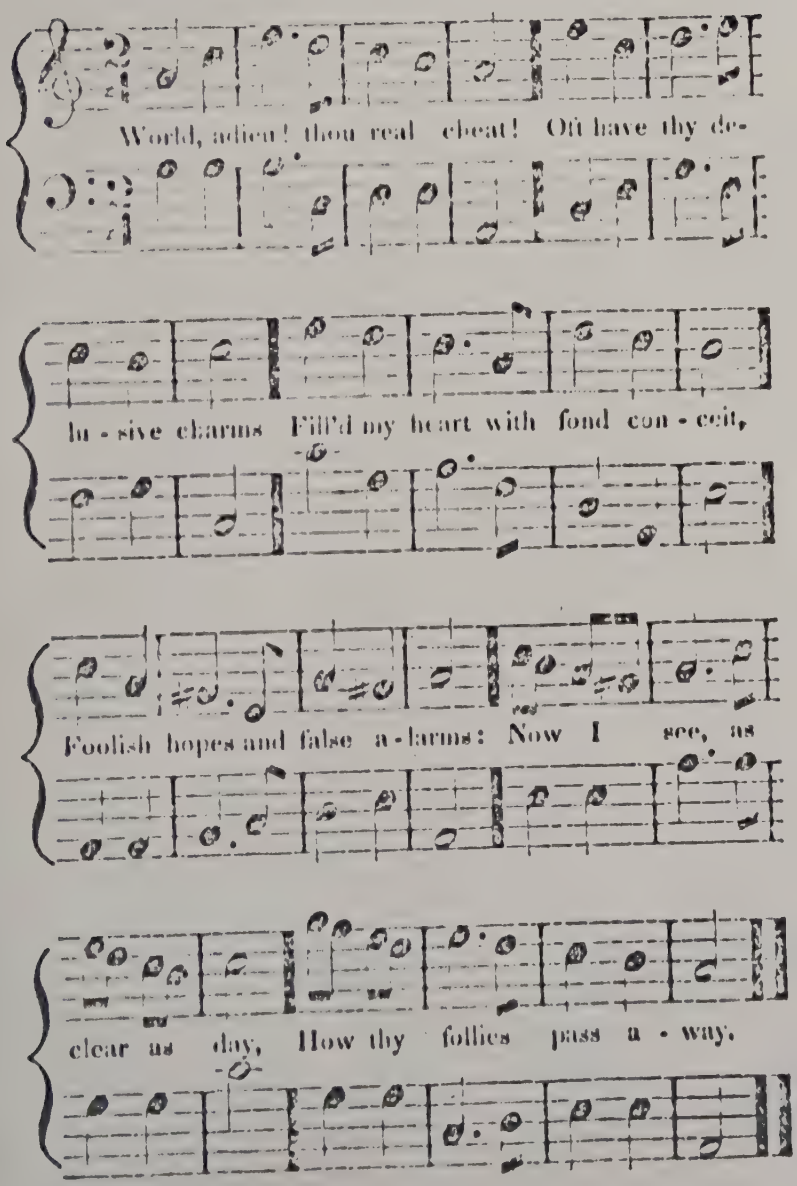
2 The angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine:
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join.
Fear not, say they, great joy we bring:
Jesus, your King, is born to day.

3 He comes from error's night,
Your wandering feet to save;
To realms of bliss and light,
He lifts you from the grave.
This glorious morn, (let all attend!)
Your matchless friend, your Savior's born.

4 Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound:
For peace on earth, from God in heaven,
To man is given, at Jesus' birth.

WORLD, ADIEU. 7s.

COMPOSED FOR THE LYRE, BY A. FORBUSH.


World, adieu! thou real cheat! Oft have thy de-
lu - sive charms Fill'd my heart with fond con - ceit,
Foolish hopes and false a - larms: Now I see, as
clear as day, How thy follies pass a - way.

26. *World, adieu!*

1 World, adieu! thou real cheat;
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes and false alarms:
Now I see, as clear as day,
How thy follies pass away.

2 Vain, thy entertaining sights;
False, thy promises renew'd;
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for heaven above,
Object of the noblest love.

3 Let not, Lord, my wandering mind
Follow after fleeting toys;
Since in thee alone I find
Solid and substantial joys:—
Joys that, never overpast,
Through eternity shall last.

27. *Repentance.*

1 Savior, Prince of Israel's race,
See me!—from thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate stone!
Stone to flesh, O God, convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart!

2 By thy spirit, Lord, reprove,
All mine inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love,
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again thy precious blood.

3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee, and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn:
Till I say, by grace restored,
"Now, thou know'st, I love thee, Lord."

4 Might I in thy sight appear
As the publican distrest;
Stand, not daring to draw near;
Smite on my unworthy breast;
Groan the sinner's only plea,
"God, be merciful to me!"

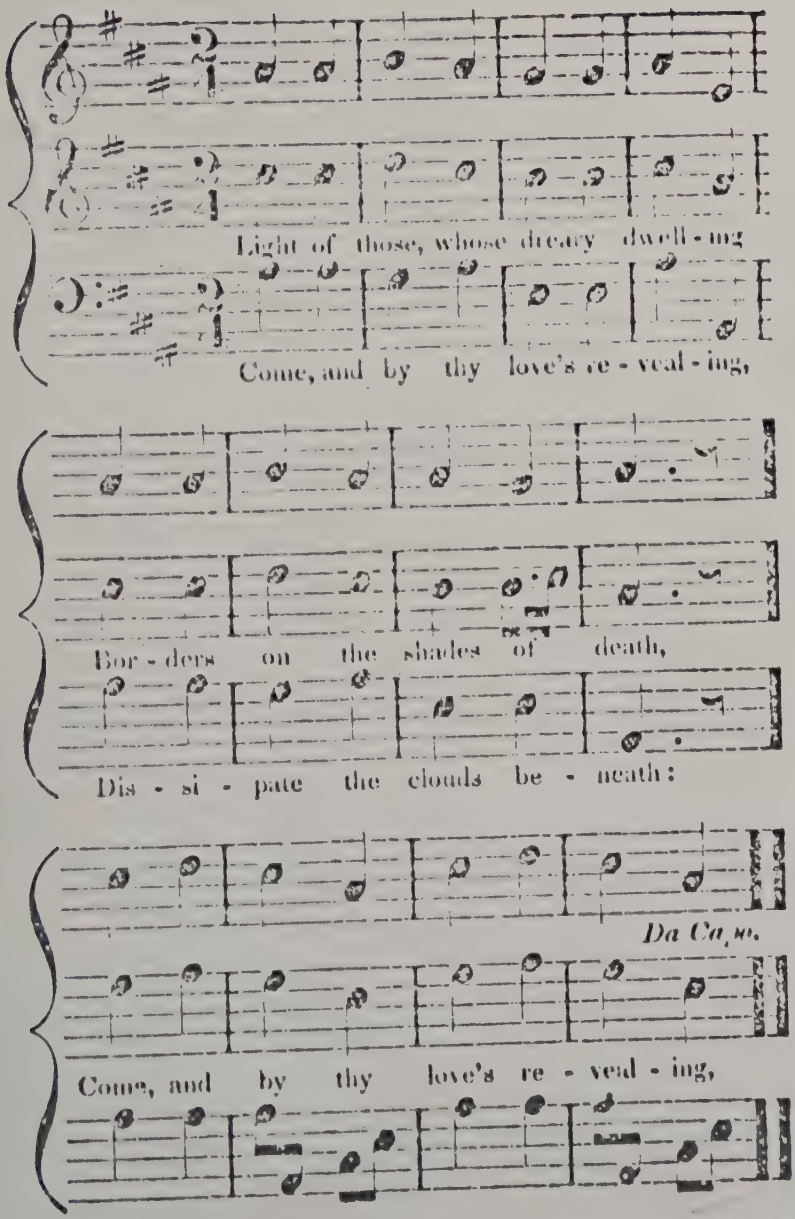
5 O remember me for good,
Passing thro' the mortal vale:
Show me the atoning blood
When my strength and spirit fail;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me.

28. *God is Love.*

1 Earth, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendant countenance;
All around, and all above,
Hath this record—God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirr'd;
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is love.

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bass that lies,
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering—God is love.


Light of those, whose dreary dwell - ing
Come, and by thy love's re - veal - ing,
Bor - ders on the shades of death,
Dis - si - pate the clouds be - neath:
Da Capo.
Come, and by thy love's re - veal - ing,

29. *Light.*

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love's revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 The new heaven and earth's Creator
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye sight on our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, and manifest the favor
Thou hast for the ransom'd race;
Come, thou glorious God and Savior,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

5 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

6 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
Ev'ry weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

30. *Great Redeemer.*

Great Redeemer, friend of sinners,
Thou hast wondrous power to save;
Grant me grace, and still protect me,
Over life's tempestuous wave.

2 May my soul, with sacred transport,
View the dawn while yet afar;
And until the sun arises,
Lead me by the morning star.

3 Oh, what madness! oh, what folly!
That my heart should go astray
After vain and foolish trifles—
Trifles only of a day.

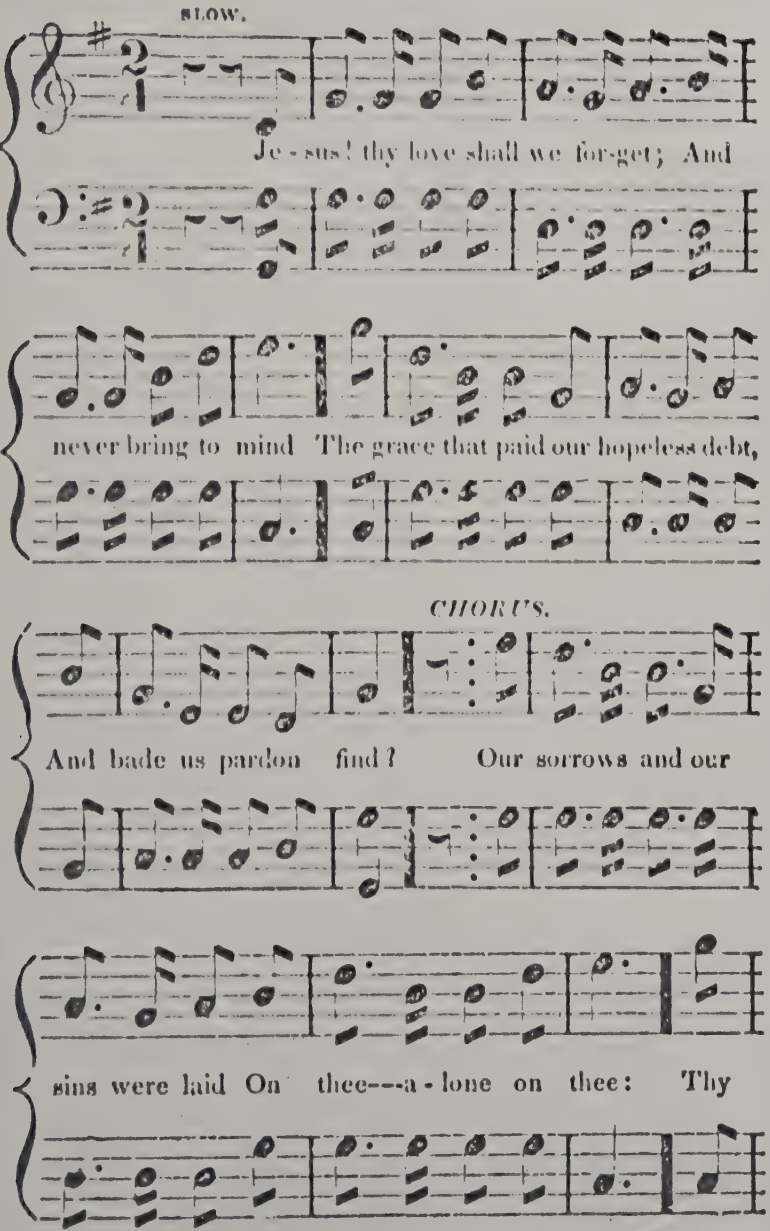
4 This vain world, with all its pleasures,
Very soon will be no more:
There's no object worth admiring,
But the God whom we adore.

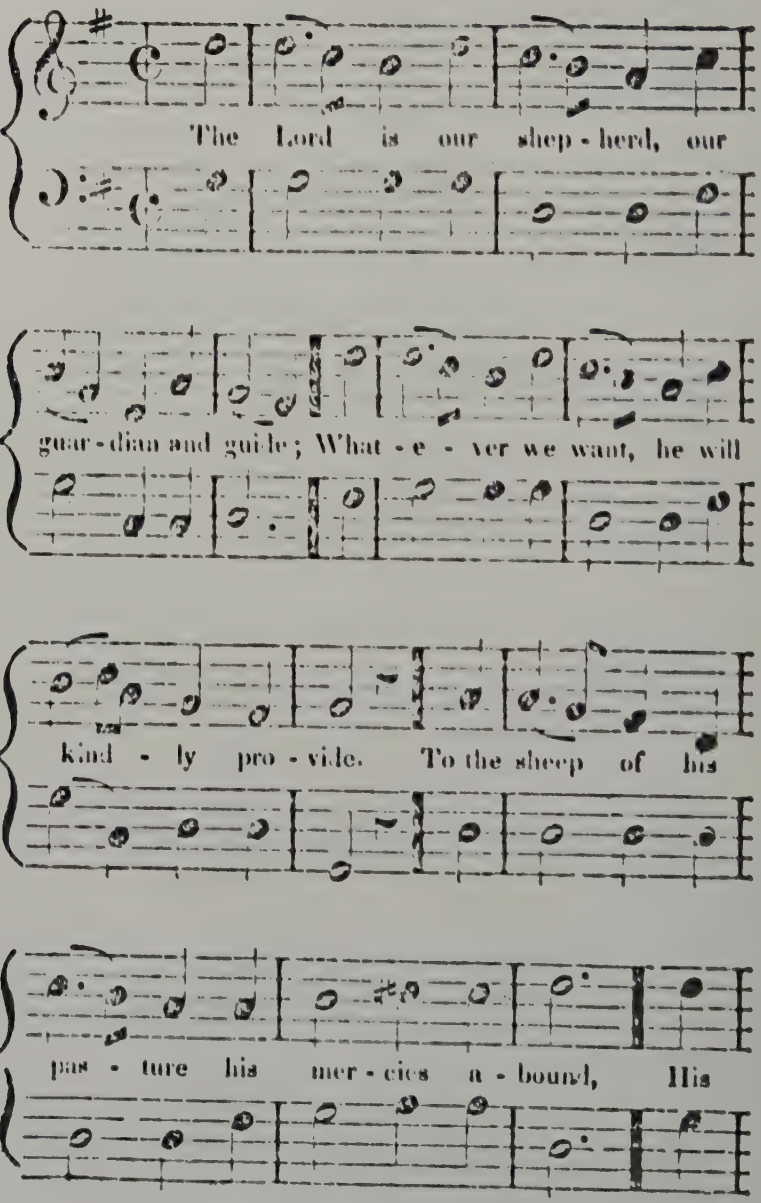
5 See the happy spirits waiting,
On the banks beyond the stream:
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus is their theme.

6 Hark! they whisper; lo! they call me,
Sister spirit, come away:
Lo! I come; earth can't contain me,—
Hail the realms of endless day.

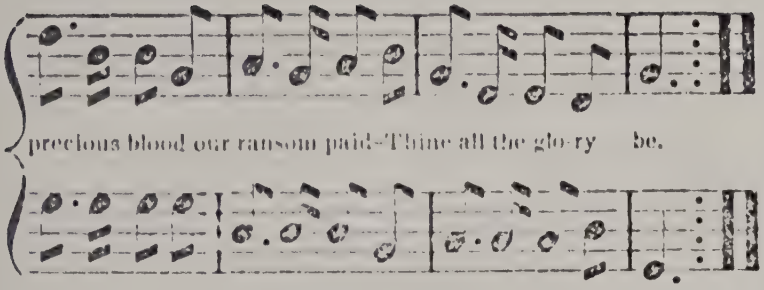
7 Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours,
Seraphs, lend your glittering wing;
Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
Heavenly sounds around me ring:

8 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky!
Though by faith I now behold you,
I'll enjoy you soon on high.


SLOW.
Je - sus! thy love shall we for-get; And
never bring to mind The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
CHORUS.
And bade us pardon find? Our sorrows and our
sins were laid On thee---a - lone on thee: Thy


The Lord is our shep - herd, our
guar - dian and guide; What - e - ver we want, he will
kind - ly pro - vide. To the sheep of his
pas - ture his mer - cies a - bound, His

Continued.



31. *Can we forget?*

Written for the Lyre.

1 Jesus! thy love shall we forget;
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

CHORUS.
Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee—alone on thee:
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be.

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?
CHORUS—Our sorrows, &c.

3 Gethsemane, can we forget;
Thy struggling agony—
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?
CHORUS—Our sorrows, &c.

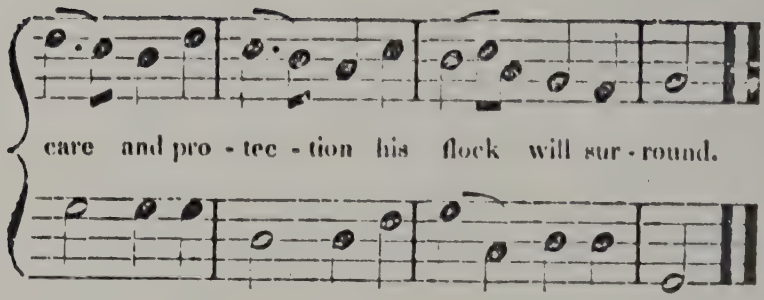
4 Can we the platted crown forget,
The buffeting and shame;
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth reviled thy name?
CHORUS—Our sorrows, &c.

5 The nails—the spear—can we forget:
The agonizing cry—
"My God! my Father! wilt thou let
Thy Son forsaken die?"
CHORUS—Our sorrows, &c.

6 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But HE, who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

CHORUS.
Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee—alone on thee:
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be.

W M.



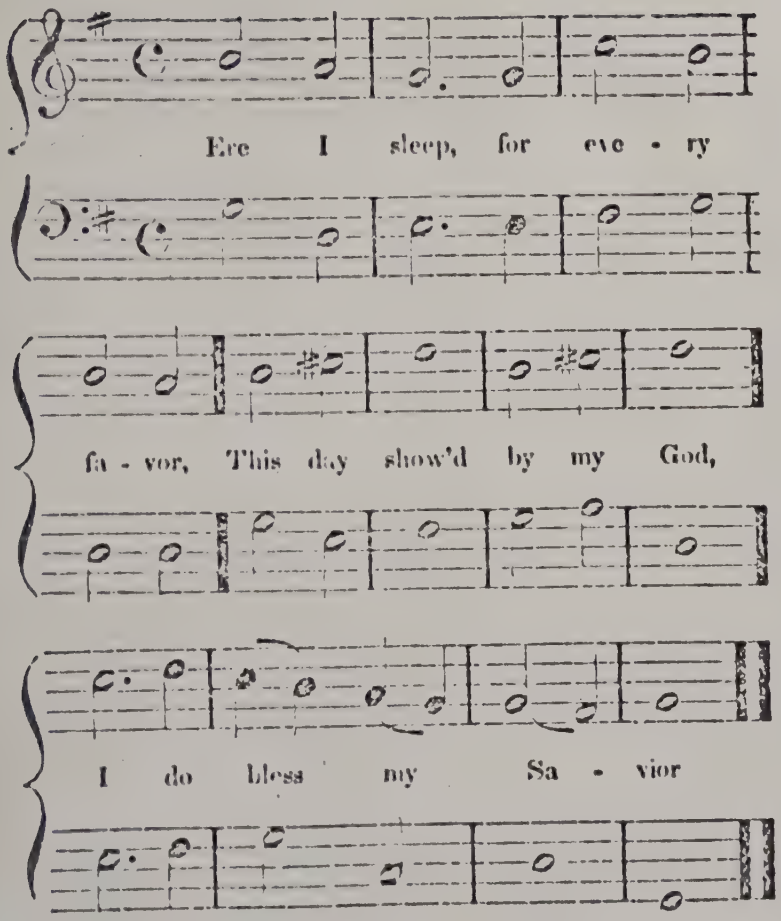
32. *Our Shepherd.*

1 The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide;
Whatever we want he will kindly provide;
To the sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,
His care and protection his flock will surround.

2 The Lord is our shepherd; what then shall we fear?
What danger can frighten us while he is near?
Not when the time calls us to walk through the vale
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.

3 Though afraid of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay:
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

4 The Lord is become our salvation and song,
His blessings have follow'd us all our life long;
His name will we praise while we have any breath;
Be cheerful in life, and be happy in death.



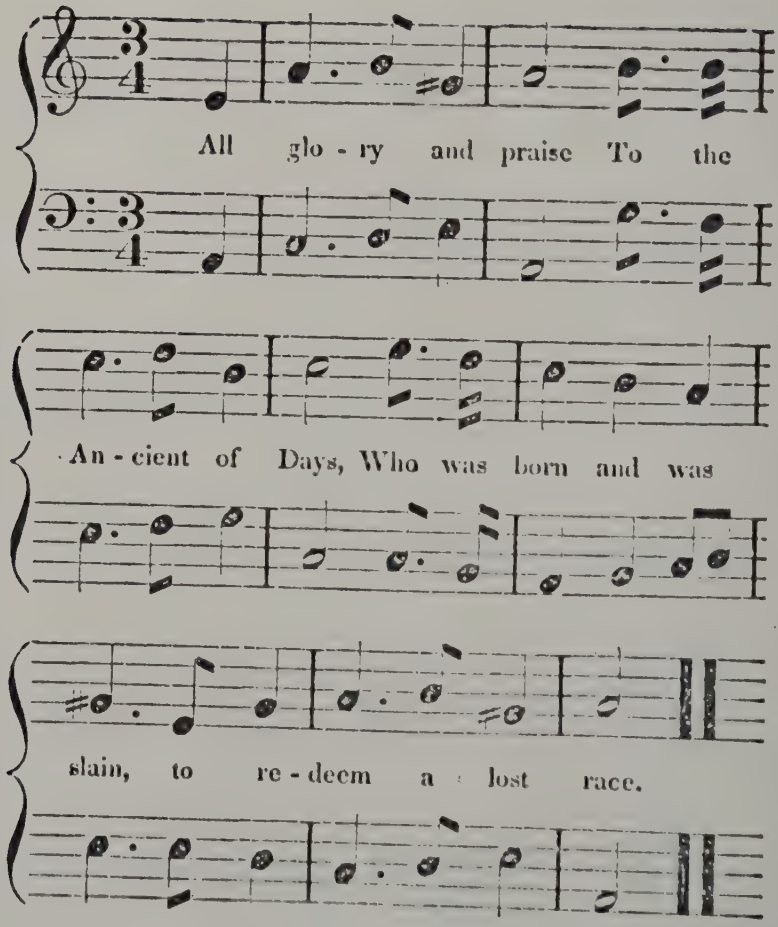
33. *Evening Prayer.*

1 Ere I sleep, for every favor,
This day show'd by my God,
I do bless my Savior.

2 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

3 Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower;
Safely keep, while I sleep,
Me with all thy power.

4 And whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise, with the wise,
Counted in their number.

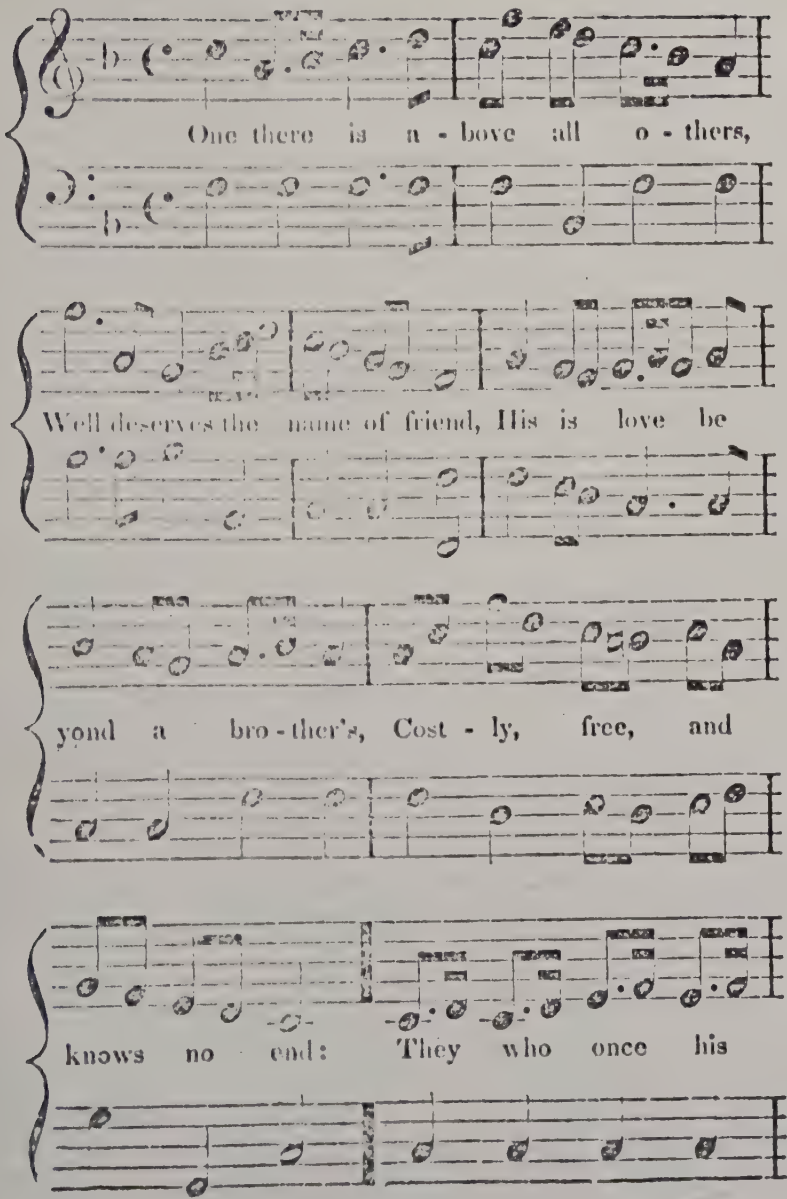


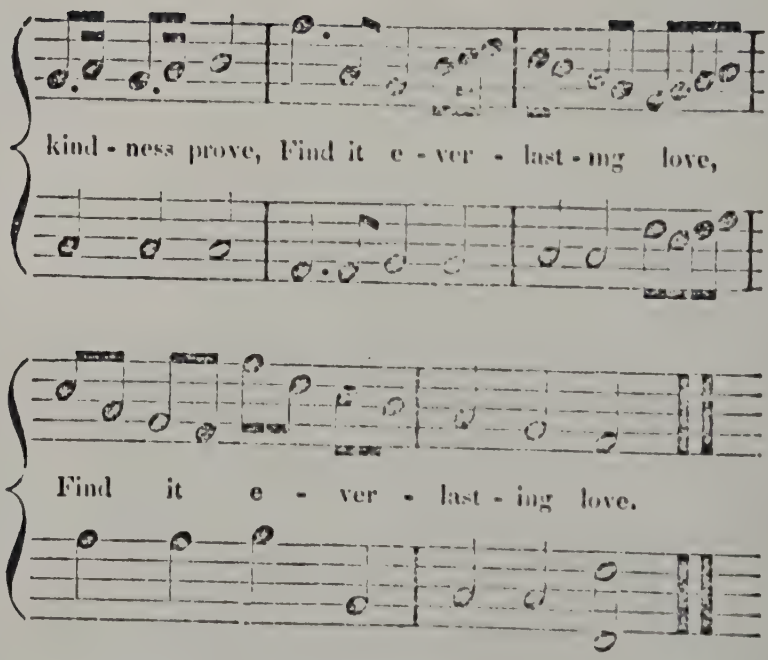
2 Salvation to God,
Who carried our load,
And purchased our lives with the price of his blood.

3 And shall he not have
The lives, which he gave
Such an infinite ransom for ever to save?

4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,
And gladly resign
Our souls to be fill'd with the fulness divine.

5 How, when it shall be,
We cannot foresee;
But, O, let us live, let us die unto thee.


One there is a - bove all o - thers,
Well deserves the name of friend, His is love be
yond a bro - ther's, Cost - ly, free, and
knows no end: They who once his



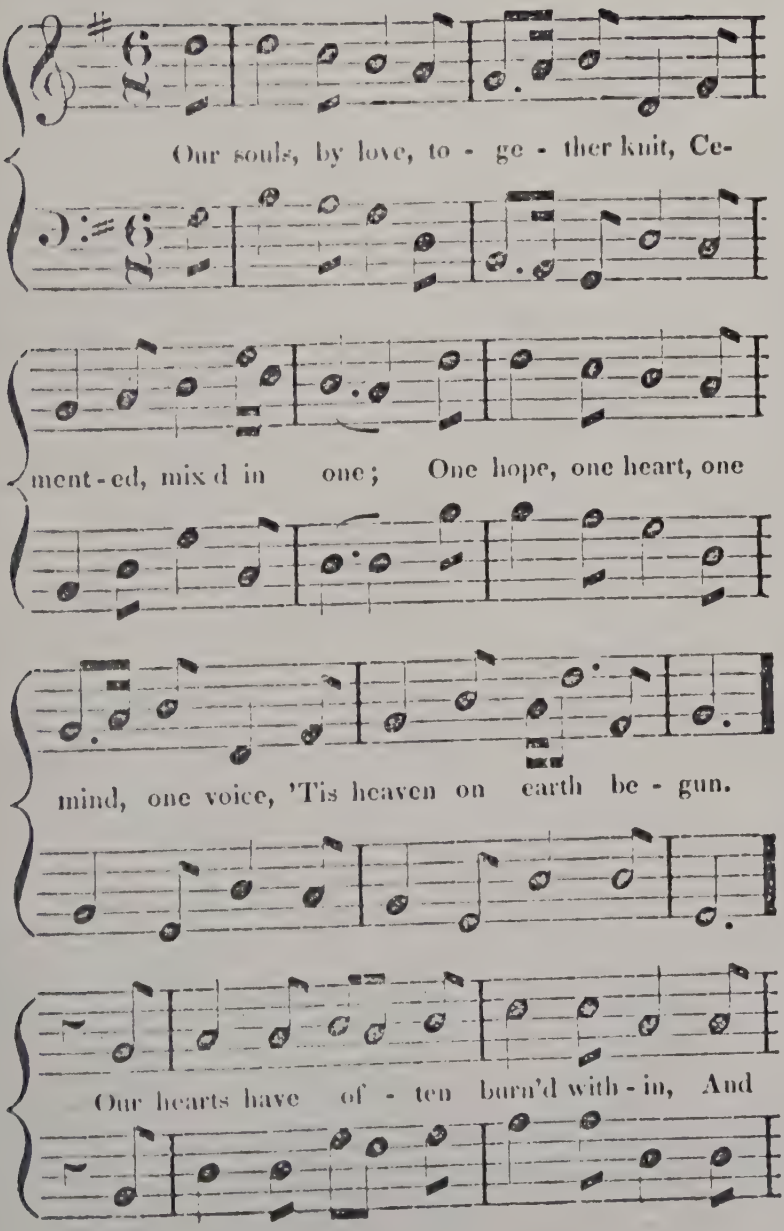
35. *The best of Friends.*

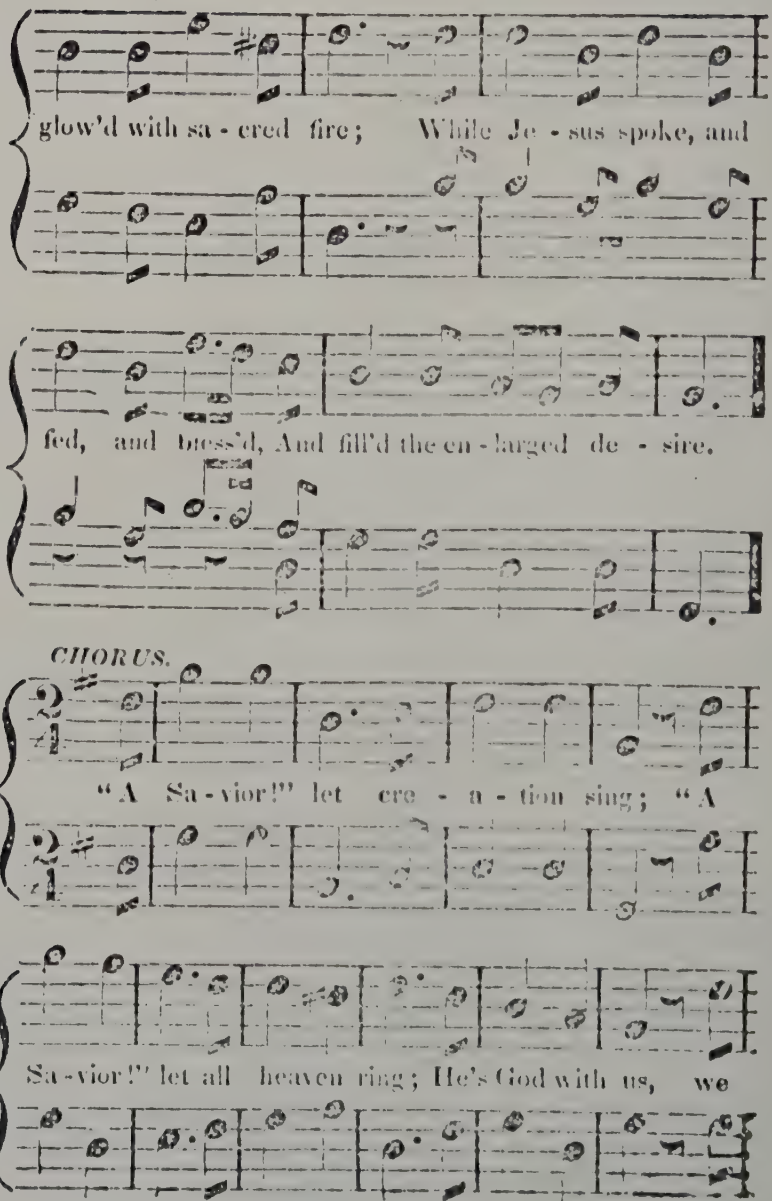
1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love!

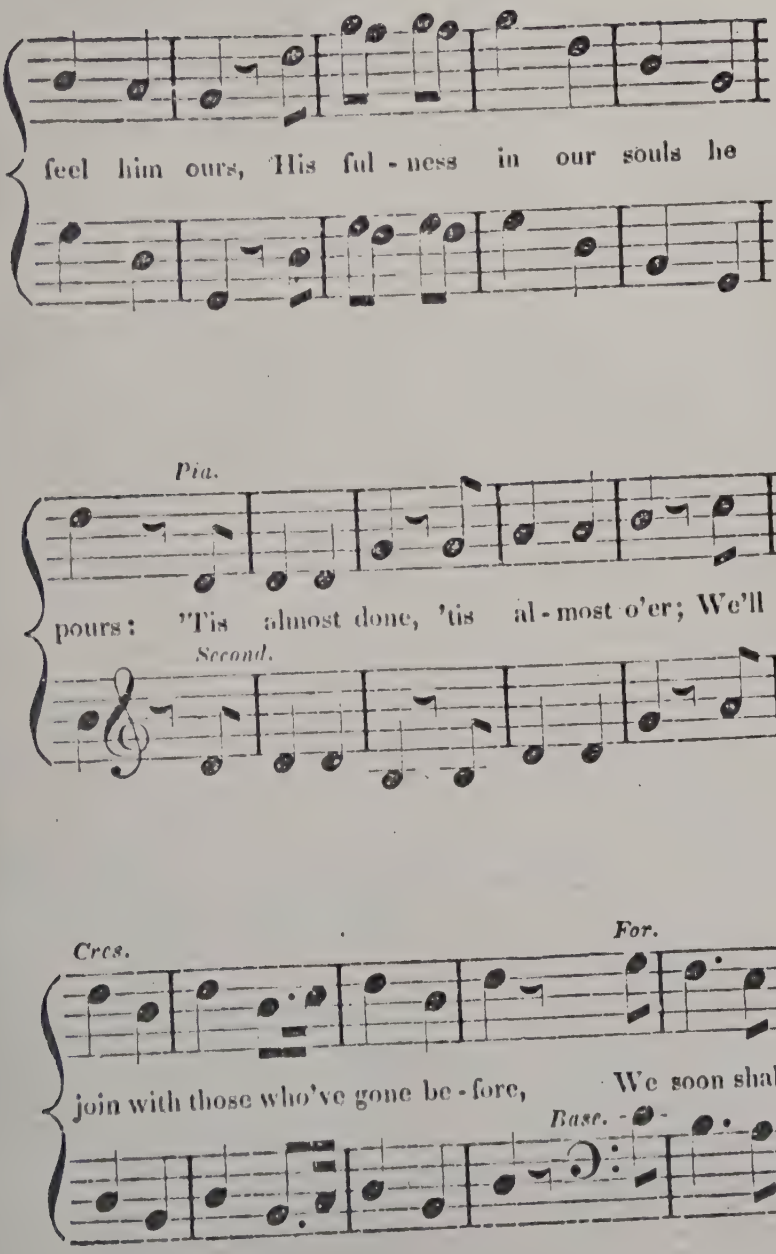
2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Savior died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
It was boundless love to bleed;
Jesus is a friend indeed.

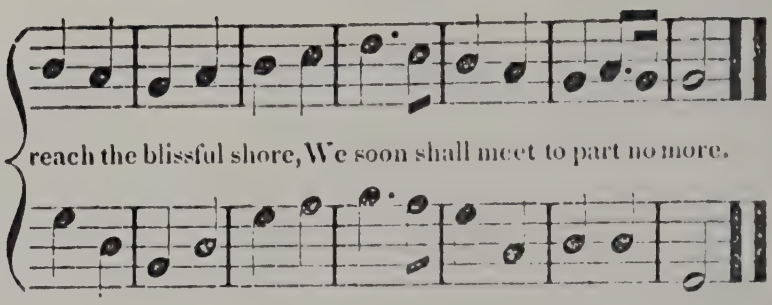
3 When he lived on earth abased
"Friend of sinners," was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above:
When to heaven our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.


Our souls, by love, to - ge - ther knit, Ce-
ment-ed, mix'd in one; One hope, one heart, one
mind, one voice, 'Tis heaven on earth be - gun.
Our hearts have of - ten burn'd with - in, And


glow'd with sa - cred fire; While Je - sus spoke, and
fed, and bless'd, And fill'd the en - larged de - sire.
CHORUS.
"A Sa - vior!" let cre - a - tion sing; "A
Sa - vior!" let all heaven ring; He's God with us, we


feel him ours, His ful - ness in our souls he
Pia.
pours: 'Tis almost done, 'tis al - most o'er; We'll
Second.
Cres.
For.
join with those who've gone be - fore, We soon shall
Base.



36. *Anthem of Harmony.*

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice;
'Tis heaven on earth begun:
Our hearts have often burn'd within,
And glow'd with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd the enlarged desire.

CHORUS.

"A Savior!" let creation sing,
"A Savior!" let the heavens ring;
'Tis God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours:
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er;
We'll join with those who've gone before,
We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
Where we shall meet, to part no more.

2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd,
With Christ to live and die.
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through;
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown in view.

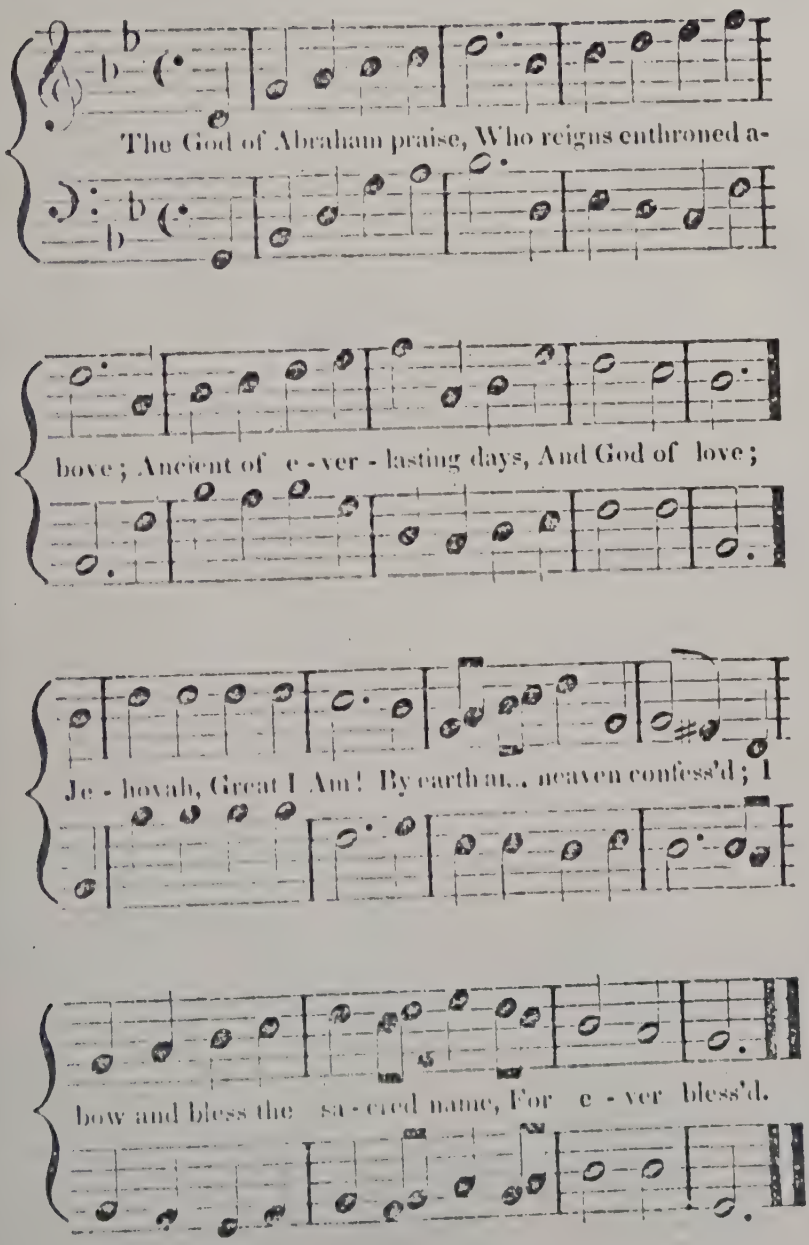
CHORUS—"A Savior!" &c.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We wait to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain;
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour a mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

CHORUS—"A Savior!" &c.

4 And when thou makest thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own;
May we, a little band of love,
We, sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face

CHORUS—"A Savior!" &c.


The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned a-
bove; Ancient of e - ver - lasting days, And God of love;
Je - hovah, Great I Am! By earth an.. heaven confess'd; I
bow and bless the sa - cred name, For e - ver bless'd.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on eagles' wings up-borne
To Heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore.

PART SECOND.

5 Tho' nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And thro' the howling wilderness,
My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

8 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

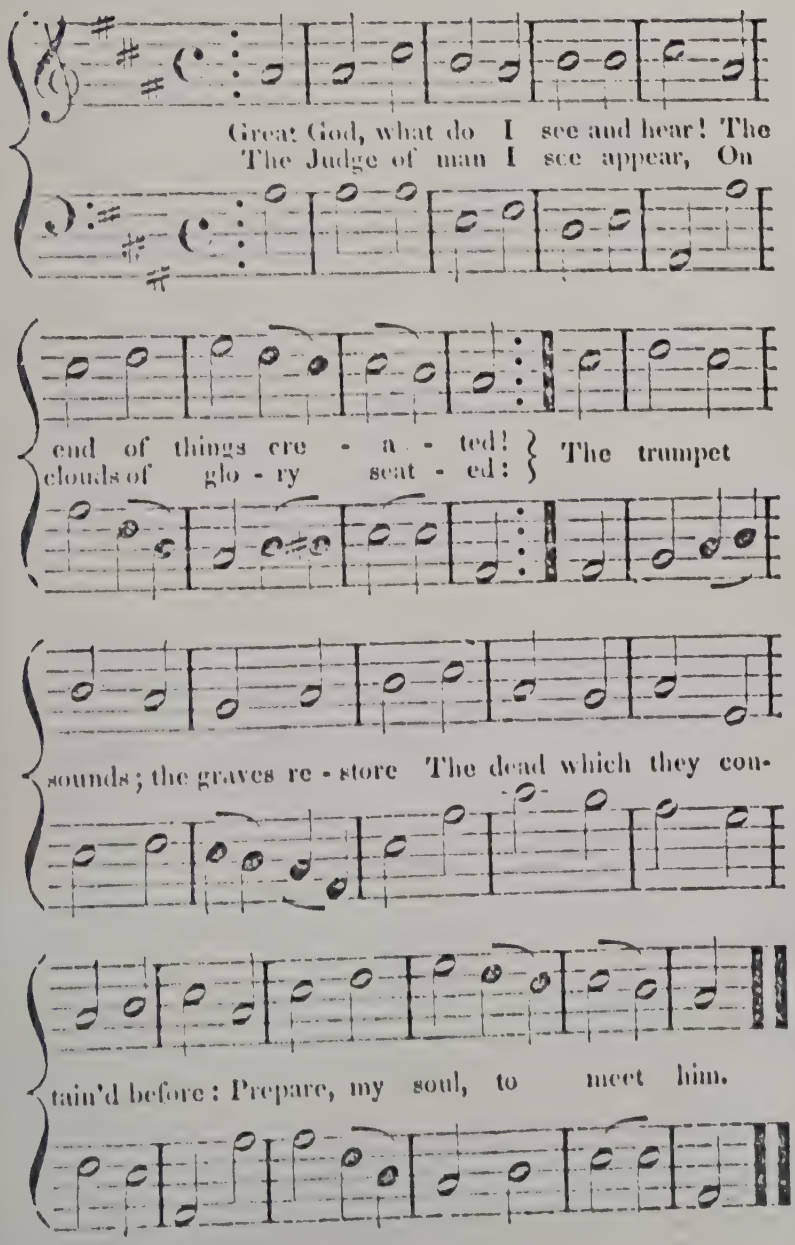
9 Before the Three in One,
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end
The wondrous Name.

PART THIRD.

10 The God who reigns on high,
The great arch angels sing,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be:
Jehovah—Father—Great I Am!
We worship thee."

11 Before the Savior's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the world above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.

12 The whole triumphant host;
Give thanks to God on high
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.


Great God, what do I see and hear! The
The Judge of man I see appear, On
end of things cre - a - ted!
clouds of glo - ry seat - ed:
The trumpet
sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con-
tain'd before: Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

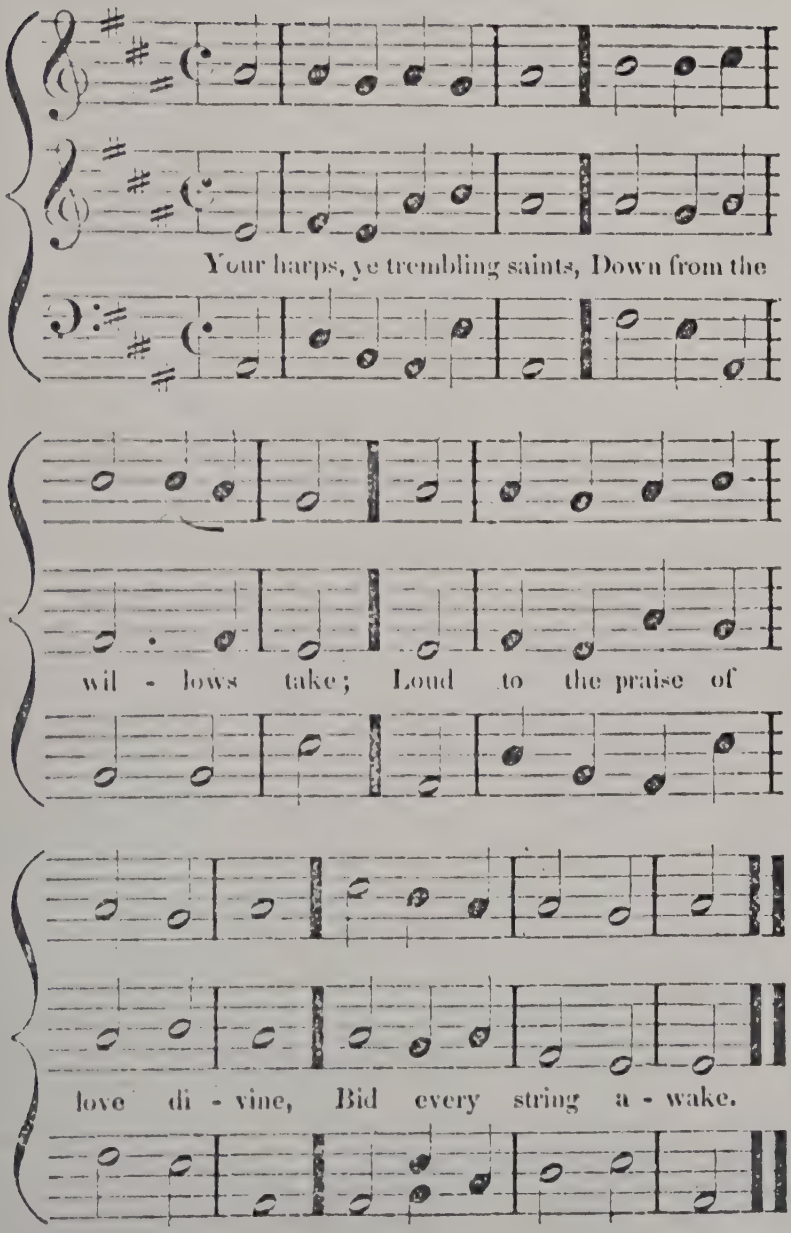
38. *Judgment.*

1 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding
No gloomy fears their souls dismay
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away
And thus prepare to meet him.


Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the
wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of
love di - vine, Bid every string a - wake.

39. *Trembling Saints.*

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

4 Fasten'd within the veil,
Hope be our anchor strong;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale,
That wafts you smooth along.

5 The people of his choice,
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect,
On Tabor's mount to stay.

6 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

7 Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait till the bridegroom of thy soul,
Reveals his love with power.

8 The time of love will come,
Then we shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "FOR ME."

40. *Sacrifice.*

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

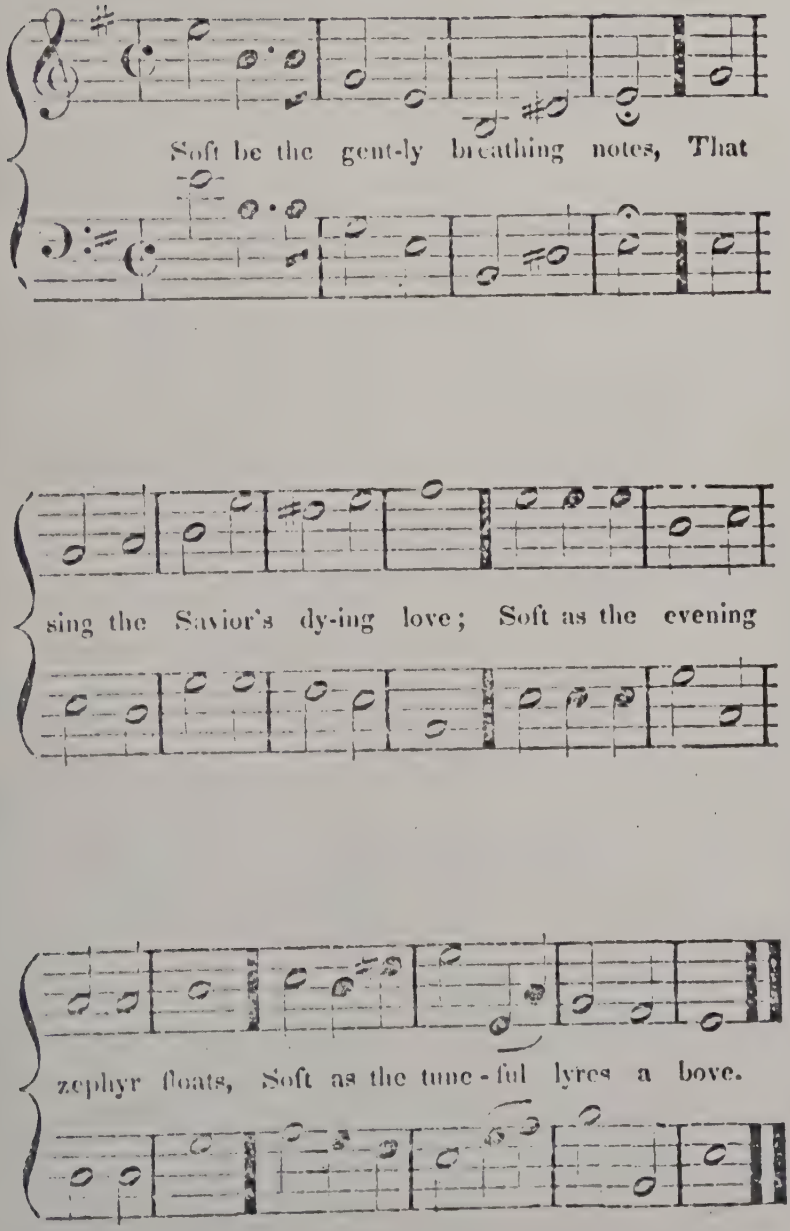
41. *Walking with God.*

1 That we may walk with God,
He forms our hearts anew;
Takes us, like Ephraim, by the hand,
And teaches us to go.

2 He by his Spirit leads,
In paths before unknown;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.

3 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

4 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.


Soft be the gent-ly breathing notes, That
sing the Savior's dy-ing love; Soft as the evening
zephyr floats, Soft as the tune-ful lyres a bove.

42. *The Savior's Love.*

1 Soft be the gently breathing notes,
That sing the Savior's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
Soft as the tuneful lyres above.

2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars;
So soft, to your Almighty Friend,
Be every sigh your bosom pours.

3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid ear of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

4 True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be—
So true let all your sorrows roll,
To Him who bled upon the tree.

43. *To whom shall we go?*

1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go—
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo,
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they ar'!
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee;—'tis death—'tis more!
'Tis endless ruin! deep despair!

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine!

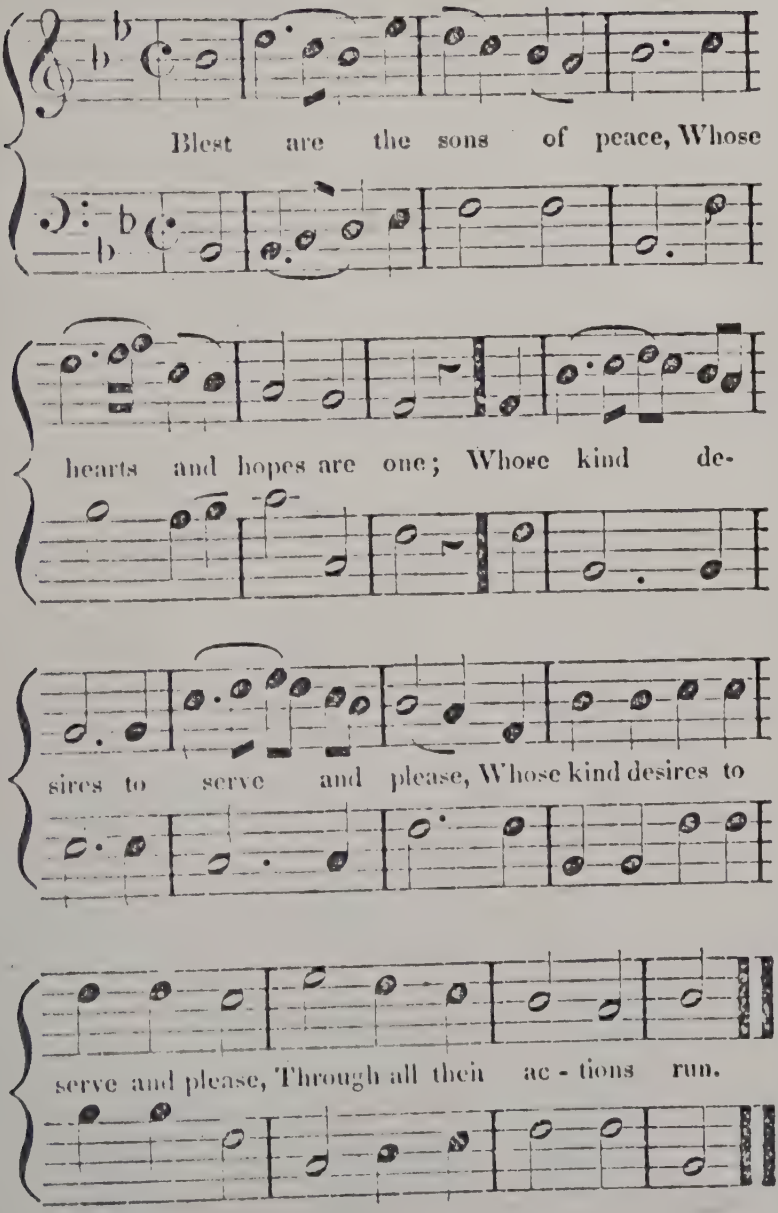
44. *Peace of conscience.*

1 Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest!
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope, and peace divine,
O, make these sacred pleasures mine!
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

4 Then should mine eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all his terrors, near;
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my falteri
voice.


Blest are the sons of peace, Whose
hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de-
sires to serve and please, Whose kind desires to
serve and please, Through all their ac - tions run.

45. *Christian Fellowship.*

1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal, and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

46. *Our Captain.*

1 Our Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies,
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in his might
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

47. *The Christian encouraged.*

1 Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
He shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care begone.

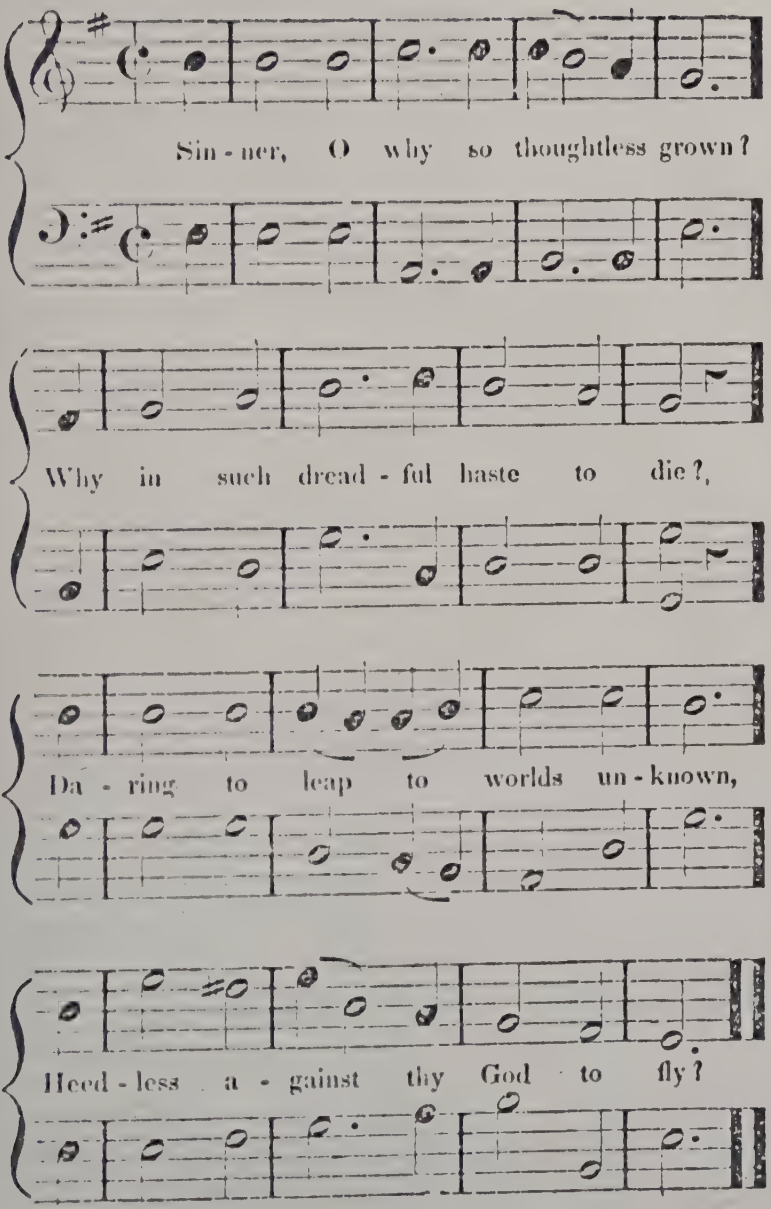
4 What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee:
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

8 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.


Sin - ner, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dread - ful haste to die?,
Da - ring to leap to worlds un - known,
Heed - less a - gainst thy God to fly?

48. *Expostulation.*

1 Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

49. *Reflection.*

1 Alas, alas, how blind I've been,
How little of myself I've seen!
Sportive I sail'd the sensual tide,
Thoughtless of God whom I defied.

2 I heard of heaven, I heard of hell,
Where bliss and wo eternal dwell;
But mock'd the threats of truth divine,
And scorn'd the place where angels shine.

3 My angry heart refused the blood
Of a descending, suffering God;
And guilty passion boldly broke
The holy law which heaven had spoke.

4 The alluring world controll'd my choice,
When conscience spake, I hush'd its voice,
Securely laugh'd along the road,
Which hapless millions first had trod.

5 Now the almighty God comes near,
And makes me shake with awful fear;
His terrors all my strength exhaust,
My fear grows high, my peace is lost.

6 With keen remorse I feel my wound,
And seem to hear the dreadful sound,
"Depart from me, thou wretch undone,
Go, reap thy sin, and feel my frown!"

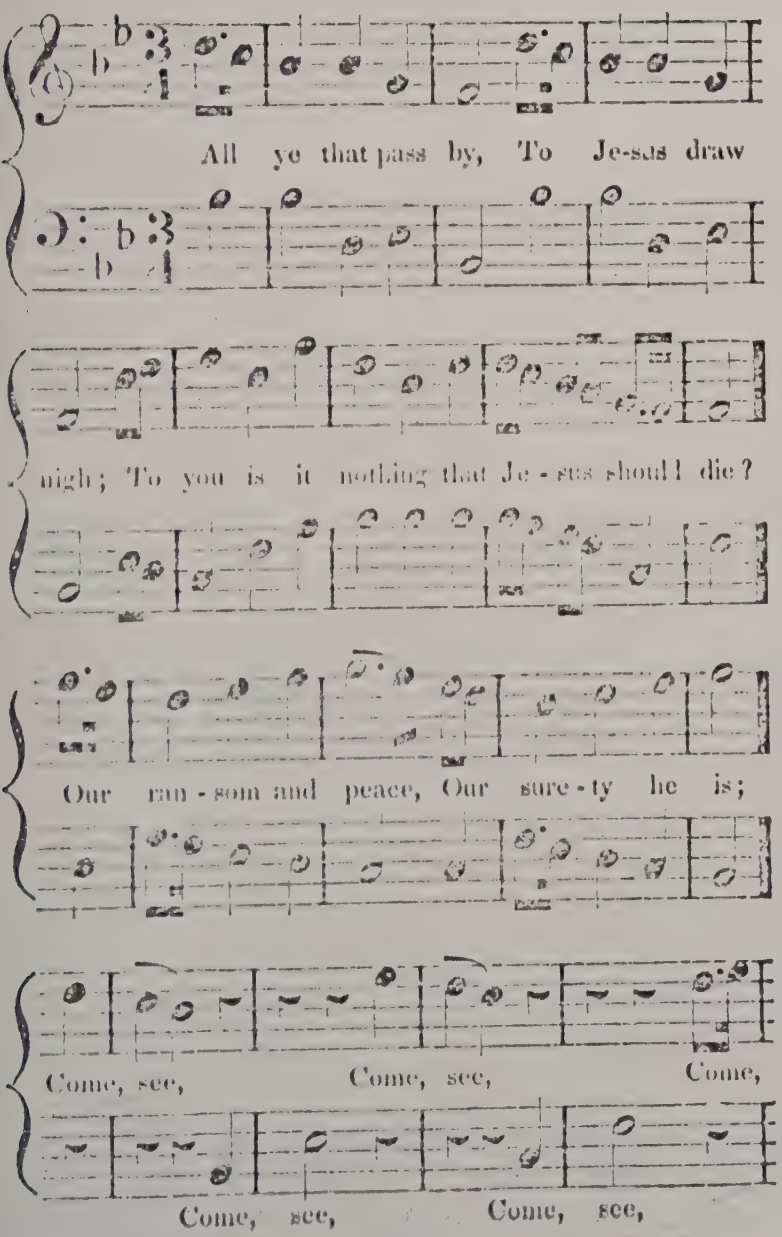
7 Thus ends my mirthful, thoughtless life
Fill'd up with folly, guilt, and strife;
Perhaps I sink to endless pain,
Nor hear the voice of joy again.

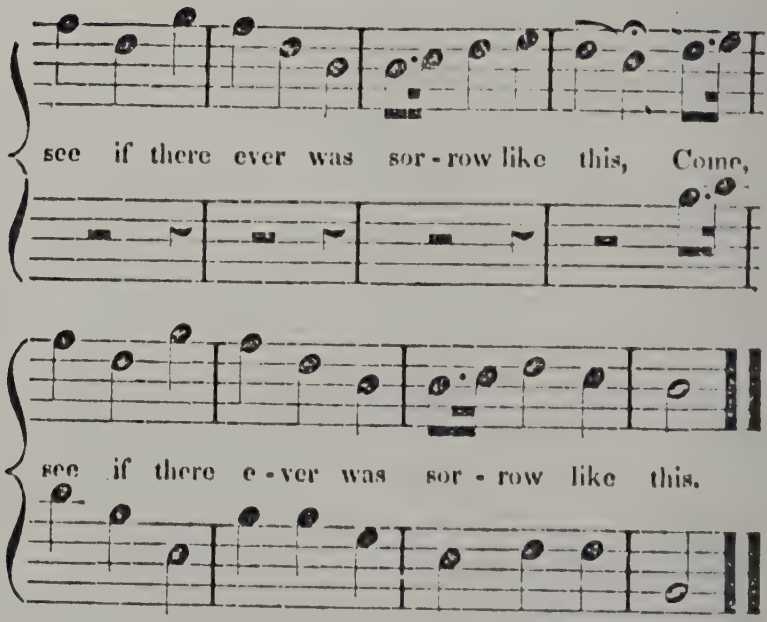
50. *Submission.*

1 Weary of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease—
God that creates must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.

3 'Tis thine, a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive:
Here then to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.


All ye that pass by, To Je-sus draw
nigh; To you is it nothing that Je-sus should die?
Our ran-som and peace, Our sure-ty he is;
Come, see, Come, see, Come,
Come, see, Come, see,



51. *The sufferings of Jesus.*

1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Our ransom and peace,
Our surety he is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like this.

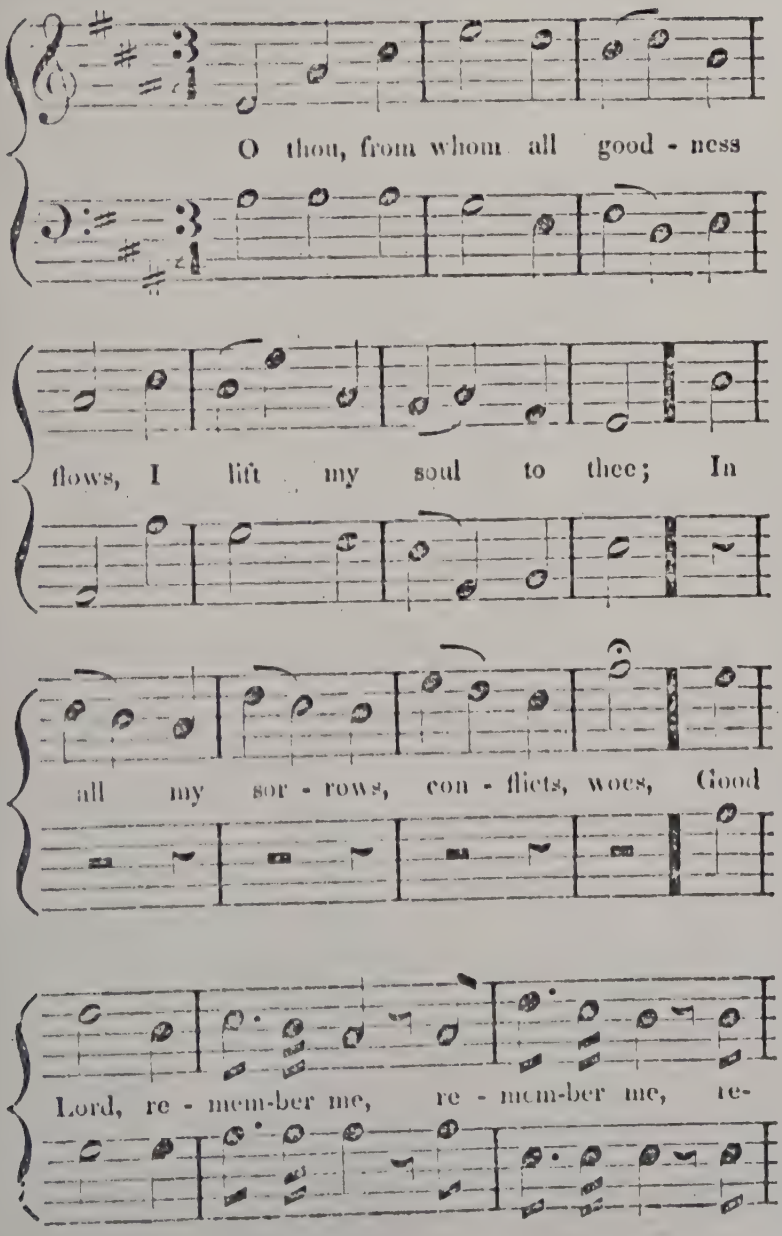
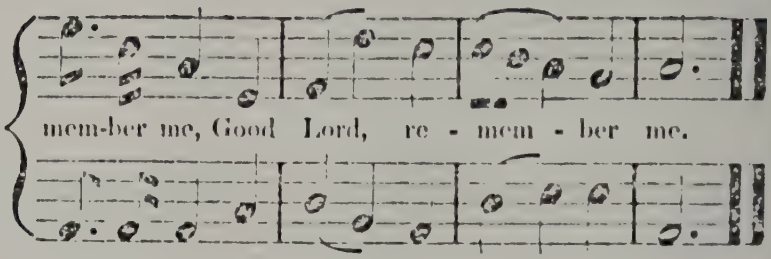
The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away:
He dies to atone
For sins not his own,
The Father hath punish'd for us his dear Son.

3 For sinners, like me,
He died on the tree;
His death is accepted, the sinner is free;
My pardon I claim,
A sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

4 Love moved him to die,
On this I rely,
My Savior hath loved me, I cannot tell why;
But this I can find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not be in glory, and leave me behind!

5 With joy we approve,
The plan of his love;
A wonder to all, both below and above!
When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love, without bottom or shore.

HAWEIS. C. M.


O thou, from whom all good - ness
flows, I lift my soul to thee; In
all my sor - rows, con - flicts, woes, Good
Lord, re - mem-ber me, re - mem-ber me, re-

52. *Lord, remember me.*

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

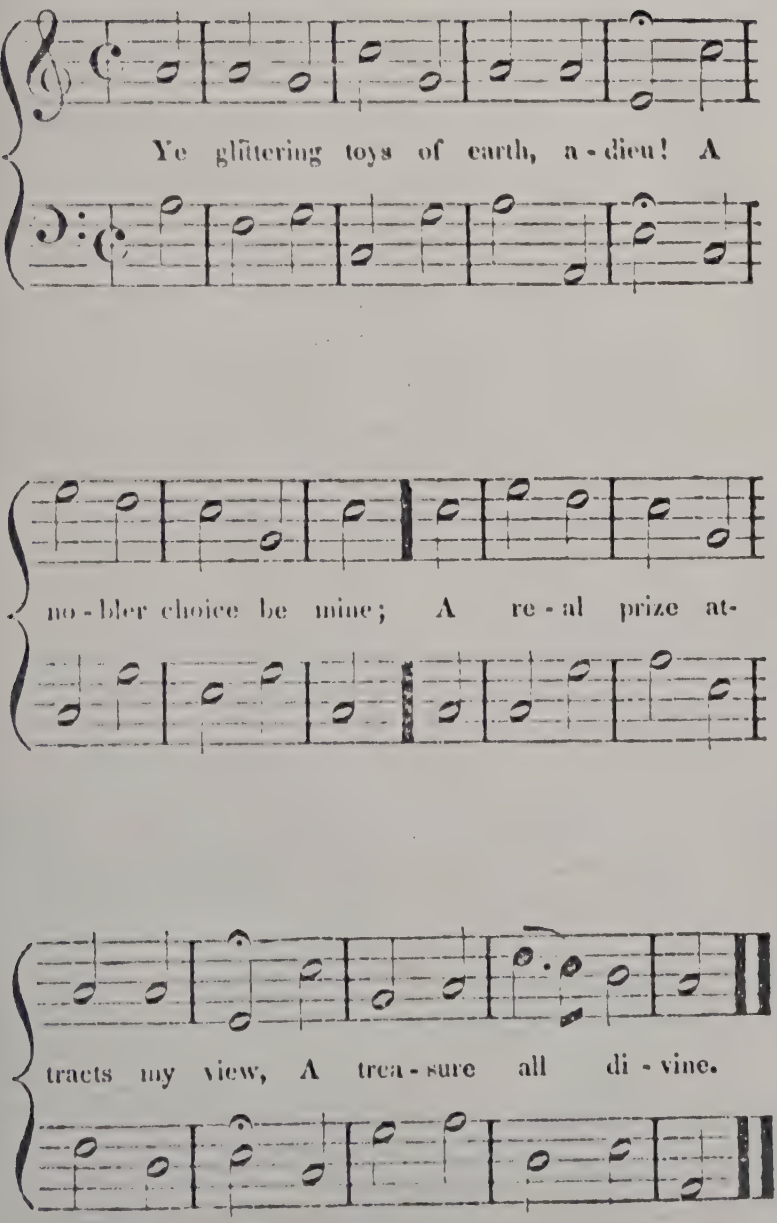
3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

If, for thy sake, upon my name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame!
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

6 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.


Ye glittering toys of earth, a - dieu! A
no - bler choice be mine; A re - al prize at-
tracts my view, A trea - sure all di - vine.

53. *Pearl of great price.*

1 Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu:
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet

4 Should both the Indies at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And think myself most bless'd.

6 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

54. *The Downward Road.*

1 Sinners, behold that downward road
Which leads to endless wo;
What multitudes of thoughtless souls
The road to ruin go!

2 But yonder see that narrow way
Which leads to endless bliss;
There see a happy chosen few
Redeem'd by sovereign grace.

3 They from destruction's city came,
To Zion upward tend:
The bible is their precious guide,
And God himself their friend.

4 Lord, I would now a pilgrim be—
Guide thou my feet aright;
I would not (for ten thousand worlds)
Be banish'd from thy sight.

55. *Down to the Tomb.*

Funeral Hymn for a Sunday Scholar, to be sung by the children.

Written for the Lyre.

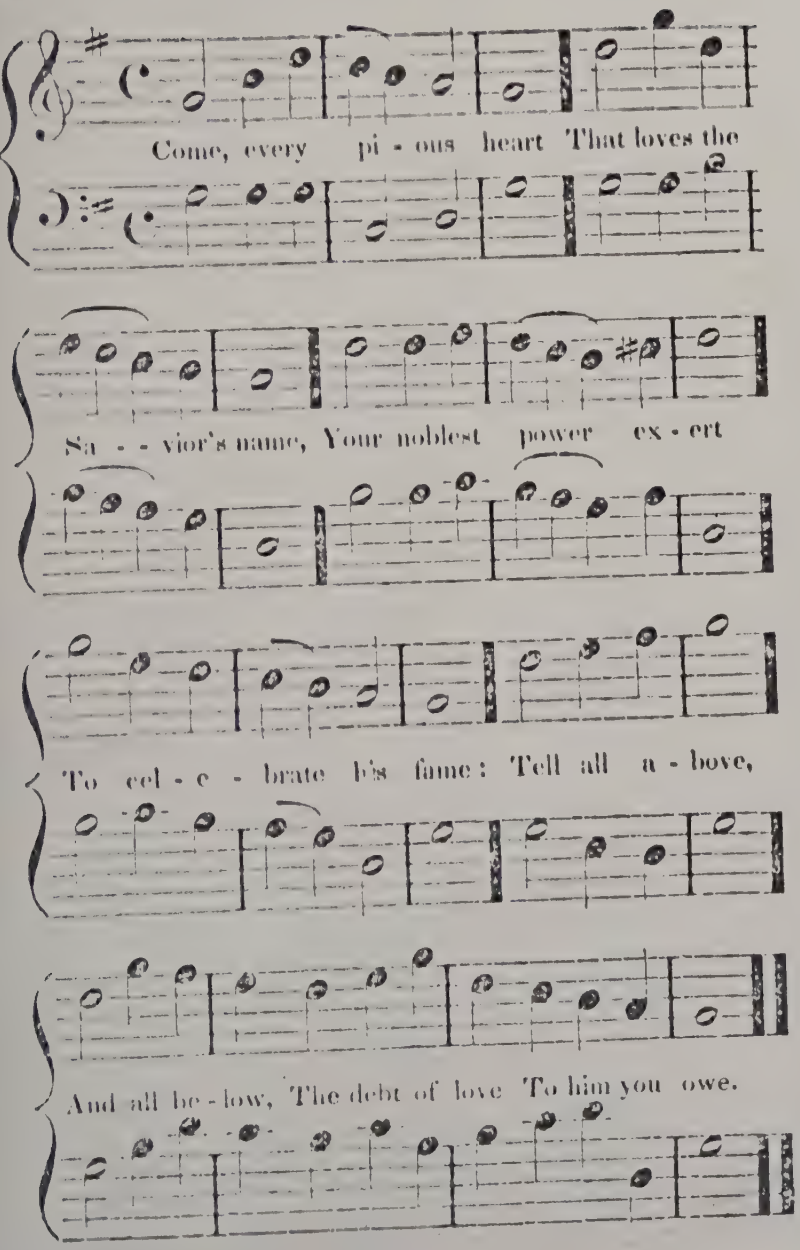
1 Down to the tomb our brother goes,
In its cold arms to rest,
As, smit by sudden storms, the rose
Sinks on the garden's breast.

2 No more with us his tuneful voice
The hymn of praise shall swell;
No more his gentle heart rejoice,
To hear the Sabbath bell.

3 But if, in yon celestial sphere,
Amid the glorious throng,
He warbles to his Maker's ear,
The everlasting song——

4 No more we'll mourn our buried friend;
But lift the ardent prayer,
And every thought and effort bend,
To rise and join him there.

H.


Come, every pi - ous heart That loves the
Sa - - vior's name, Your noblest power ex - ert
To cel - e - brate his fame: Tell all a - bove,
And all be - low, The debt of love To him you owe.

56. *Love to Christ.*

1 Come, every pious heart
That loves the Savior's name,
Your noblest power exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above,
And all below,
The debt of love
To him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside:
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured,
Oh, who can tell?
To save our souls
From death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead:
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky
The conqueror rode,
And reigns on high,
The Savior God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts—our all
To thee we give:
The gift, though small,
Do thou receive.

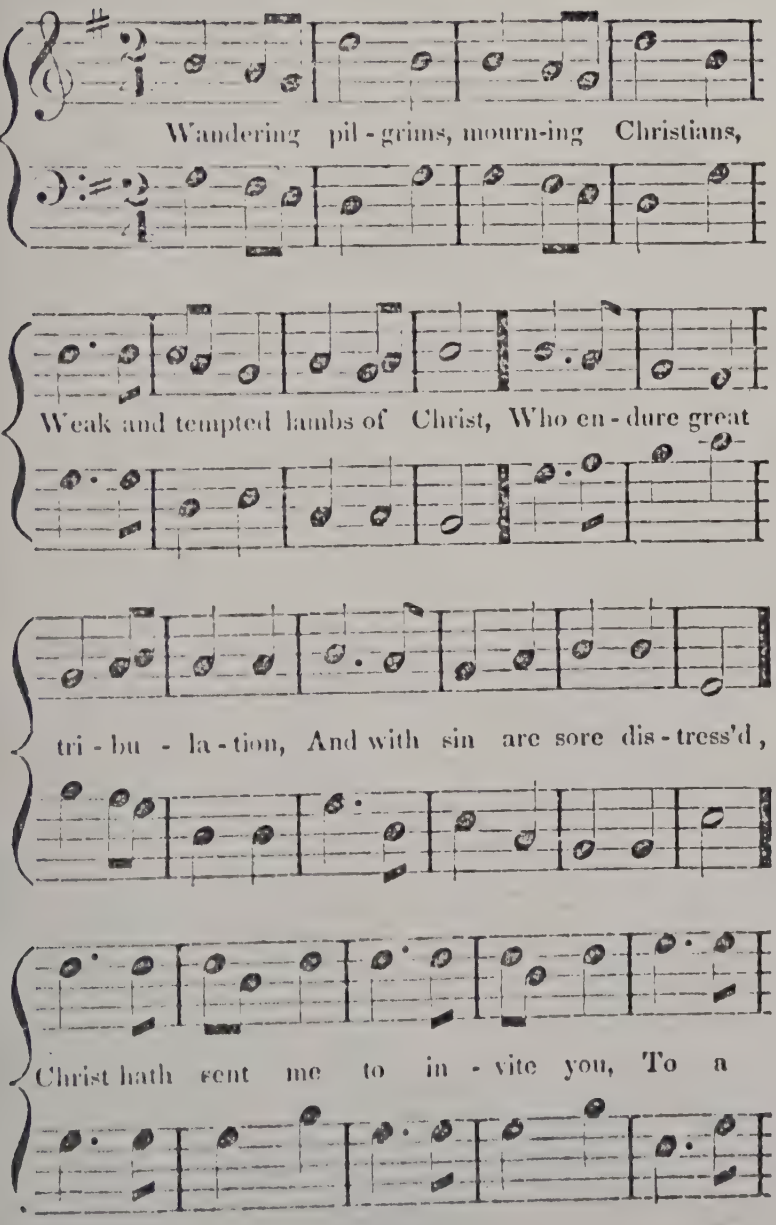
57. *The Monthly Concert.*

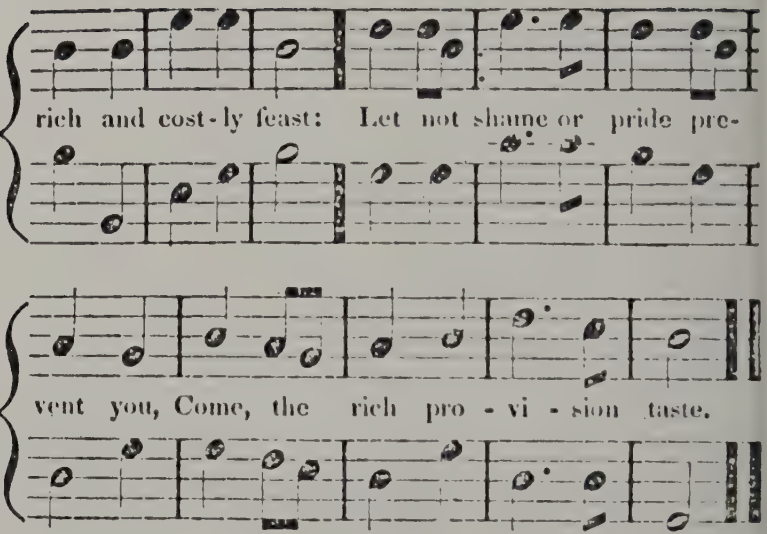
1 Sovereign of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy show:
Fulfil thy word;
Thy spirit give;
Let heathens live
And praise the Lord.

2 On lands that lie beneath
Foul superstition's sway,
Whose horrid shades of death
Admit no heavenly ray,
Blest Spirit! shine,
Their hearts illume;
Dispel the gloom
With light divine.

3 Father, who to thy Son
Thy steadfast word hast given,
That through the earth shall run
The news of peace with heaven;
Extend his fame;
Thy grace diffuse,
And let the news
The world reclaim.

4 Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul,
Soon let the Savior see;
O God of grace!
Thy power employ,
Fill earth with joy,
And heaven with praise.


Wandering pil - grims, mourn-ing Christians,
Weak and tempted lambs of Christ, Who en - dure great
tri - bu - la - tion, And with sin are sore dis - tress'd,
Christ hath sent me to in - vite you, To a



58. *Wandering Pilgrims.*

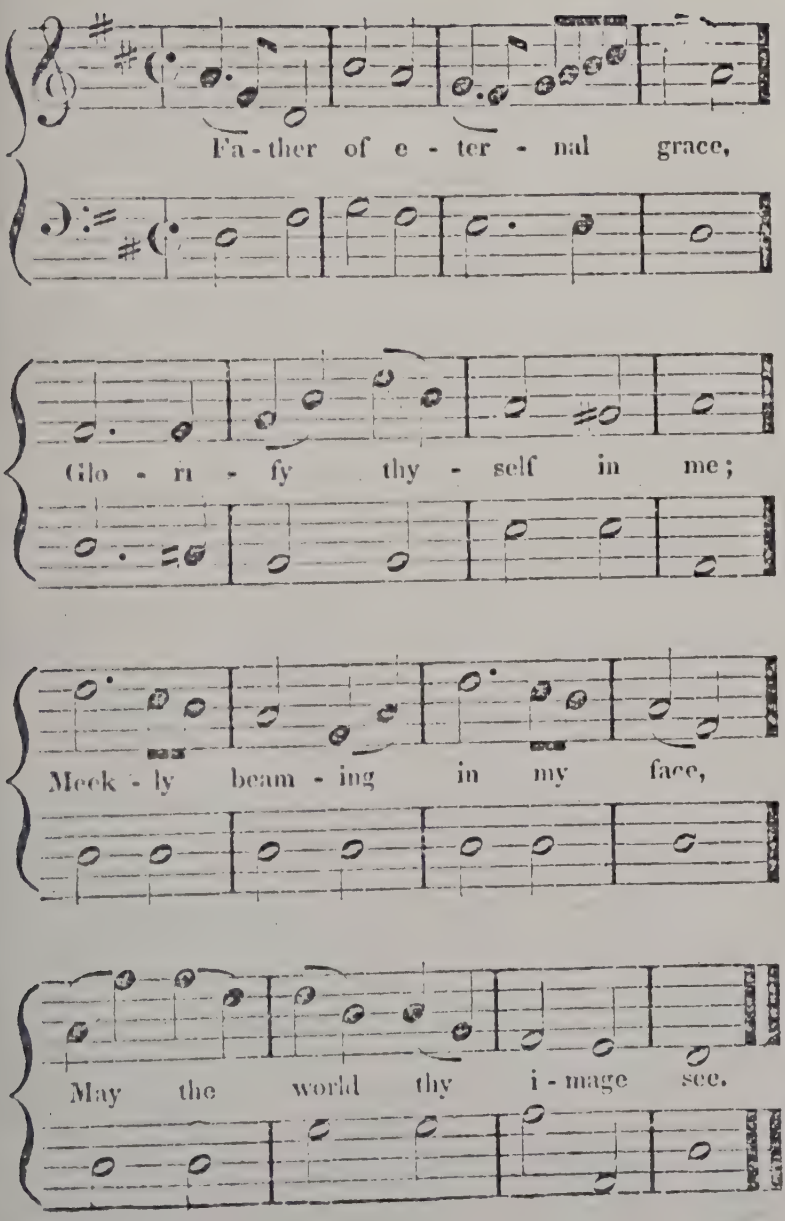
1 WANDERING pilgrims, mourning Christians,
Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sin are sore distress'd:
Christ hath sent me to invite you,
To a rich and costly feast:
Let not shame or pride prevent you,
Come, the rich provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ, repenting,
He will give you gospel grace:
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him here below;
With your troubles now draw near him,
He the blessing will bestow.

3 If, like poor Bartimeus blinded,
You bewail the want of sight,
Cry to Jesus, son of David,
He will give you gospel light:
If no one appear to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk;
Jesus ready waits to heal you,
He will bid you rise and walk.

4 If, like Peter, you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief;
Wait with patient, constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief.
Are you weary, heavy laden?
He will give you sweet repose;
Bear his light and easy burden,
He shall conquer all your foes.

5 He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supplied;
Canaan, Canaan, lies before you,
Rise, and cross the swelling tide.
Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ shall guide you through the gloom;
Down he'll send an heavenly convoy,
To convey you to his home.


Fa - ther of e - ter - nal grace,
Glo - ri - fy thy - self in me;
Meek - ly beam - ing in my face,
May the world thy i - mage see.

59. *The Image of God.*

1 Father of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me,
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resign'd,
To thy will,—thy will be done
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind,
Of thy well beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God.

60. *Weary Sinners.*

1 Come, ye weary sinners, come,
All, who feel your heavy load;
Jesus calls the wanderers home;
Hasten to your pardoning God.

2 Come, ye guilty souls, opprest,
Answer to the Savior's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will save you all."

3 Jesus,—full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey,
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away:

4 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life;

5 Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with this unbelief,
Burden'd with the wrath of God:

6 Lo, we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

61. *Christian Fellowship.*

1 Jesus, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

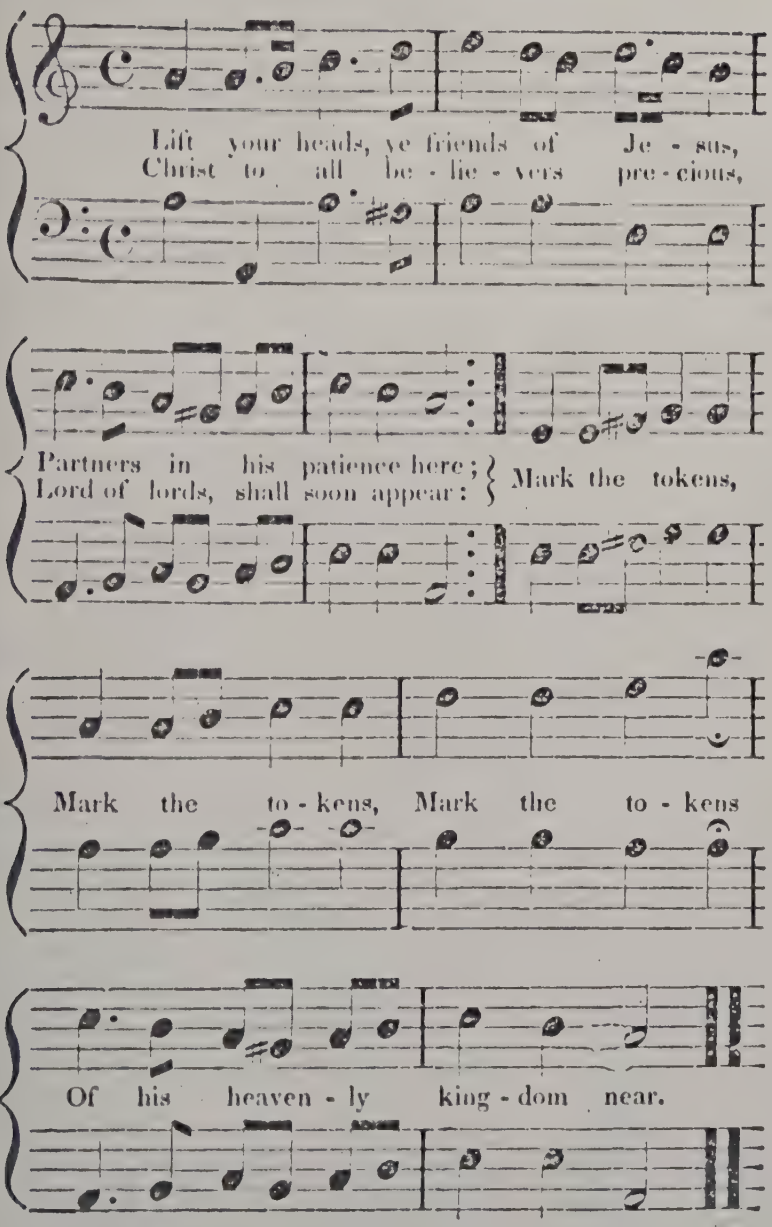
3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

KERSHAW. 8. 7. & 4.


Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus,
Christ to all be - lie - vers pre - cious,
Partners in his patience here;
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens,
Mark the to - kens, Mark the to - kens
Of his heaven - ly king - dom near.

62. *Christ's Coming*

1 Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here:
Christ to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom!
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.

3 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming Revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.

4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Savior,
Shines the everlasting light.

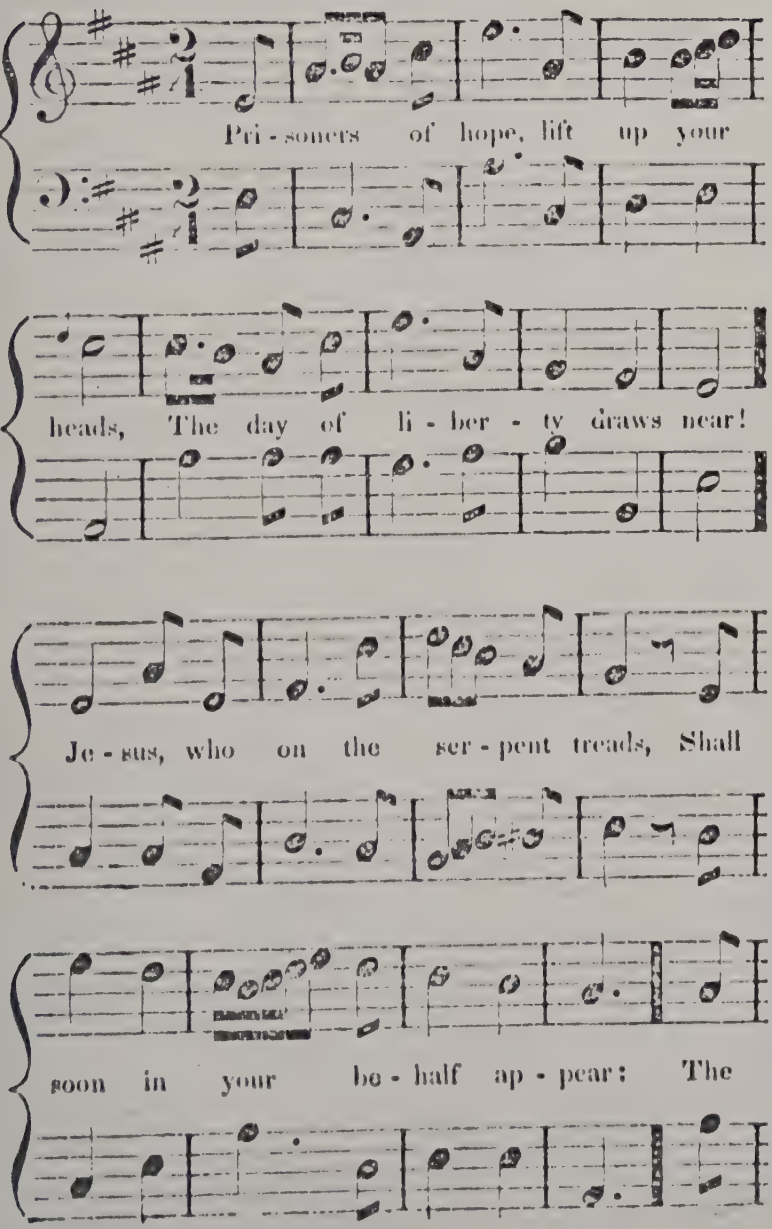
5 See the stars from heaven falling!
Hark, on earth the doleful cry!
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh;
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

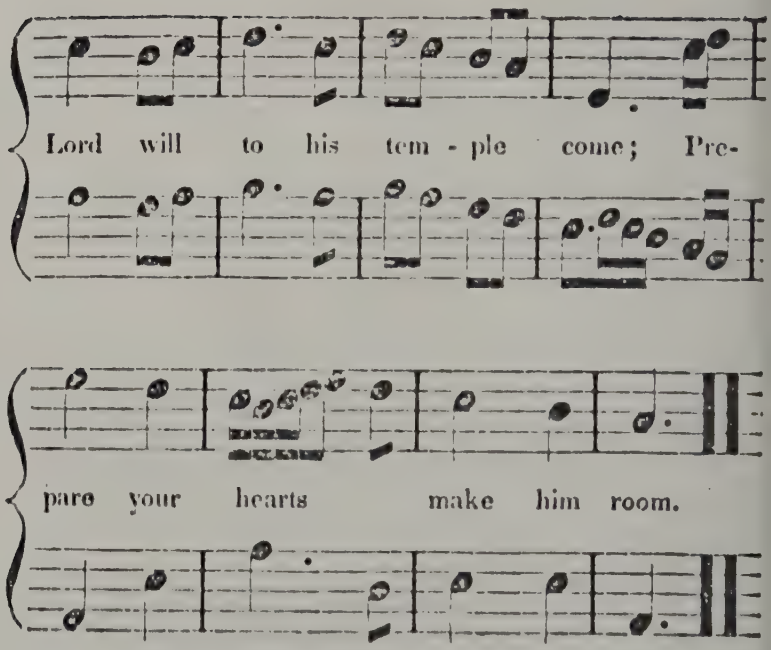
6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the monuments of his passion,
By the marks received for *me!*
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out—"'Tis He!"

7 "Lo! 'tis He! our hearts' desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow:
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow."

8 Yes, the prize shall sure be given;
We his open face shall see:
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be,
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity!

LIBERTY. 6 lines 8s.


Pri - soners of hope, lift up your
heads, The day of li - ber - ty draws near!
Je - sus, who on the ser - pent treads, Shall
soon in your be - half ap - pear: The



63. *Prisoners of Hope.*

1 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near!
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, who in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove;
Surely we shall thy mercy find;
Who ask, shall all receive thy love:
Nor canst thou it to me deny;
I ask, the chief of sinners I!

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long:
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove;
And cannot fail if God is love!

5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
Dare to believe! on Christ lay hold!
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell him, "We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know."

6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And rose, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedst, and could'st not die in vain.

7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,
Which all thy great salvation brings;
The Spirit of love, and health, and power,
Shall come, and make us priests and kings;
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

8 The promise stands for ever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure.
Holy, angelical, divine;
In spirit join'd to thee, the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

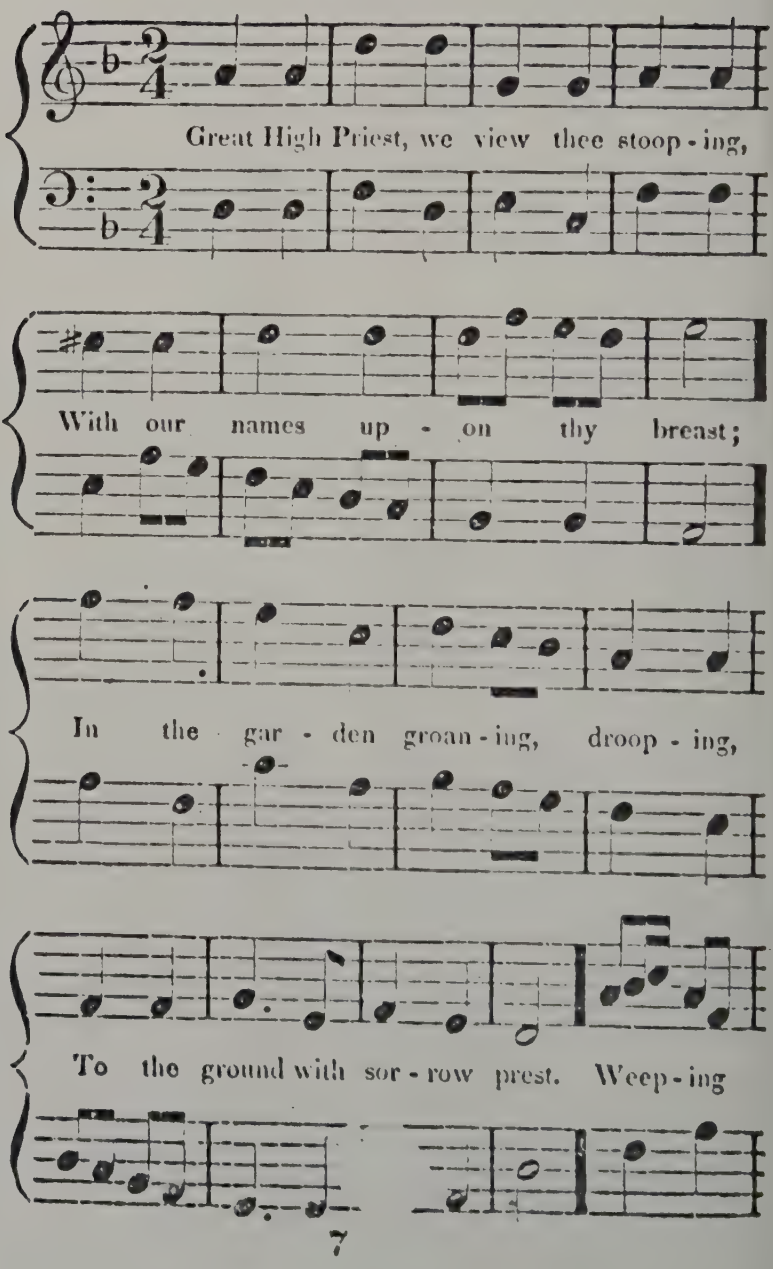
64. *Worthy the Lamb.*

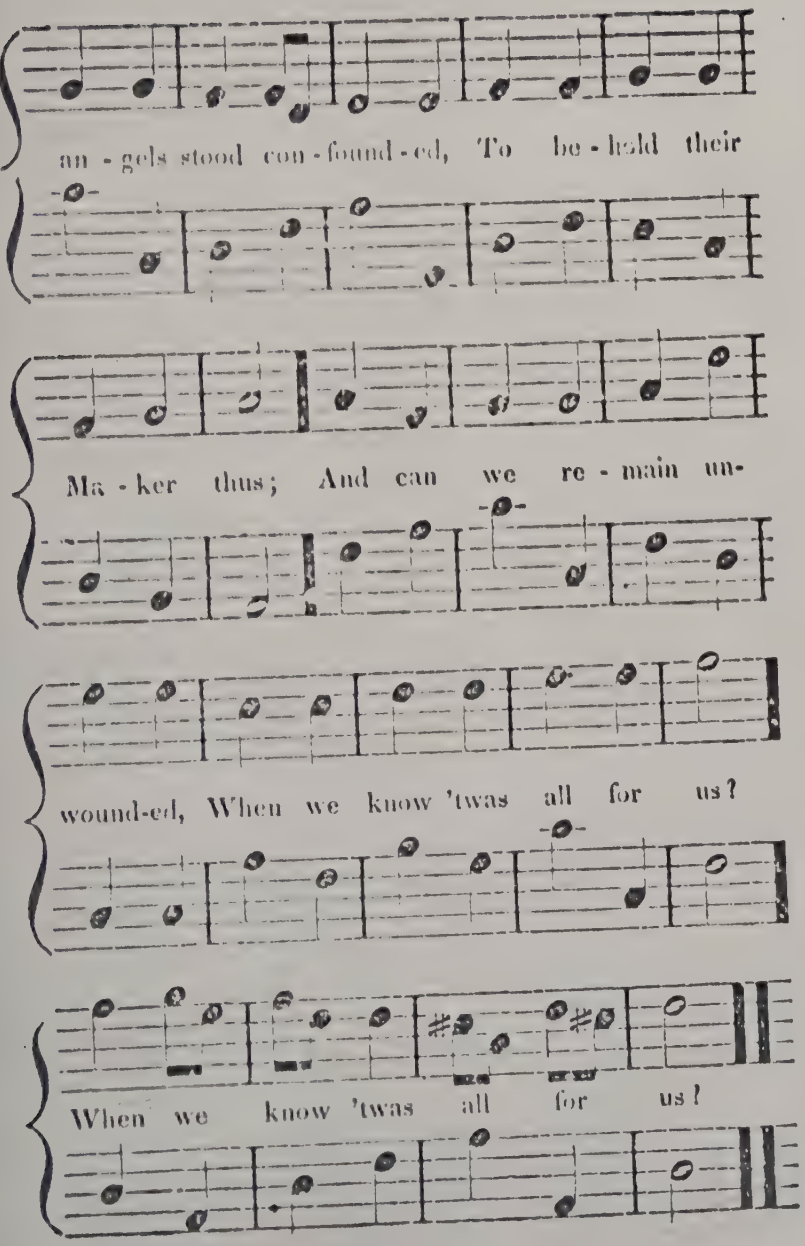
Written for the Lyre,
BY REV. D. R. THOMASON.

1 Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth and heaven the Lord of all;
Ye princes, rulers, powers obey,
And low before his footstool fall:
Let earth rejoice; the Lamb was slain,
He rose; he lives; he lives to reign.

2 Riches and all that decks the great
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring;
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our King.
Wisdom and strength are his alone,
Honor has built his lofty throne.

3 From heaven, from earth loud bursts of praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim,
Blessings that earth to glory raise,
Creation's voice shall hymn the fame;
Higher! still higher swell the strain,
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign.


Great High Priest, we view thee stoop - ing,
With our names up - on thy breast;
In the gar - den groan - ing, droop - ing,
To the ground with sor - row prest. Weep - ing


an - gels stood con - found - ed, To be - hold their
Ma - ker thus; And can we re - main un-
wound-ed, When we know 'twas all for us?
When we know 'twas all for us!

65. *The Great High Priest.*

1 Great High Priest, we view thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast;
In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground with sorrow prest.
Weeping angels stood confounded,
To behold their Maker thus;
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us?

2 On the cross thy body broken,
Cancels every penal tie;
Tempted souls produce this token,
All demands to satisfy.
All is finish'd; do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord;
Never reason more about it,
Only take him at his word

3 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely,
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt;
Gracious Savior, take us wholly,
Take and make us what thou wilt.
Grant us now thy heavenly blessing,
Let thy love our songs employ;
Thus we'll find, thy peace possessing,
In thy service all our joy.

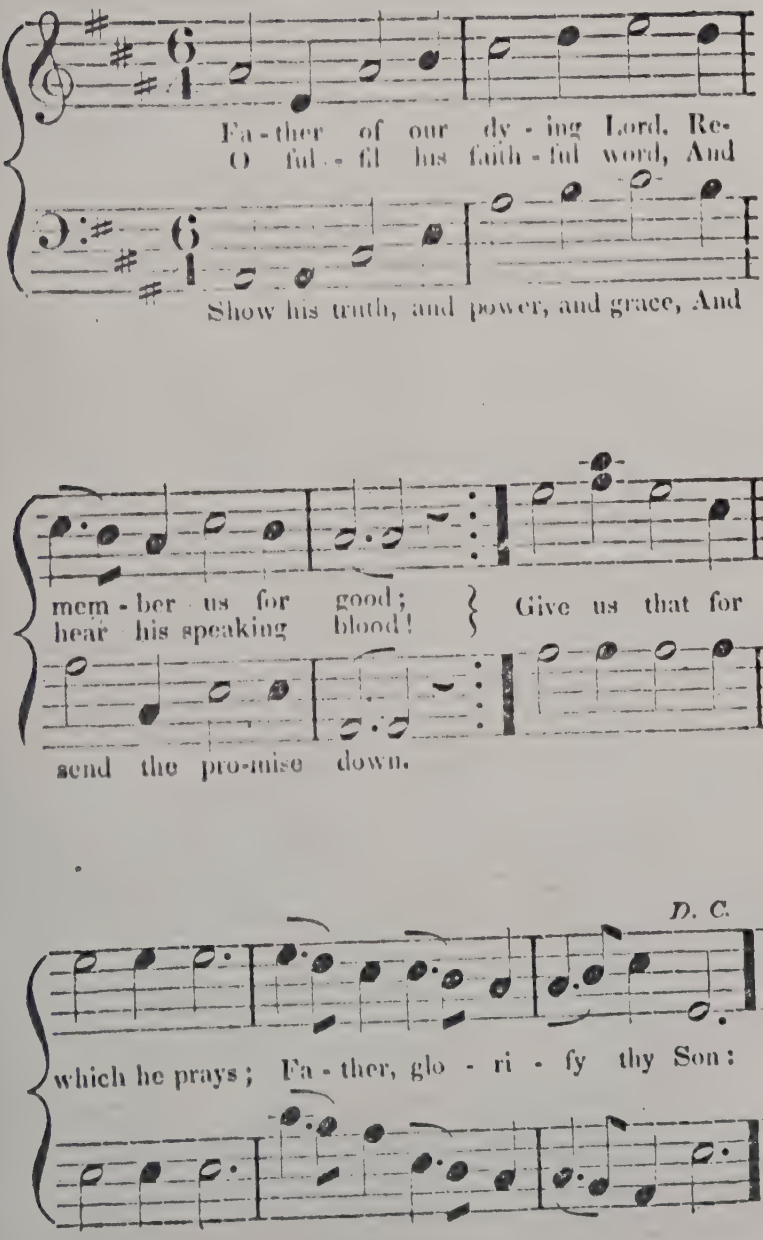
66. *Source of Pleasure.*

1 Savior, richest source of pleasure,
Fountain whence our comfort flows,
More to be desired than treasure,
Treasure which this world bestows:
Dearest source of consolation,
Refuge to the poor distress'd,
Thou canst calm our perturbation,
Thou canst give the weary rest.

2 Bid the billows, loudly razing,
Calmly at thy voice subside;
Bid the clouds, that storms presaging,
Soon to distant quarters glide.
As the evening sun declining,
Sheds around a softer ray,
May thy milder radiance shining,
Calmly gild our closing day.

3 As the soul, released from trouble,
Views with joy its sorrows past,
Views them as an empty bubble
On the billowy ocean cast:
Oh! how sweet in retrospection,
Pains and sorrows well endured;
'Twas through suffering—sweet reflection,
Christ our brightest hopes procured.

4 Let us, then, on him reclining,
For his sake our patience prove;
Sure we oft, without repining,
Suffer much for those we love
Soon this path, so dark and dreary,
Shall in fairer scenes expand;
Soon the traveller, faint and weary,
Shall behold the promised land.


Fa - ther of our dy - ing Lord, Re-
O ful - fil his faith - ful word, And
Show his truth, and power, and grace, And
mem - ber us for good;
hear his speaking blood!
Give us that for
send the pro-mise down.
D. C.
which he prays; Fa - ther, glo - ri - fy thy Son:

67. *Supplication*

1 Father of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood!
Give us that for which he prays;
Father, glorify thy Son:
Show his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness thou,
O Christ, thy Spirit give!
Hast thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart;
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come:
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And swells to make thee room;
Present with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

68. *Yielding to Christ.*

1 Now, e'en now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part;
Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
And purify my heart!
Purge the love of sin away,
Then I into nothing fall;
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is all in all.

2 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
With that pure love of thine;
Kindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine:
Purify our faith like gold;
All the dross of sin remove;
Melt our spirits down, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

69. *Backslider's Return.*

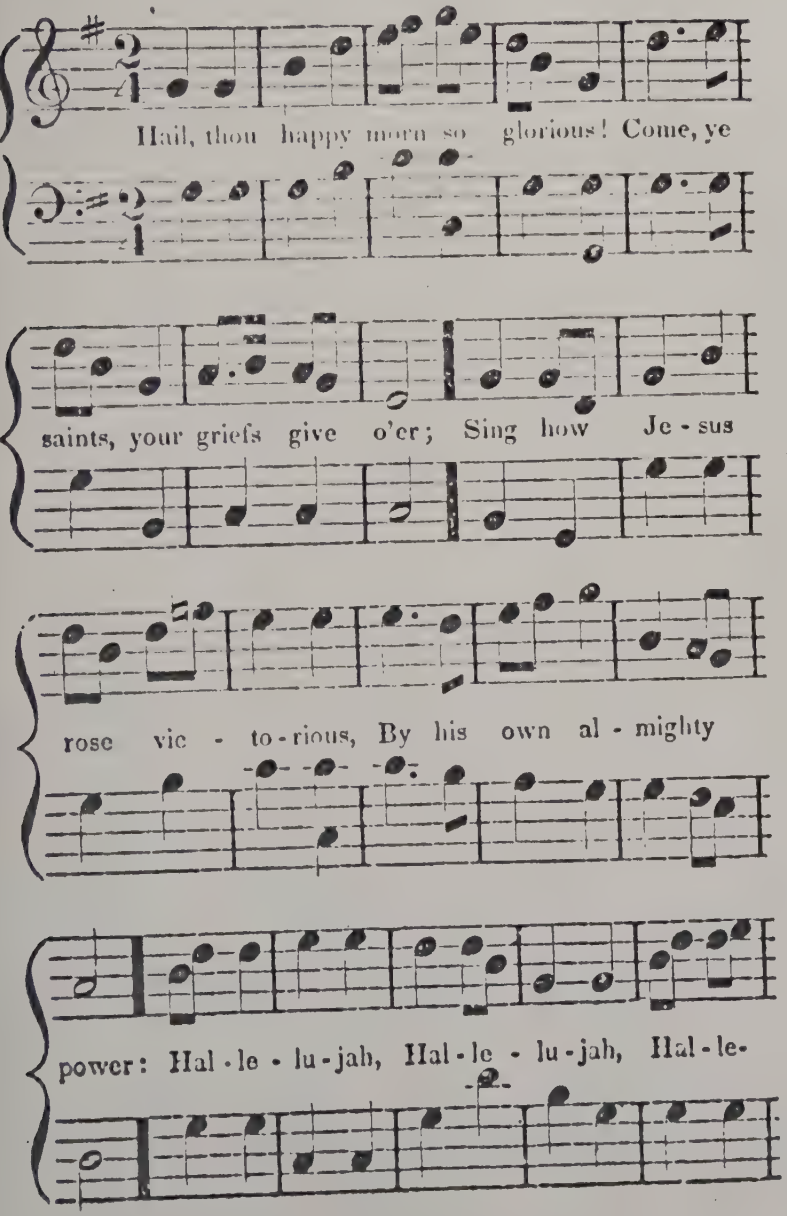
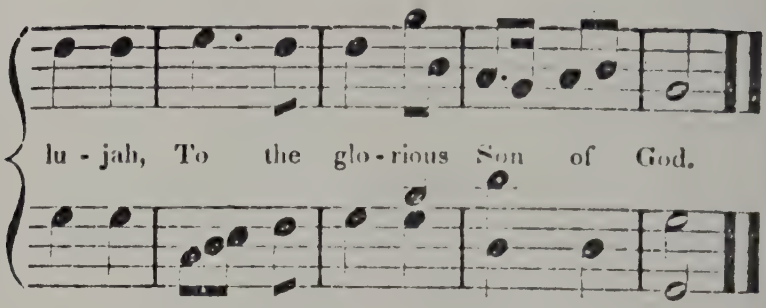
1 I will hearken what the Lord
Will say concerning me;
Hast thou not a gracious word
For one who waits on thee?
Speak it to my soul, that I
May in thee have peace and power;
Never from my Savior fly,
And never grieve thee more

2 How have I thy Spirit grieved,
Since first with me he strove!
Obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on thy love!
I have sinn'd against the light;
I have broke from thy embrace:
No, I would not, when I might
Be freely saved by grace.

3 After all that I have done
To drive thee from my heart,
Still thou wilt not leave thine own,
Thou wilt not yet depart;
Wilt not give the sinner o'er;
Ready art thou now to save;
Bidst me come as heretofore,
That I thy life may have.

4 O thou meek and gentle Lamb,
Fury is not in thee;
Thou continuest still the same,
And still thy grace is free;
Still thine arms are open wide,
Wretched sinners to receive;
Thou hast once for sinners died,
That all may turn and live.

5 Lo! I take thee at thy word,
My foolishness I mourn;
Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
However late, I turn:
Yes; I yield, I yield at last,
Listen to thy speaking blood;
Me, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God.


Hail, thou happy morn so glorious! Come, ye
saints, your griefs give o'er; Sing how Je - sus
rose vic - to - rious, By his own al - mighty
power: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le-

70. *Sabbath Morning.*

1 HAIL, thou happy morn so glorious!
Come, ye saints, your griefs give o'er;
Sing, how Jesus rose victorious,
By his own almighty power:
Hallelujah,
To the glorious Son of God.

2 Tell us, Seraphs, ye that wander,
When ye saw the Lord arise,
When ye saw him soaring yonder,
What were then your heavenly joys?
Then 'twas "Glory
To the conquering King of kings."

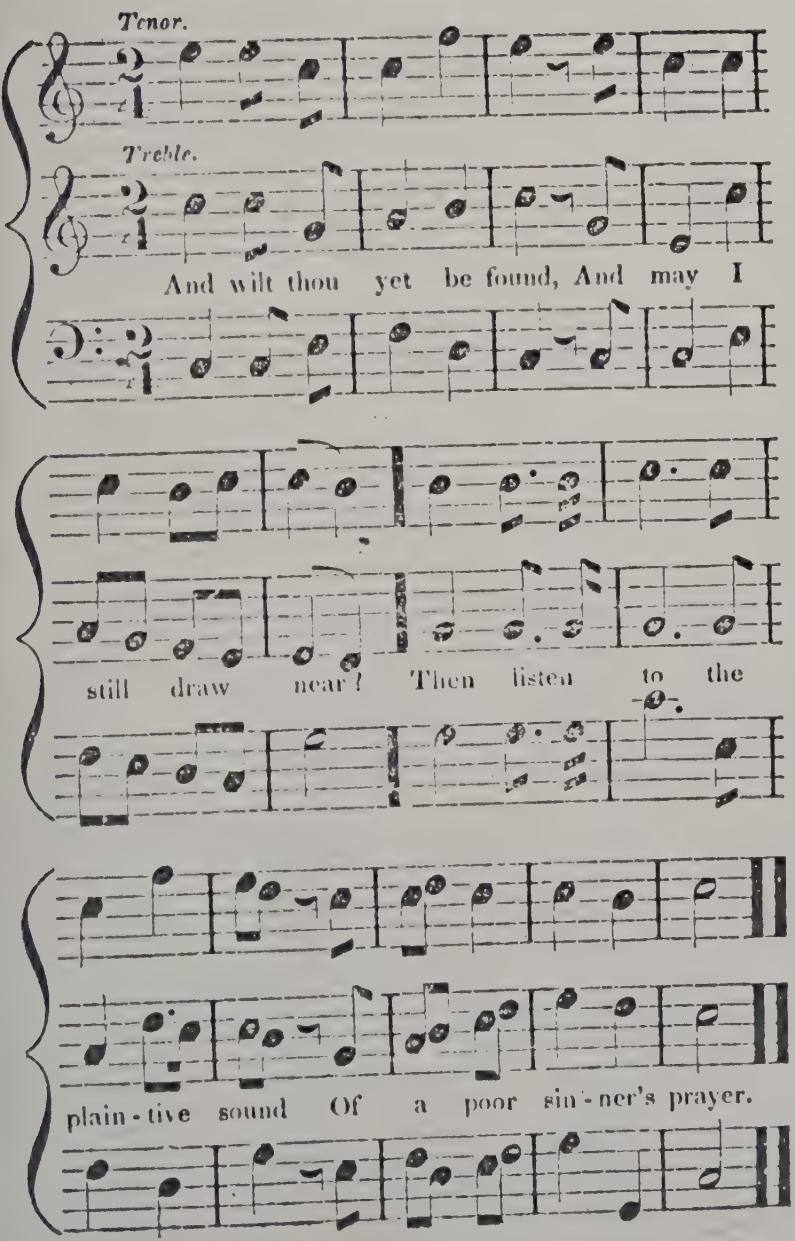
3 Countless bands of angels glorious,
Clothed in bright ethereal blue;
Straight the sound of Christ victorious,
From their silver trumpets flew.
Christ triumphant
Rises conqueror o'er the tomb.

3 See, my friends, is that the Savior,
Who was crown'd with cruel thorns?
Glorious majesty and power,
Now his sacred head adorns.
Hallelujah;
That dear head no more shall bleed.

4 Is that he, who died on Calvary,
Who was pierced with many a spear?
Clad with countless suns of glory,
See, he rises through the air.
Hallelujah;
Zion's mourner, now rejoice.

5 Was the person, then, so glorious,
Which the Jews so marr'd and spoil'd?
Yes, ye saints, we own his Godhead,
Though by some he is reviled;
All creation
Soon shall own him Lord of all.

6 Tremble, ye who him rejected,
Lo! he breaks through yonder cloud;
Rise, ye saints, and shout triumphant,
Victory! through Jesus' blood.
Hark! the trumpet
Sounds the resurrection morn.


Tenor.
Treble.
And wilt thou yet be found, And may I
still draw near? Then listen to the
plain-tive sound Of a poor sin-ner's prayer.

71. *The inward conflict.*

1 And wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford;
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord!
Lift up a helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The struggles of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 The daily death I prove,
Savior, to thee is known;
'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.

5 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace,
I know thou canst; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease!

6 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

72. *Looking to God.*

1 When shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

5 To rescue me from wo,
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

6 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

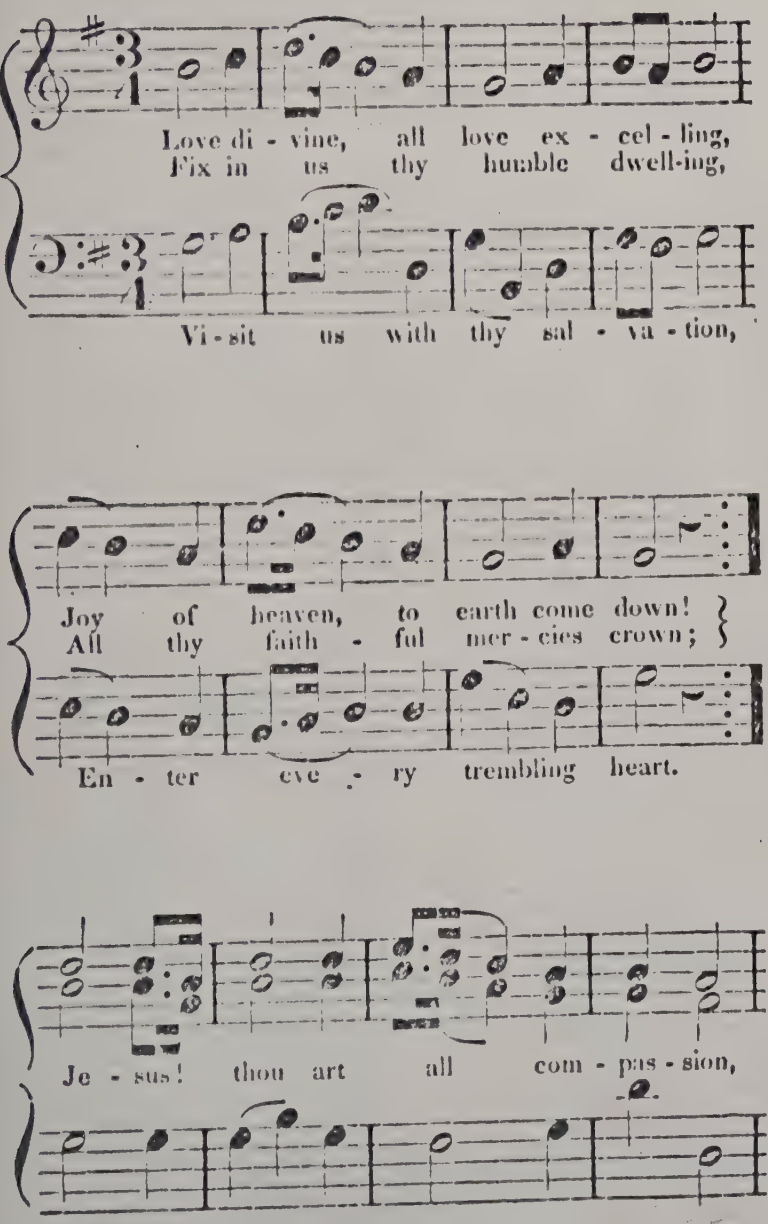
7 And can I yet delay,
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
My Jesus to receive?

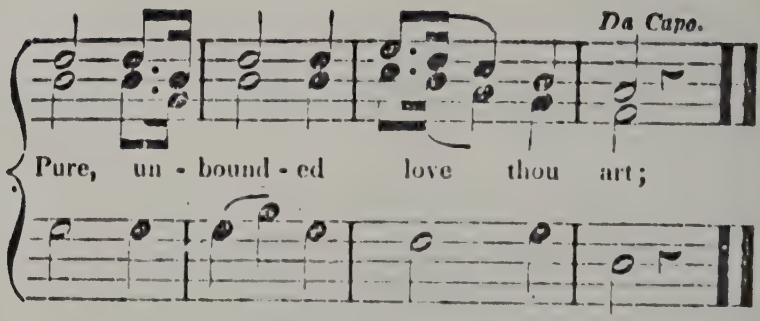
8 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee conqueror!

9 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

10 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

11 My one desire be this—
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

12 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now,
Enter and keep my heart.

Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling,
Fix in us thy humble dwell-ing,
Vi - sit us with thy sal - va - tion,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown;
En - ter eve - ry trembling heart.
Je - sus! thou art all com - pas - sion,



73. *Divine Love.*

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temple leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

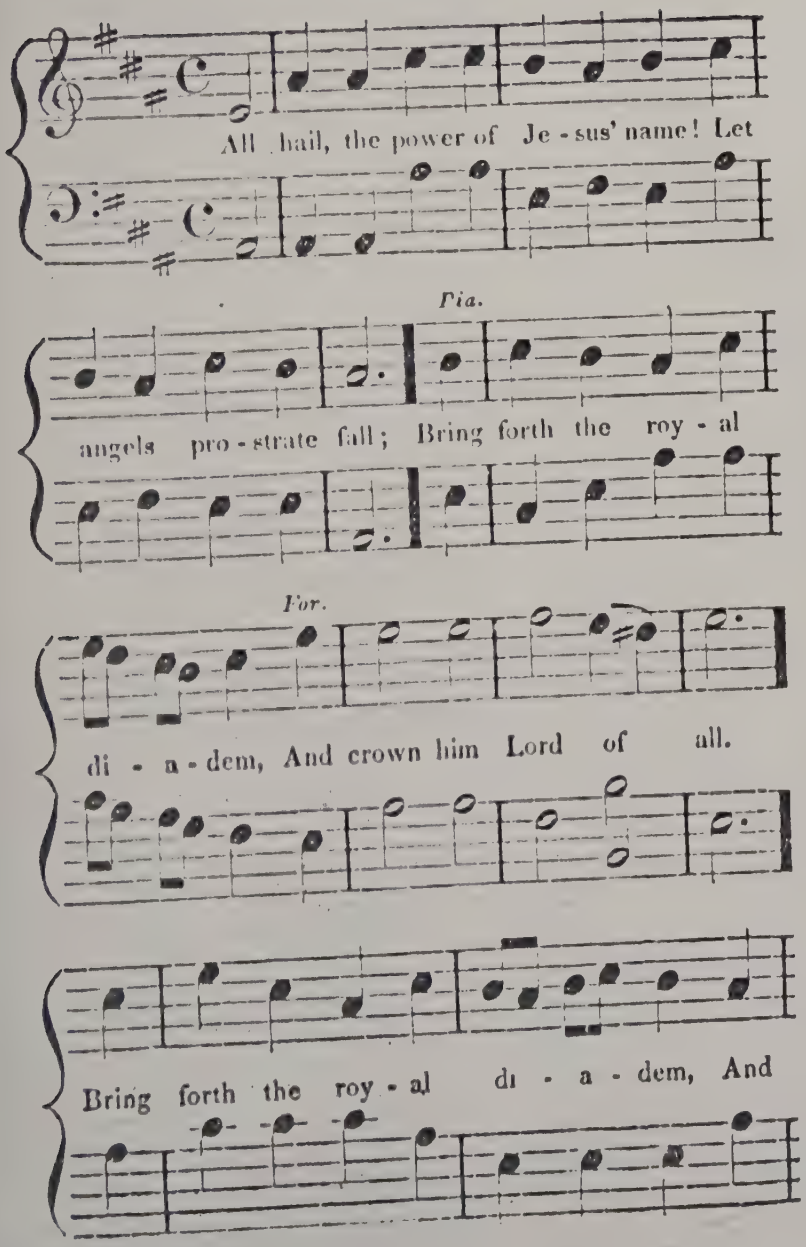
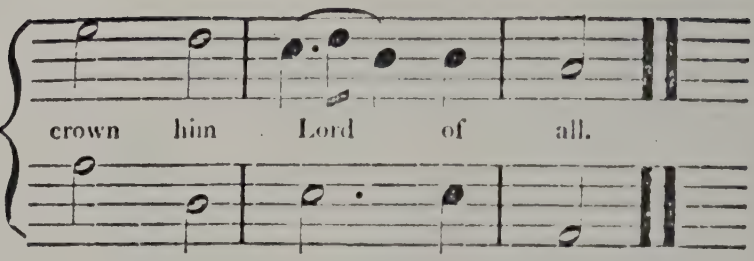
4 Finish then thy new creation,
Happy, holy may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

74. *The Penitent.*

1 SAVIOR, canst thou love a traitor?
Canst thou love a child of wrath?
Can a hell-deserving creature
Be the purchase of thy death?
Is thy blood so efficacious,
As to make my nature clean?
Is thy sacrifice so precious,
As to free me from my sin?

2 Sin on every side surrounds me;
No acquittance can I bear;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Help me, Lord, my grief to bear.
Here, then, is my resolution,
At thy dearest feet to fall:
Here I'll meet my condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.

3 Now deny thy grace and mercy,
If thou canst, to wretched me;
Lay aside thy love and pity,
If thou canst, and let me die!
If I meet with condemnation,
Justly I deserve the same;
If I meet with free salvation,
I will magnify thy name.


All hail, the power of Je - sus' name! Let
Pia.
angels pro - strate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
For.
di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And

75. *The Savior crowned.*

1 ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall
Before his face, who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

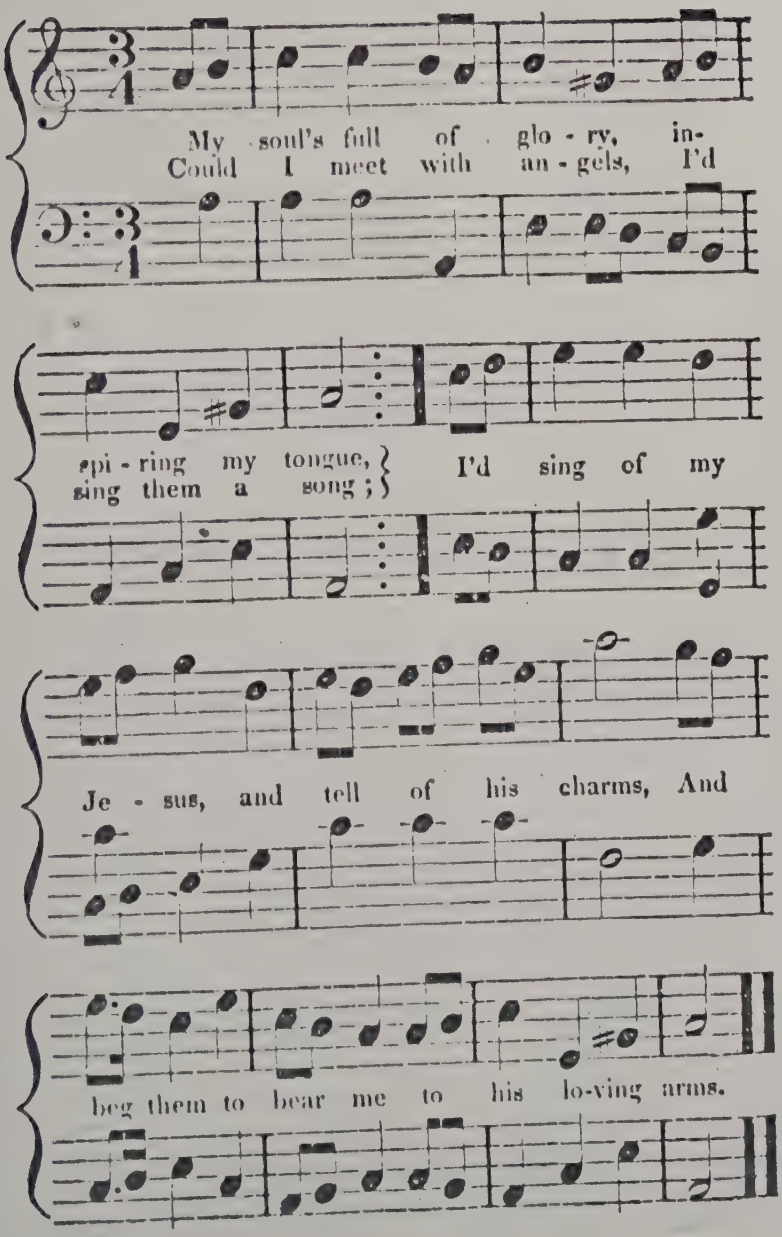
5 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown him Lord of all.

7 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

8 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

9 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song
And crown him Lord of all


My soul's full of glo - ry, in-
Could I meet with an - gels, I'd
spi - ring my tongue,
sing them a song;
I'd sing of my
Je - sus, and tell of his charms, And
beg them to bear me to his lo-ving arms.

76. *The Dying Christian.*

1 My soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue,
Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a song;
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're descending to hear while I sing,
Well pleased to hear mortals praising their king;
O! angels,—O! angels, my soul's in a flame,
I faint in sweet rapture at Jesus's name.

3 Oh, Jesus! oh, Jesus! thou balm of my soul,
'Twas thou, my dear Jesus, that made my heart whole;
Oh, bring me to view thee, thou precious sweet King,
In oceans of glory thy praises to sing.

4 Sweet Spirit! attend me, till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me until I'm call'd home;
Though worms my poor body may claim as their prey,
'Twill outshine when rising, the sun at noonday.

5 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd to blood,
The mountains all melt at the presence of God;
Red lightnings may flash, and loud thunders may roar,
All this cannot daun. me on Canaan's blest shore.

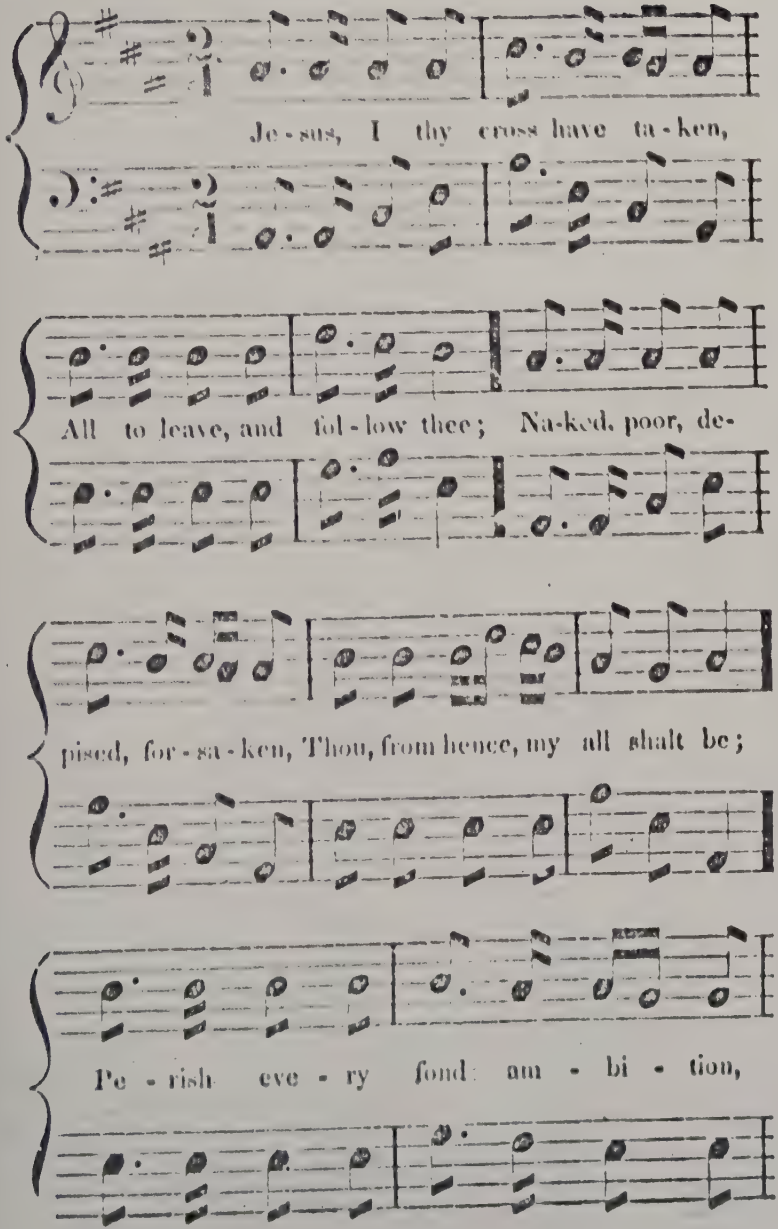
6 A glimpse of bright glory surprises my soul,
I sink in sweet visions to view the bright goal;
My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go,
This moment for heaven I'd leave all below.

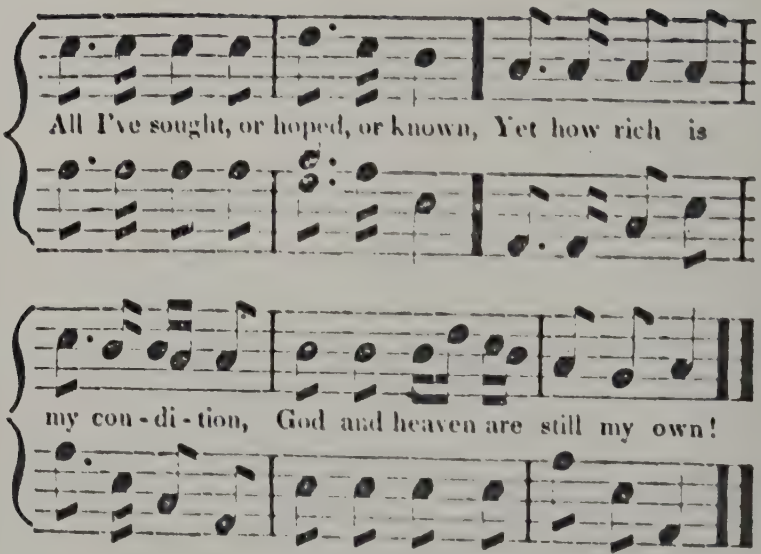
7 Farewell, my dear brethren,—my Lord bids me come;
Farewell, my dear sisters,—I'm now going home;
Bright angels are whispering so sweet in my ear,—
Away to my Savior my spirit they'll bear.

8 I'm going,—I'm going;—but what do I see!
'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me;
I'm going,—I'm going,—I'm going,—I'm gone!—
Oh, glory! oh, glory!—'tis done,—it is done.——

9 To the regions of glory the spirit is fled,
And left this poor body inactive and dead;
With angelic armies for ever to blaze,
On Jesus's beauties for ever to gaze.

10 When the six seals shall open, the trumpet shall sound,
To awake God's dear children, that sleep under ground;
Their souls and their bodies shall then join in one,
And each from their Savior receive a bright crown.


Je - sus, I thy cross have ta - ken,
All to leave, and fol - low thee; Na-ked, poor, de-
pised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Pe - rish eve - ry fond am - bi - tion,



77. *Taking up the Cross.*

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

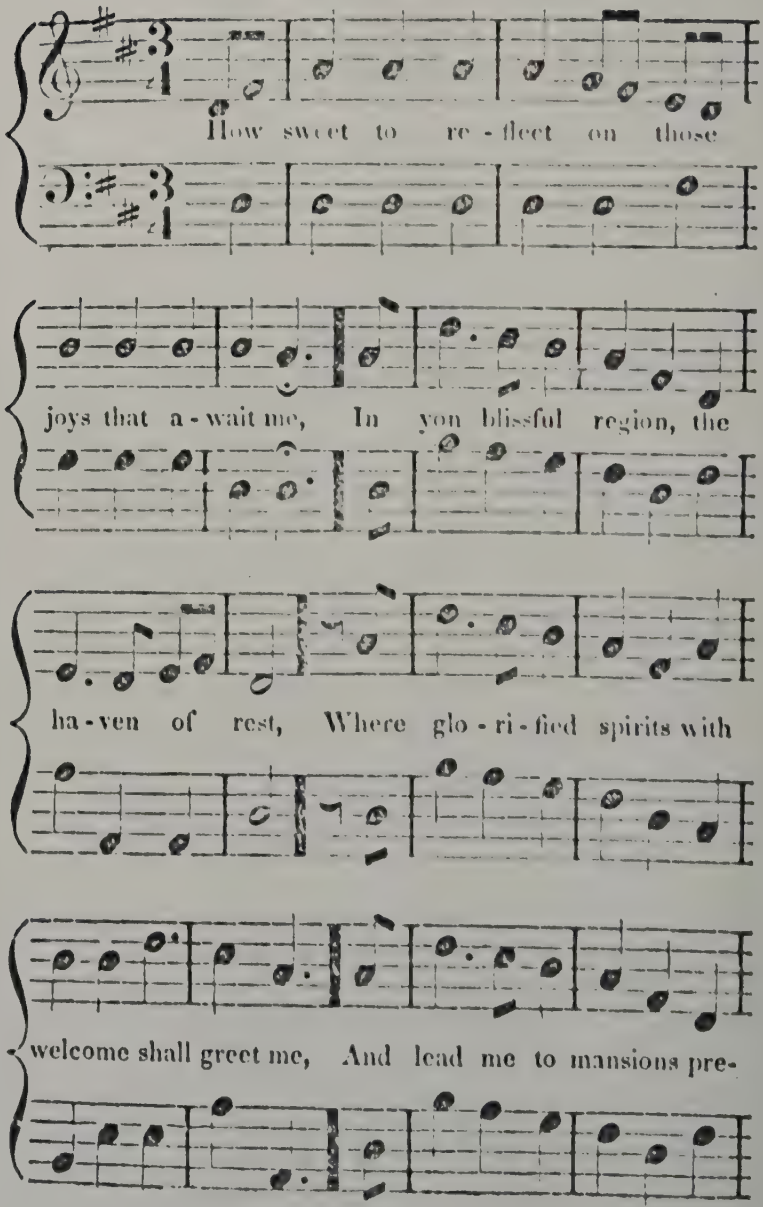
3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have call'd thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

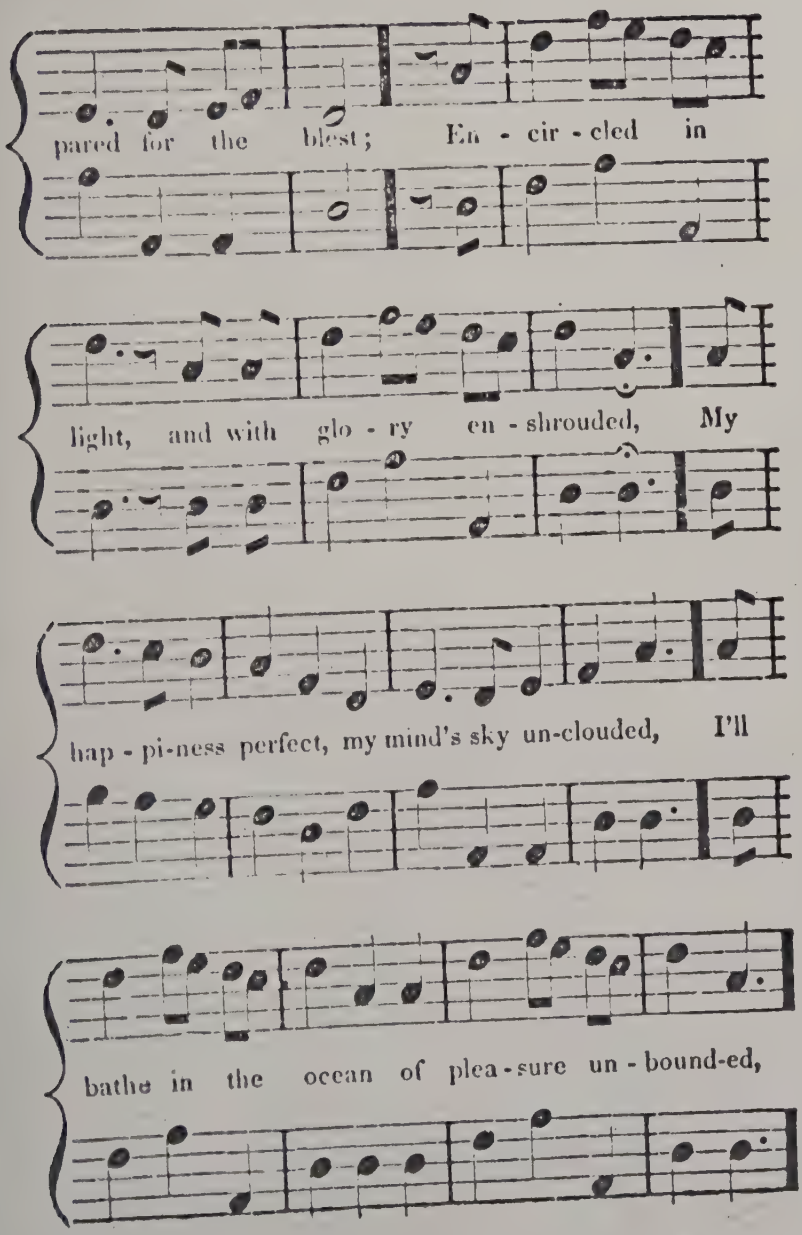
4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

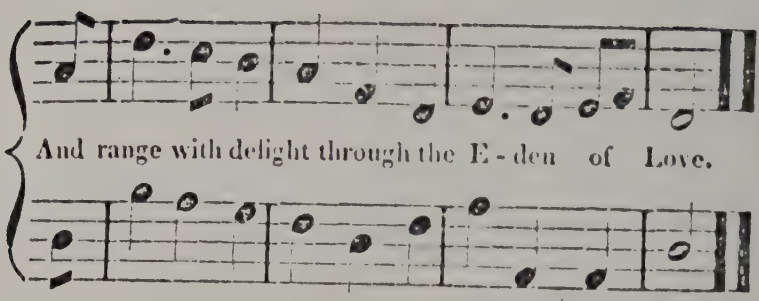
5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

COMPOSED BY JOHN J. HICKS.


How sweet to re - flect on those
joys that a - wait me, In yon blissful region, the
ha - ven of rest, Where glo - ri - fied spirits with
welcome shall greet me, And lead me to mansions pre-


pared for the blest; En - cir - cled in
light, and with glo - ry en - shrouded, My
hap - pi-ness perfect, my mind's sky un-clouded, I'll
bathe in the ocean of plea - sure un - bound-ed,



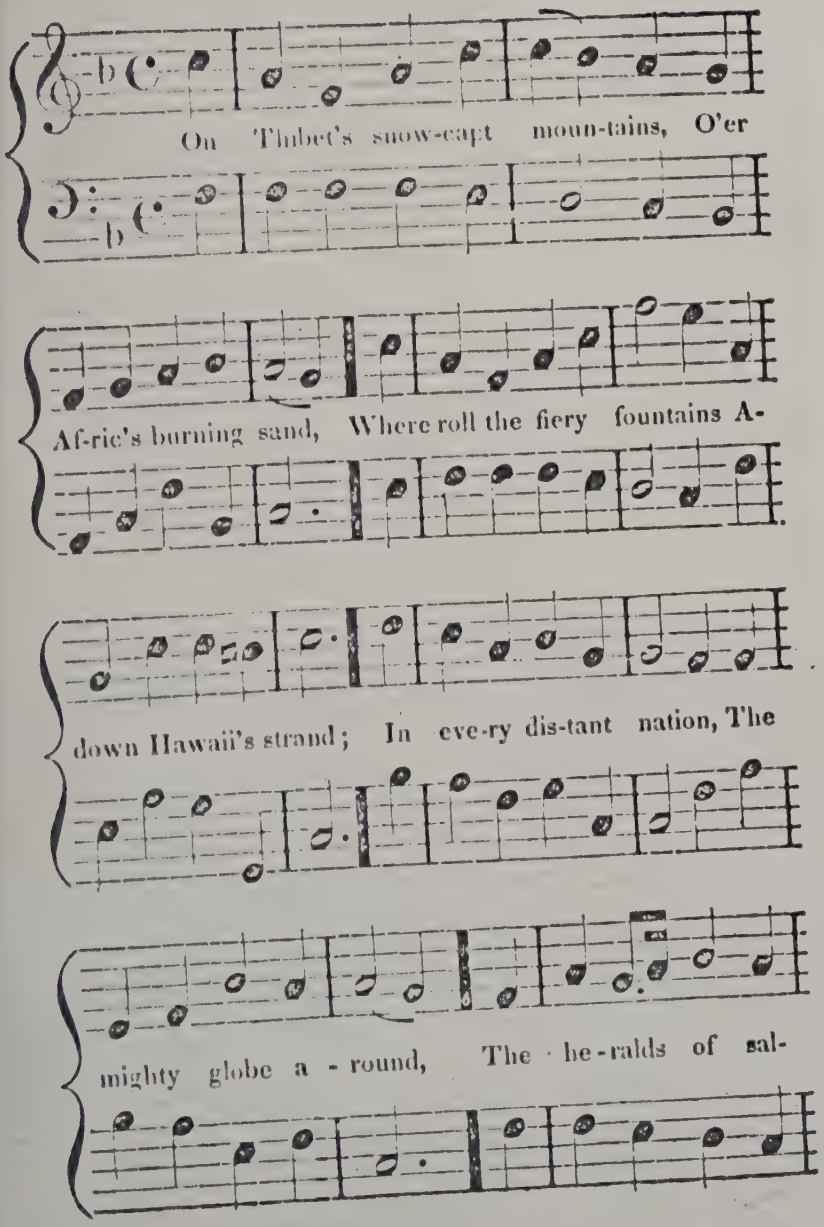
78. *The Eden of Love.*

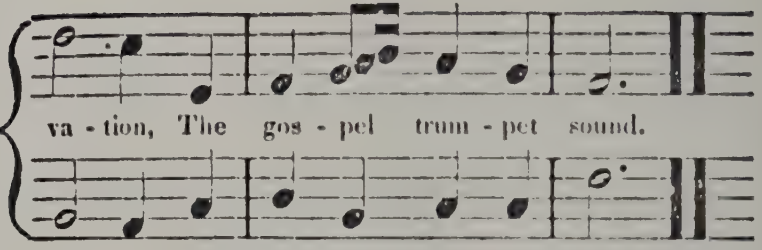
WRITTEN BY W. C. TILLOU.

1 How sweet to reflect on these joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of Love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! Hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love:"
Though 'prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation:
My heart's now in Heaven, the Eden of Love.


On Thibet's snow-capt moun-tains, O'er
Af-ric's burning sand, Where roll the fiery fountains A-
down Hawaii's strand; In eve-ry dis-tant nation, The
mighty globe a - round, The · he-ralds of sal-



79. *For the Monthly Concert.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 On Thibet's snow-capt mountains,
O'er Afric's burning sand,
Where roll the fiery fountains
Adown Hawaii's strand—
In every distant nation,
The mighty globe around,
The heralds of salvation
The gospel trumpet sound.

2 In golden armor blazing
They press their onward way,
And high in air upraising,
The glorious cross display:
Away their weapons hurling,
The warring nations cease,
And hail with joy, unfurling
The banneret of peace.

3 Where sin hath fix'd her dwelling,
Where Death the tyrant reigns,
The heavenly notes are swelling
In loudest, sweetest strains
They breathe—the bones are shaken,
And clothed with flesh, arise,—
They bid the dead awaken
To glory in the skies.

4 What though hell's fiery regions
Pour forth their dread array!
Look up!—angelic legions
Attend you on your way.
March on, ye sons of heaven,
This precious promise sing—
"The heathen shall be given
To Christ our glorious King."

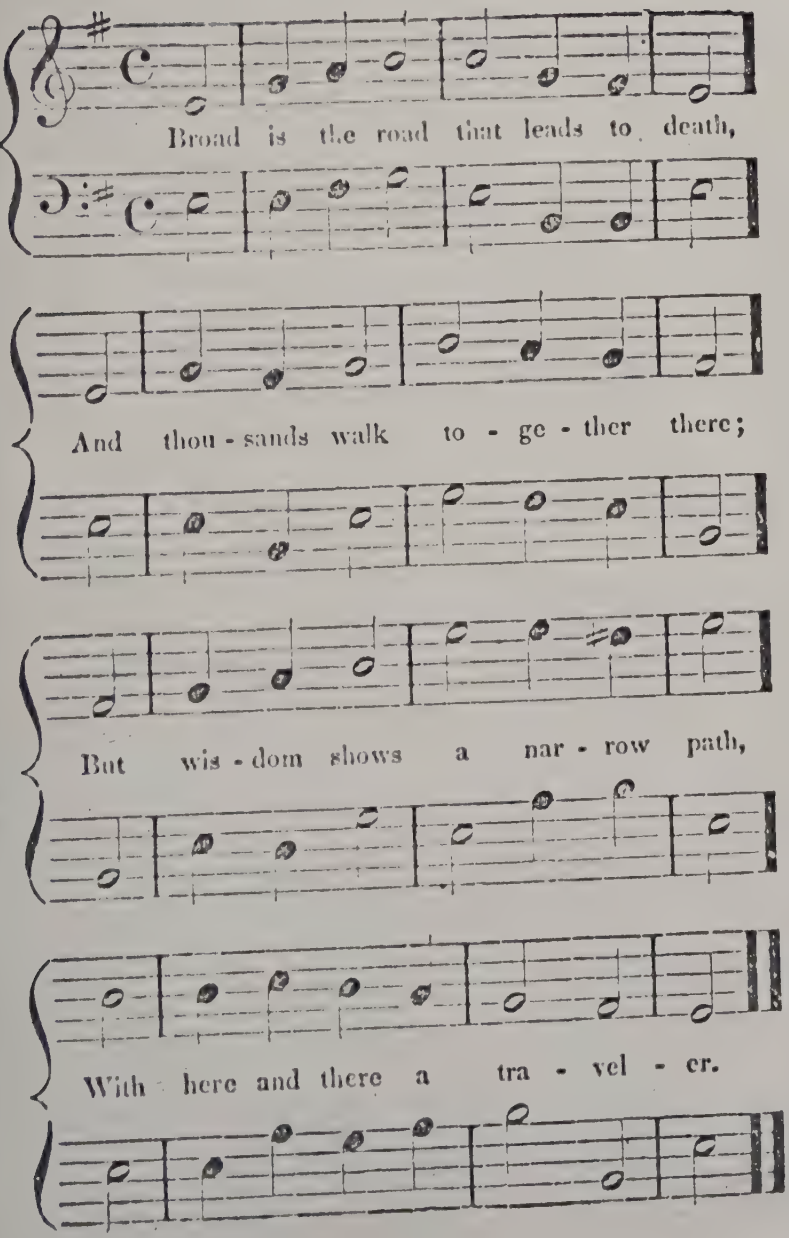
D. D.

80. *The Love of God.*

1 To thee, in each bright morning,
Father of all, we pray;
While thought and fancy dawning,
Lead on the rising day;
To thee in life's last even,
We'll tune our feebler breath;
Hear all our sins forgiven,
And softly sleep in death

2 When from death's sleep we 'waken,
No fears shall us surprise;
All earthly things forsaken,
What joys shall meet our eyes!
With raptures then increasing,
For ever we'll rejoice;
And praises never-ceasing,
Shall wake each tuneful voice.

WINDHAM. L. M.


Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thou - sands walk to - ge - ther there;
But wis - dom shows a nar - row path,
With here and there a tra - vel - er.

81. *Broad is the road.*

1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

82. *The Heart of Stone.*

1 Oh! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The sea can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed;
And that dear something much I need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

83. *Is there no Hope?*

Written for the Lyre.

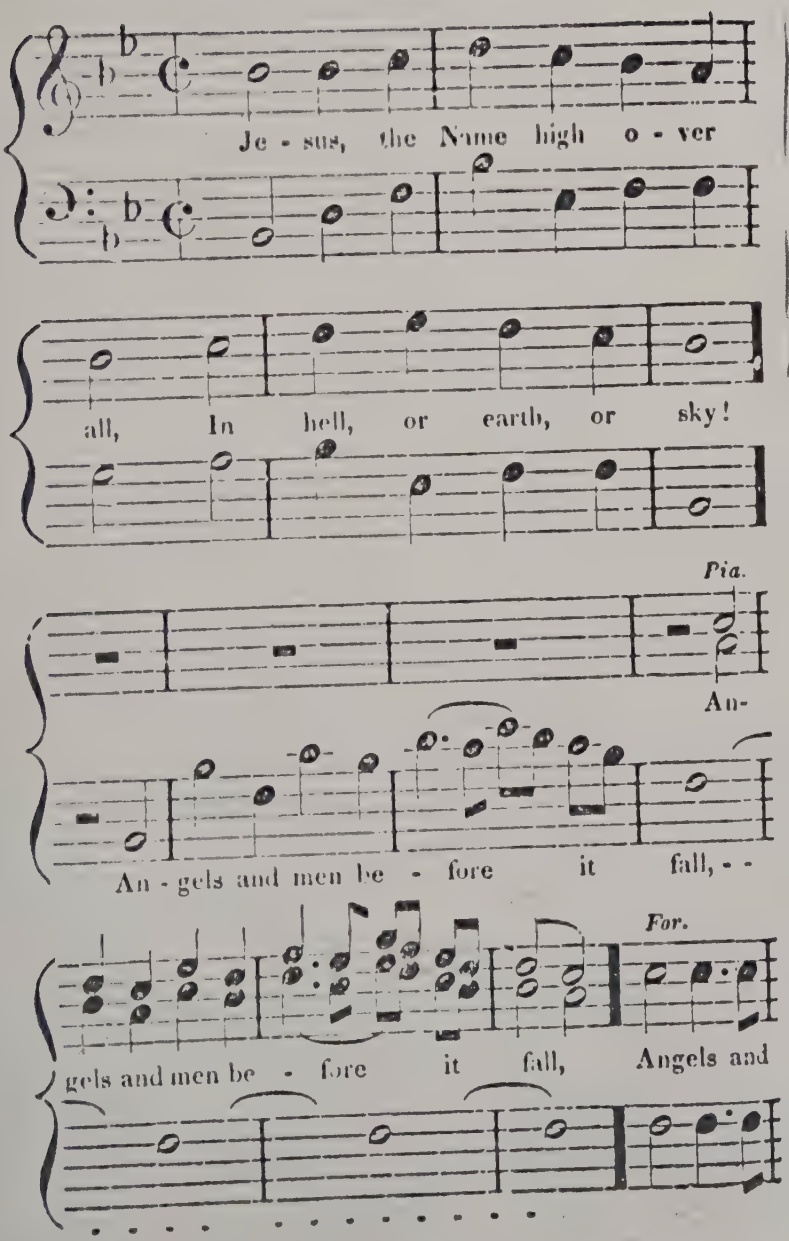
1 Is there no hope? O sinner, pause!
Turn not away from heaven thy face,
Despise no more God's holy laws
Resist not his inviting grace.

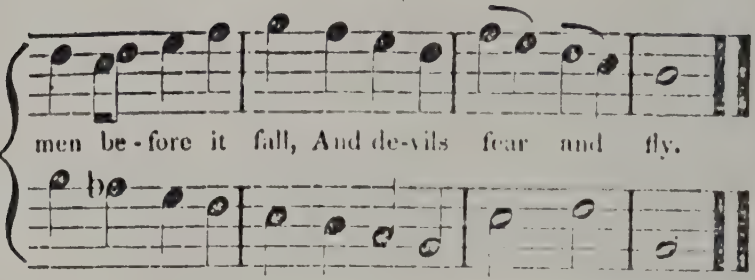
2 Is there no hope? That word recal.
Thy steps retrace, nor dare delay,
Lest, ere thou turn, God's anger fall,
And hope for ever flee away.

3 Is there no hope? Yes, sinner, yes—
Repent, and to the Savior fly:
Will he be deaf to your distress,
Who listens when the ravens cry?

4 Return!—the bow of promise mark
Above where Death's dark billows roar,
For, soon, when sinks thy fragile bark,
'Twill shine upon thy soul no more.

D. D.


Je - sus, the Name high o - ver
all, In hell, or earth, or sky!
Pia.
An-
An - gels and men be - fore it fall, - -
For.
gels and men be - fore it fall, Angels and



84. *The Name of Jesus.*

1 JESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilt and fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

85. *Zion's Prosperity.*

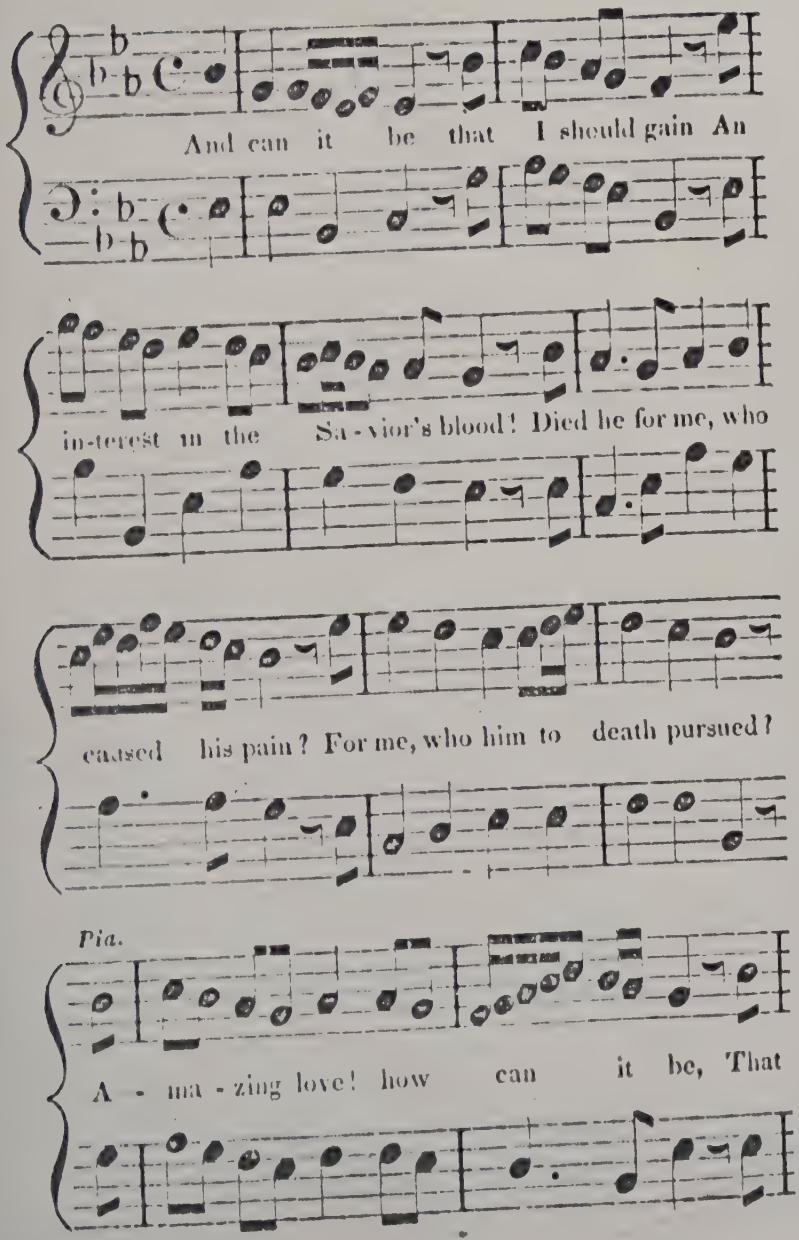
1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

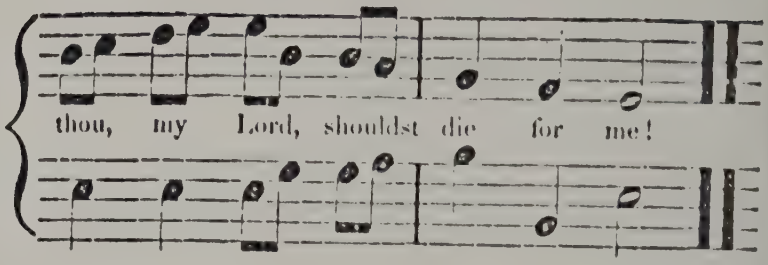
2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad:
And distant nations know and love
Their Savior and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 Earth shall obey his high command,
And yield a full increase:
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.


And can it be that I should gain An
in-terest in the Sa-vior's blood! Died he for me, who
caused his pain? For me, who him to death pursued?
Pia.
A - ma - zing love! how can it be, That



86. *An Interest in Christ.*

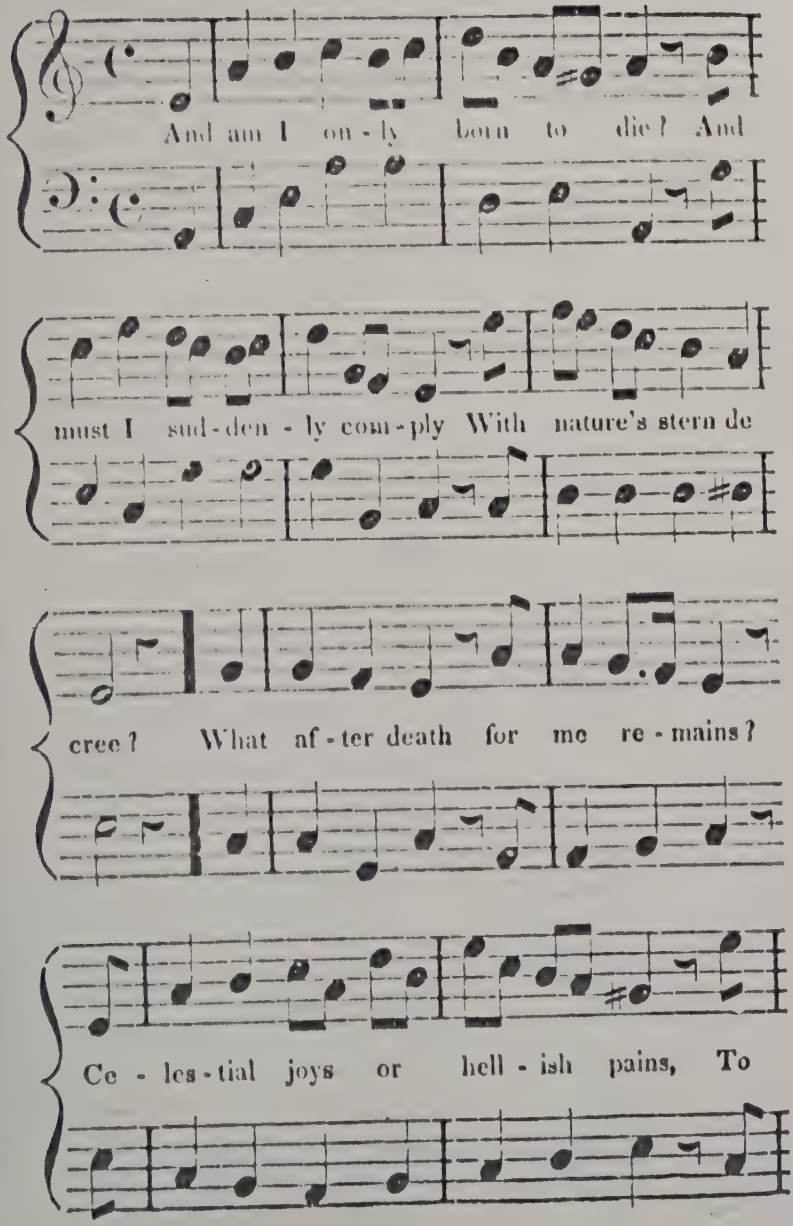
1 AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Savior's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me!

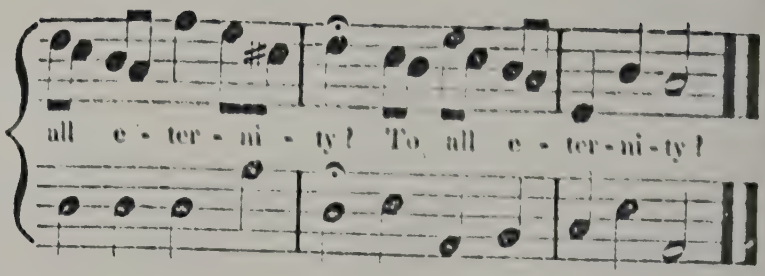
2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design!
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out *me!*

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light!
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.


And am I on - ly born to die? And
must I sud - den - ly com - ply With nature's stern de
cree? What af - ter death for me re - mains?
Ce - les - tial joys or hell - ish pains, To



87. *Thought on Death.*

1 And am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity?

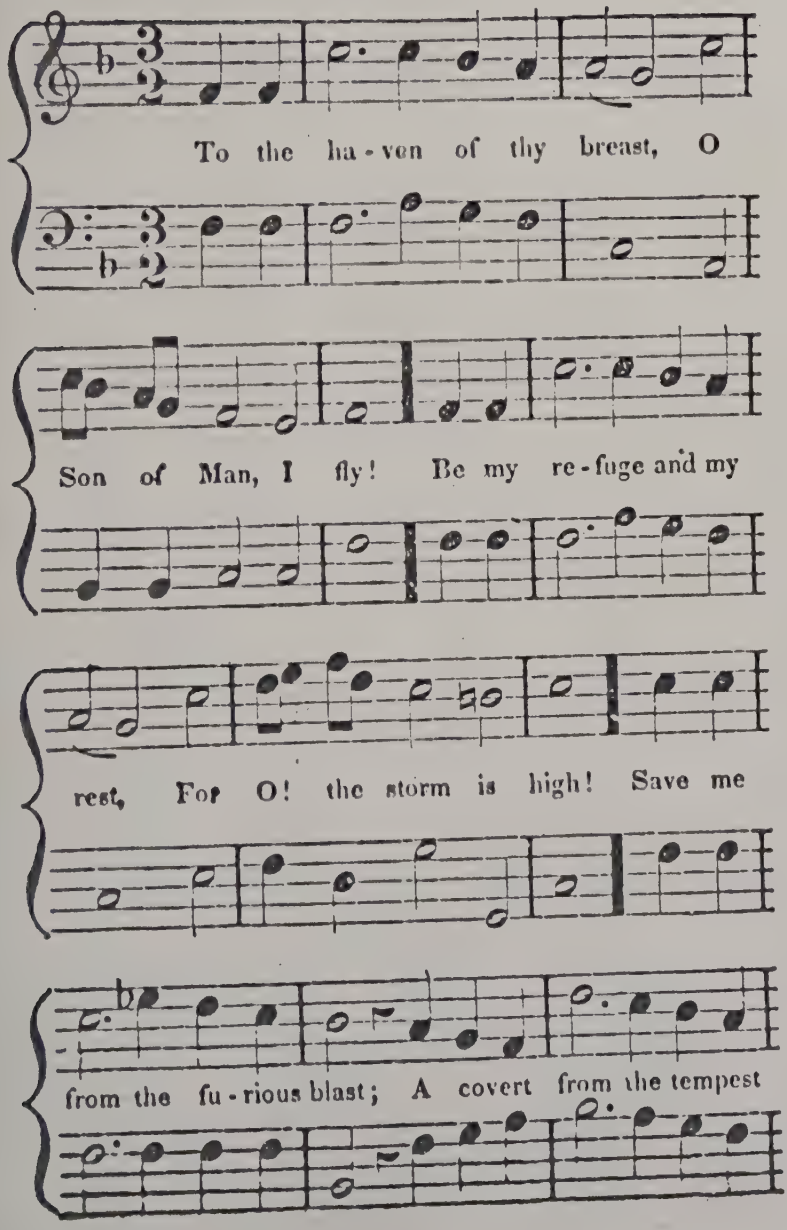
2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay;
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day!

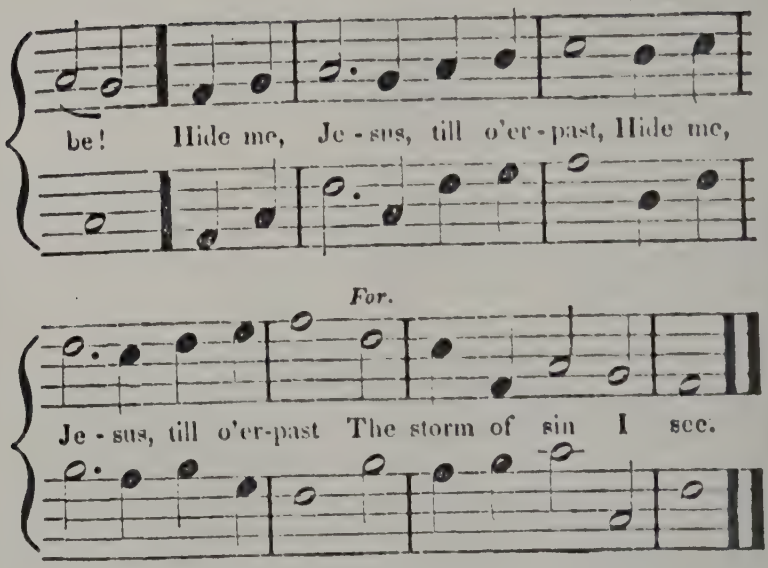
3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone:
If now the judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends, or angels, spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make my own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!


To the ha-ven of thy breast, O
Son of Man, I fly! Be my re-fuge and my
rest, For O! the storm is high! Save me
from the fu-rious blast; A covert from the tempest



88. *Christ a Refuge.*

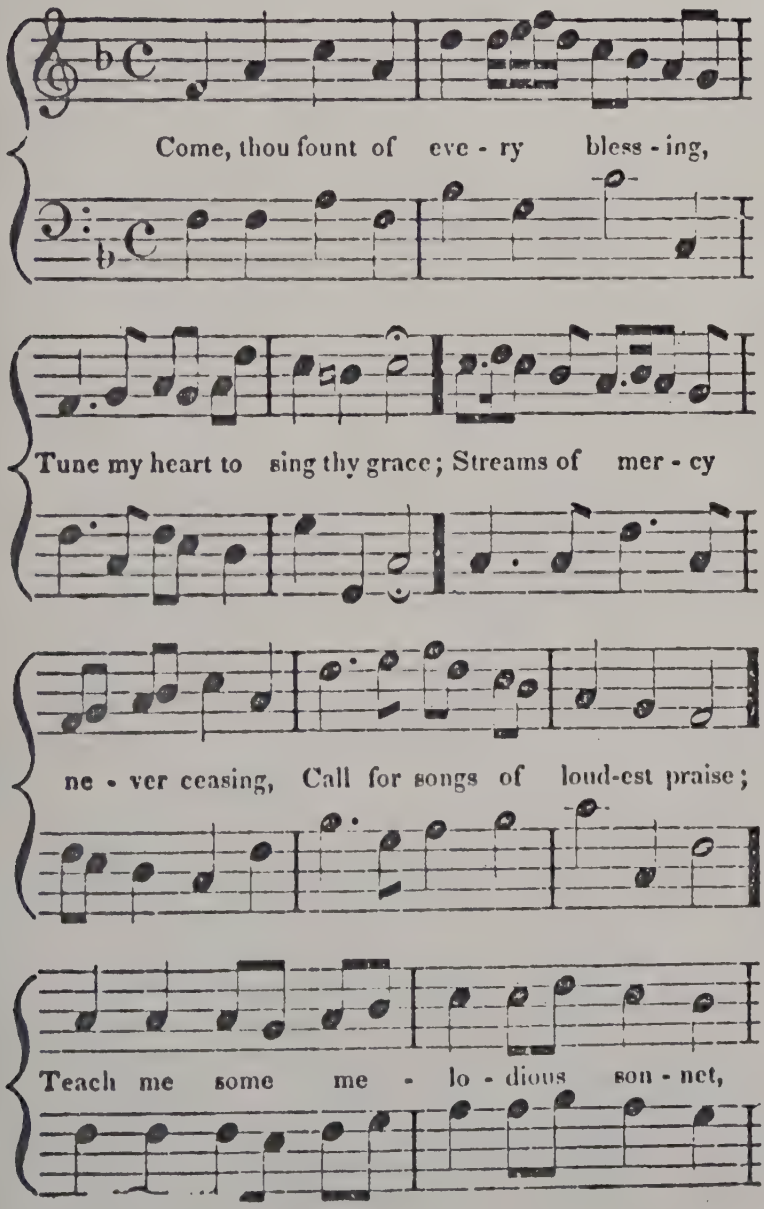
1 To the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly!
Be my refuge and my rest,
For, O! the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast;
A covert from the tempest be!
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

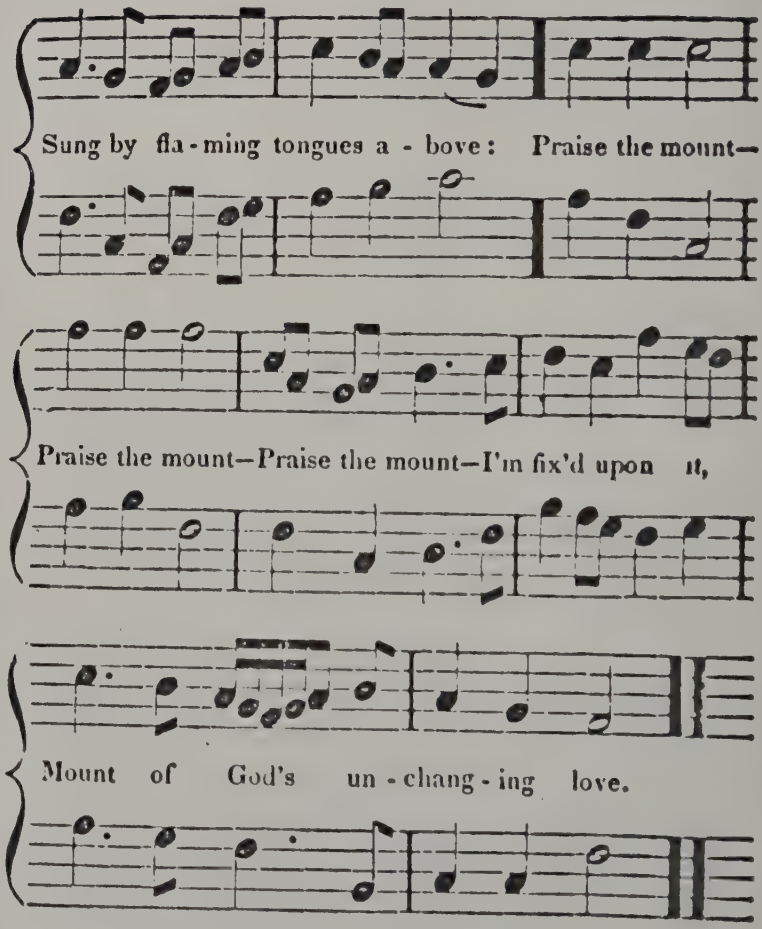
2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place;
O descend on me and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace!
O'er a parch'd and weary land,
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Savior, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succor been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin;
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

4 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun:
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun:
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till thou the abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

5 Never shall I want it less,
When thou the gift hast given,
Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
And seal'd the heir of heaven;
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see;
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.


Come, thou fount of eve - ry bless - ing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer - cy
ne - ver ceasing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net,


Sung by fla-ming tongues a-bove: Praise the mount—
Praise the mount—Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.

89. *Come, thou Fount.*

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O! take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

90. *Christian Comfort.*

1 TEMPTED, tossed, troubled spirit,
Dost thou groan beneath thy load?
Fearing thou shalt not inherit
In the kingdom of thy God?
View thy Savior on the mountain,
In temptation's painful hour;
Though of grace himself the fountain,
And the Lord of boundless power.

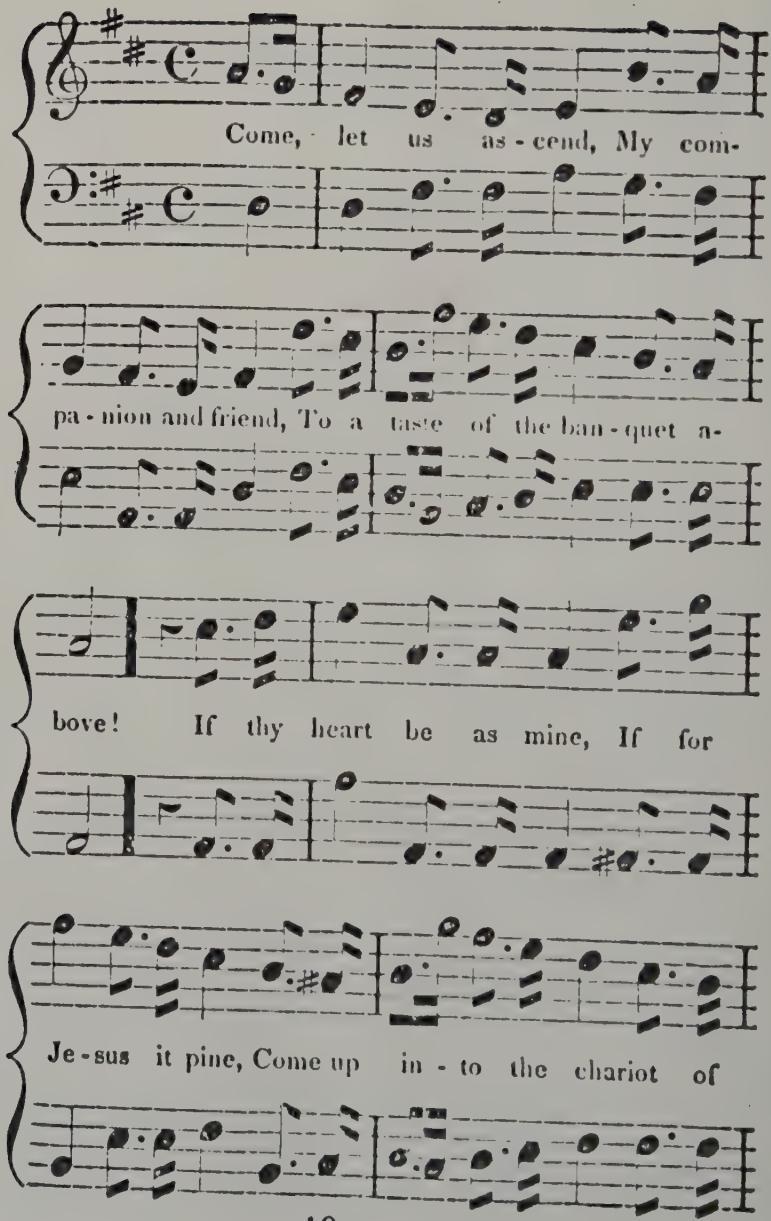
2 Do thy blooming prospects languish?
Say'st thou still, "I'm not his child?"
View thy Savior's dreadful anguish,
Famish'd in the gloomy wild.
Not a step in all thy journey,
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
But thy Lord hath trod before thee,
And thy way to glory clears.

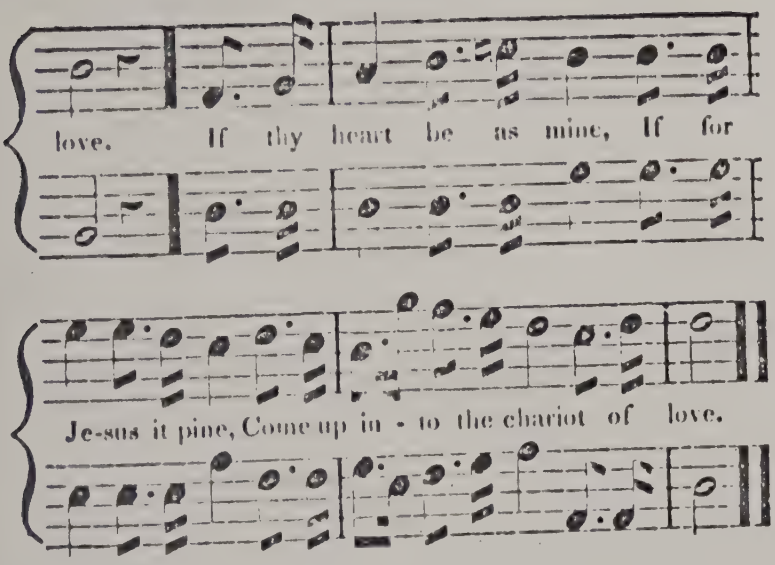
3 Though through seas of tribulation
Jesus calls thee here to go,
He hath wrought thy great salvation
In far deeper seas of wo.
Jesus, though by God anointed,
Christ, the co-eternal Son,
As by love divine appointed,
Treads the wine-press all alone.

4 Sinks thy soul in waves of sorrow?
Pass o'er Kedron's rolling flood
Witness there the doleful horror
Of the suffering Son of God.
There the victim groaning, weeping,
Bears the wrath of God alone,
While his senseless followers sleeping,
Scarce regard a single groan.

5 On the chilly ground extended,
Lo, he takes the bitter cup!
With Almighty vengeance blended,
Drinks the dreadful contents up;
Now the avenging sword pursues him
Up to Calvary's rugged brow:
There the wrath of God doth bruise him,
But *my soul* escapes the blow.

6 Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
Be unto the Father given:
Sing his praises without ceasing,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.
Glory be to Christ the Savior,
Who hath bought us with his blood;
Glory to the blessed Spirit,
Glory to the mighty God.


Come, let us as - cend, My com-
pa - nion and friend, To a taste of the ban - quet a-
bove! If thy heart be as mine, If for
Je - sus it pine, Come up in - to the chariot of



91. *The Banquet above.*

1 COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above!
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath!
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live
In the palace of God the great King!
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace,
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join;
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

7 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name;
Our bodies his glory display;
A day without night,
We feast in his sight;
And eternity seems as a day.

92. *Heir of Salvation.*

1 AWAY with our fears!
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came,
For his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone,
The Fountain I own,
Of my life and felicity here:
And cheerfully sing
My Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice
In thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below:
For of parents I came,
Who honor'd thy name,
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace,
From my earliest days,
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto hast thou been
My Preserver from sin,
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares,
And temptations and snares,
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the blessings bestow'd
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new.

6 What a mercy is this;
What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into thy fold,
With thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die!

7 O the goodness of God,
In employing a clod,
His tribute of glory to raise;
His standard to bear,
And with triumph declare,
His unspeakable riches of grace!

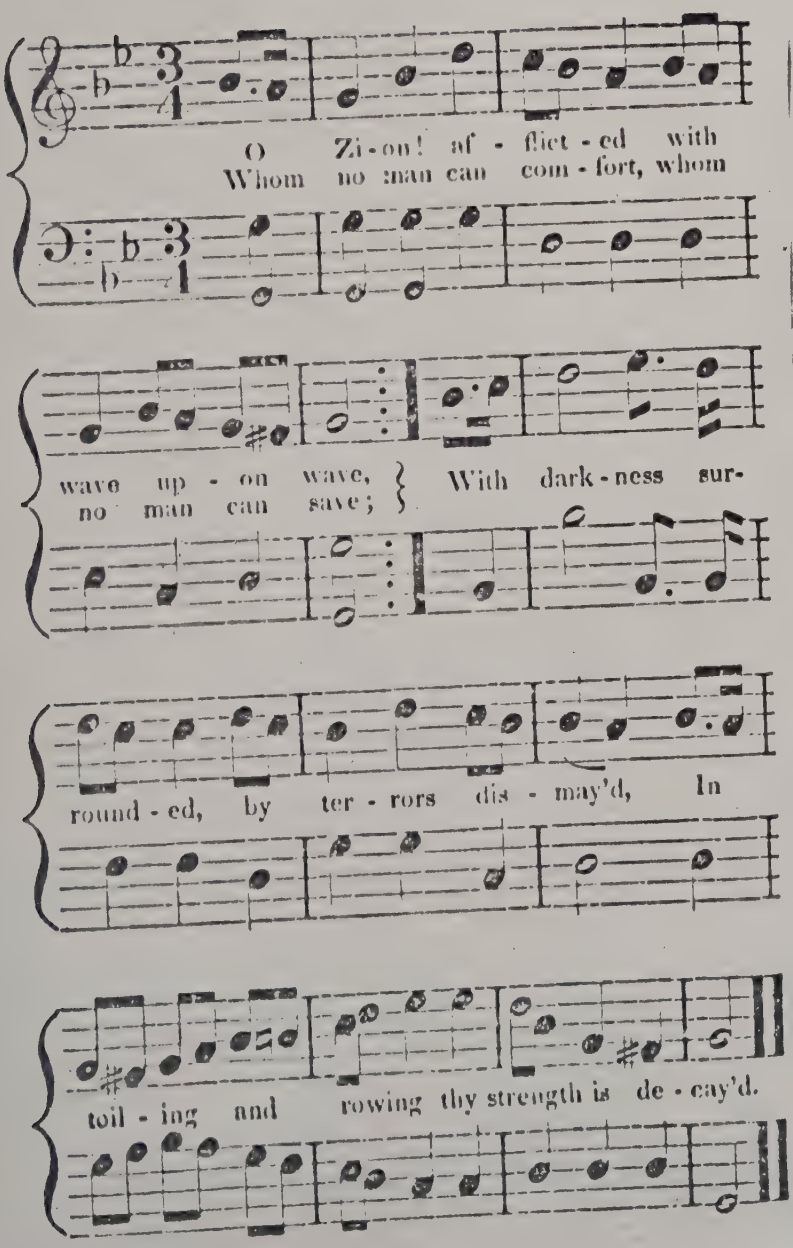
8 O the fathomless love,
That has deign'd to approve,
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook
I went over the brook,
And behold I am spread into bands!

9 Who, I ask in amaze,
Hath begotten me these?
And inquire from what quarter they came;
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honor and praise
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit and Son, I return!
The business pursue
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born

11 In a rapture of joy,
My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim;
'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesus's name.

12 My remnant of days
I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him


O Zi-on! af-flict-ed with
Whom no man can com-fort, whom
wave up-on wave,
no man can save;
With dark-ness sur-
round-ed, by ter-rors dis-may'd, In
toil-ing and rowing thy strength is de-cay'd.

93. *Christ's comfort for the Church.*

1 O Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

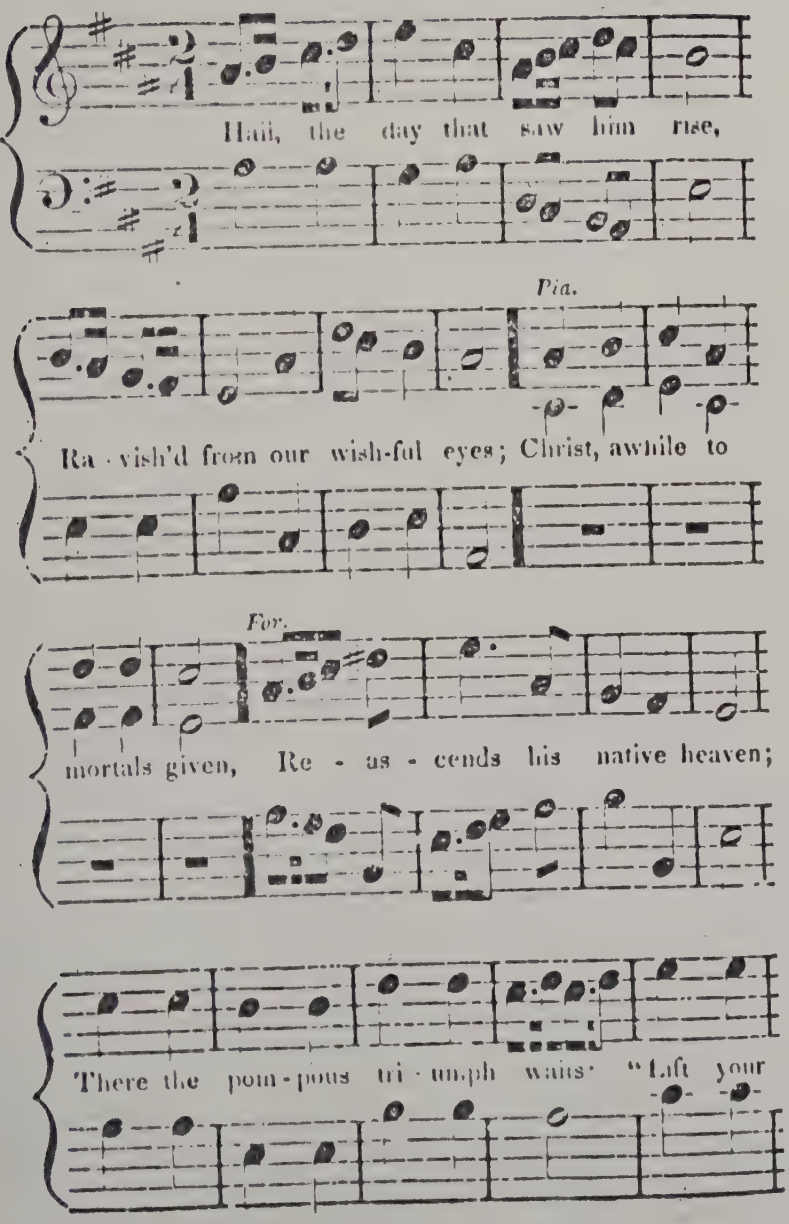
2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm
But skilful 's the pilot, who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

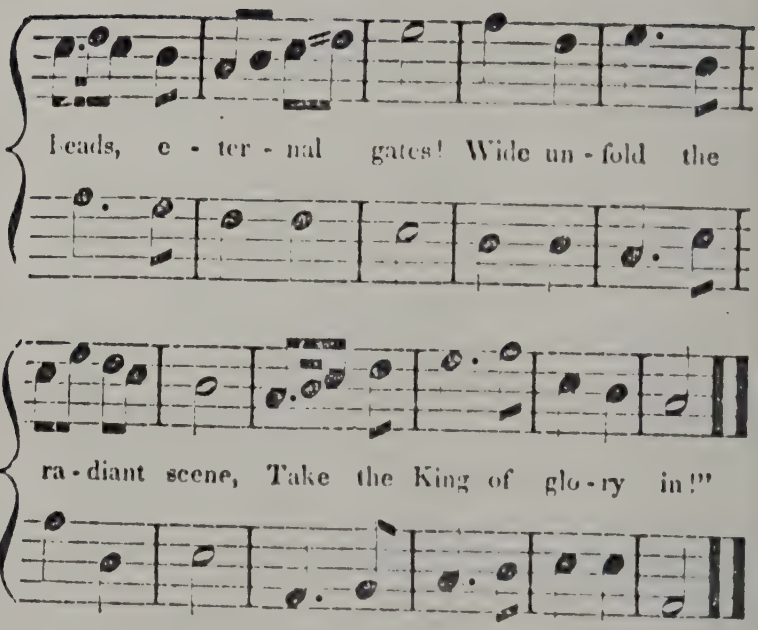
3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries;
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing, I'll bring thee to land.

4 "Forget thee, I will not, I cannot,—thy name
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain!
The palms of my hands while I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suffering for thee.

5 "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain;
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 "Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure,
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."


Hail, the day that saw him rise,
Pia.
Ra - vish'd from our wish-ful eyes; Christ, awhile to
For.
mortals given, Re - as - cends his native heaven;
There the pom - pous tri - umph waits: "Lift your



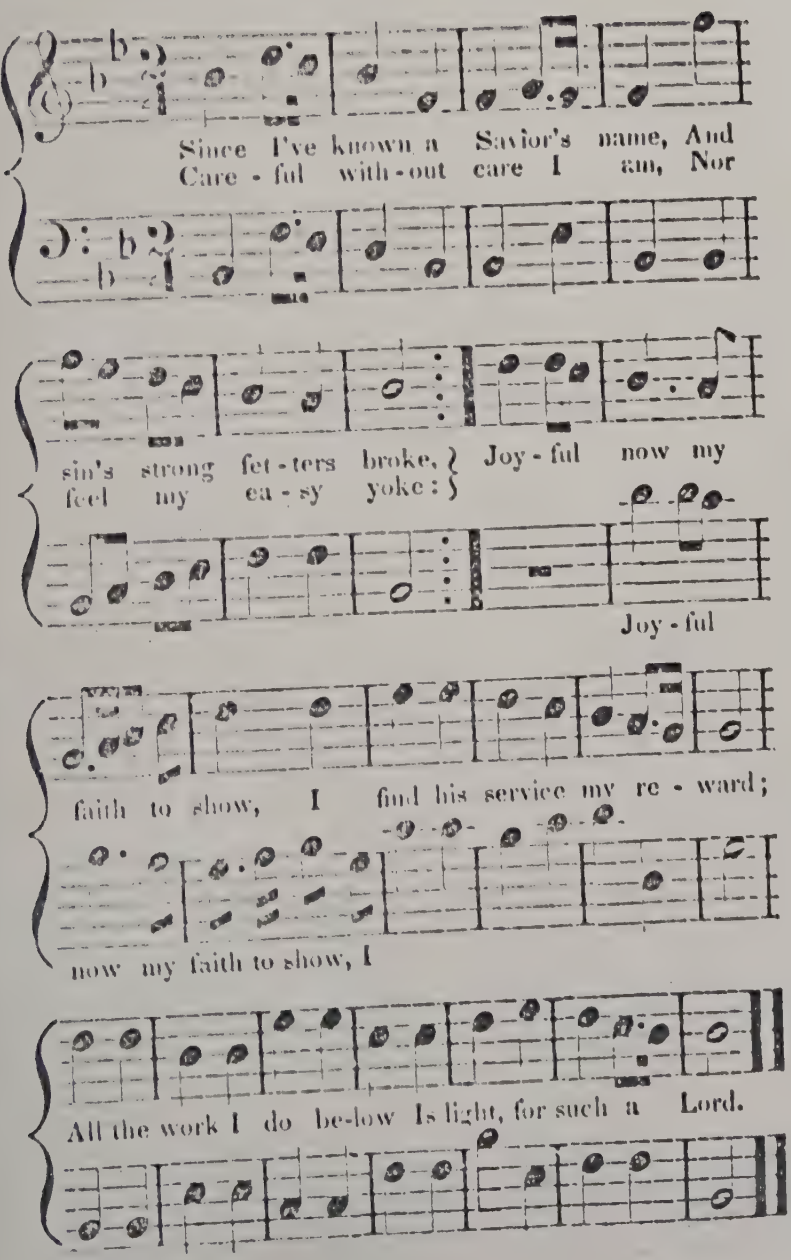
94. *Ascension.*

1 HAIL, the day that saw him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven:
There the pompous triumph waits;
"Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in!"

2 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master, (may we ever say,)
Taken from the world away,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee:
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,—
Grant our souls may thither rise—
Following thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come—
Looking for a happier home:
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see—
Find a heaven of heavens in thee.


Since I've known a Savior's name, And
Care - ful with - out care I am, Nor
sin's strong fet - ters broke, Joy - ful now my
feel my ea - sy yoke:
Joy - ful
faith to show, I find his service my re - ward;
now my faith to show, I
All the work I do be-low Is light, for such a Lord.

95. *Walking with God.*

1 Since I've known a Savior's name,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke:
Joyful now my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
All the work I do below
Is light, for such a Lord.

2 To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity:
Here I find an house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcern'd in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

3 O that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy goodness see:
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thee face to face.

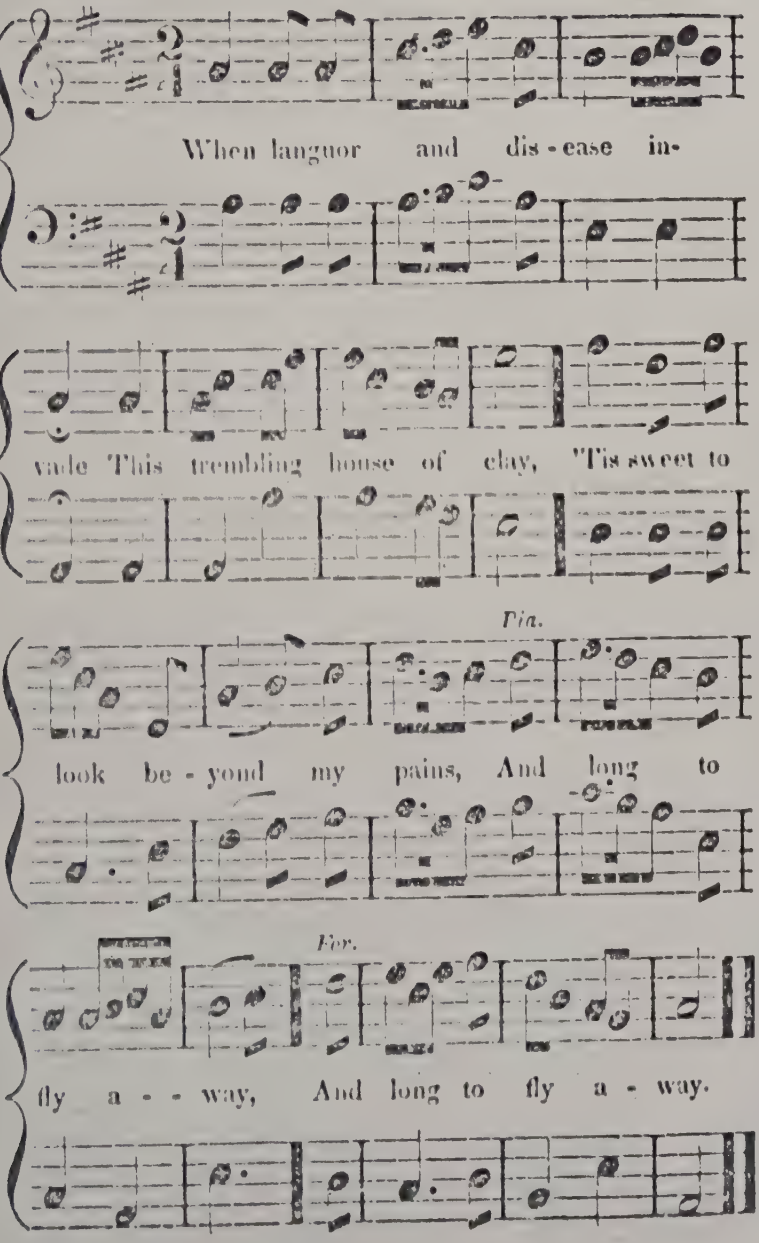
96. *Saved by Grace.*

1 Let the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness!
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream;
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him;
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 I, like Gideon's fleece am found,
Unwater'd still and dry;
While the dew on all around,
Falls plenteous from the sky;
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Savior's grace for all is free:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me

4 Surely he will lift *me* up,
For I of him have need;
I cannot give up my hope,
Though I am cold and dead;
To bring fire on earth he came;
O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

5 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied
I shall thy life receive:
Yet when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea.—
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

When languor and dis - ease in-
vade This trembling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to
look be - yond my pains, And long to
fly a - - way, And long to fly a - way.

97. *Affliction Sweetened.*

1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love:
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

98. *A Lively Hope.*

1 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And wait my spirit home.

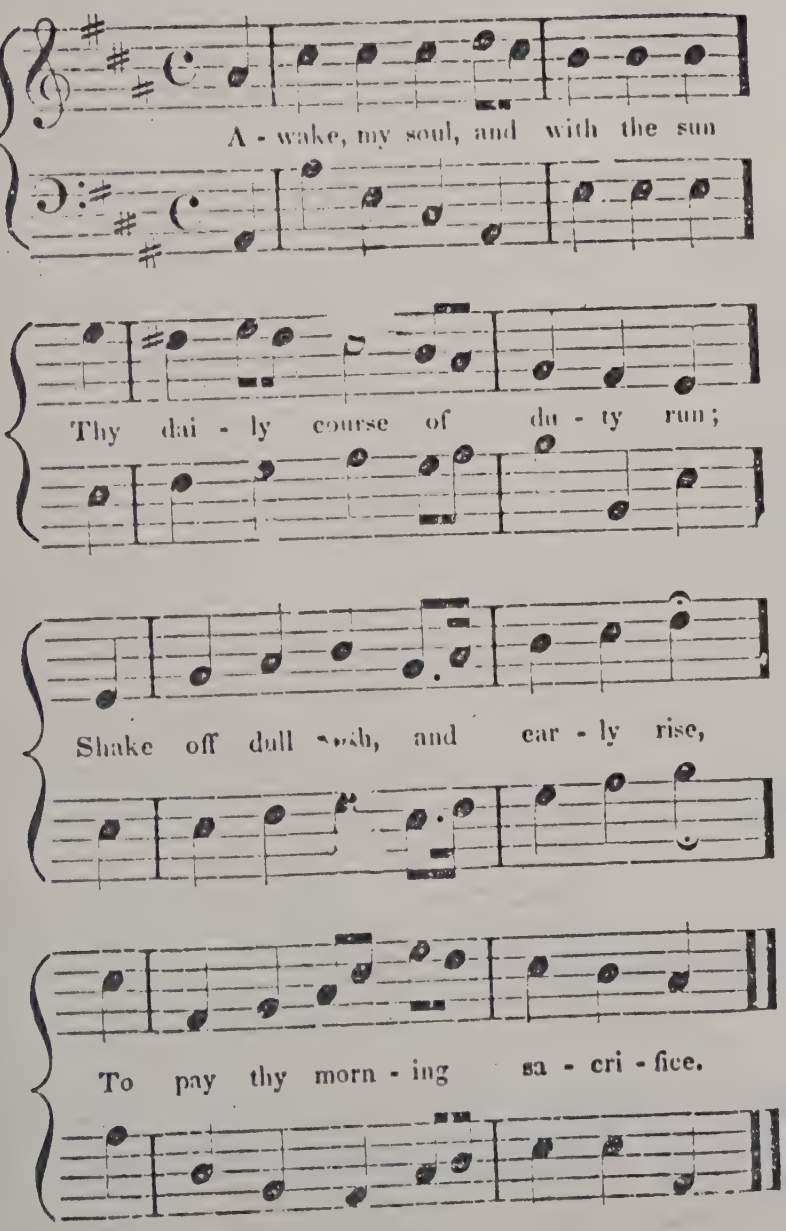
2 There shall my disembodied soul
View Jesus and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

3 Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound,
And by my Savior's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

5 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below;
What raptures must the church above
In Jesus' presence know!

6 O may the unction of these truths,
For ever with me stay;
Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.


A - wake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy dai - ly course of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise,
To pay thy morn - ing sa - cri - fice.

99. *Morning Hymn.*

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past;
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last:
To improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the great day thy self prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear:
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

6 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform like you my Maker's will:
O! may I never more do ill.

7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

9 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye angelic host;
Praise Father Son, and Holy Ghost.

100. *Morning.*

1 Arise, my soul! with rapture rise!
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

2 And may this day, indulgent Power!
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be,
But may each swiftly flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee!

3 But can it be? that Power divine
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze;
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise:

4 And will he deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away

5 Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase:
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

101. *Morning.*

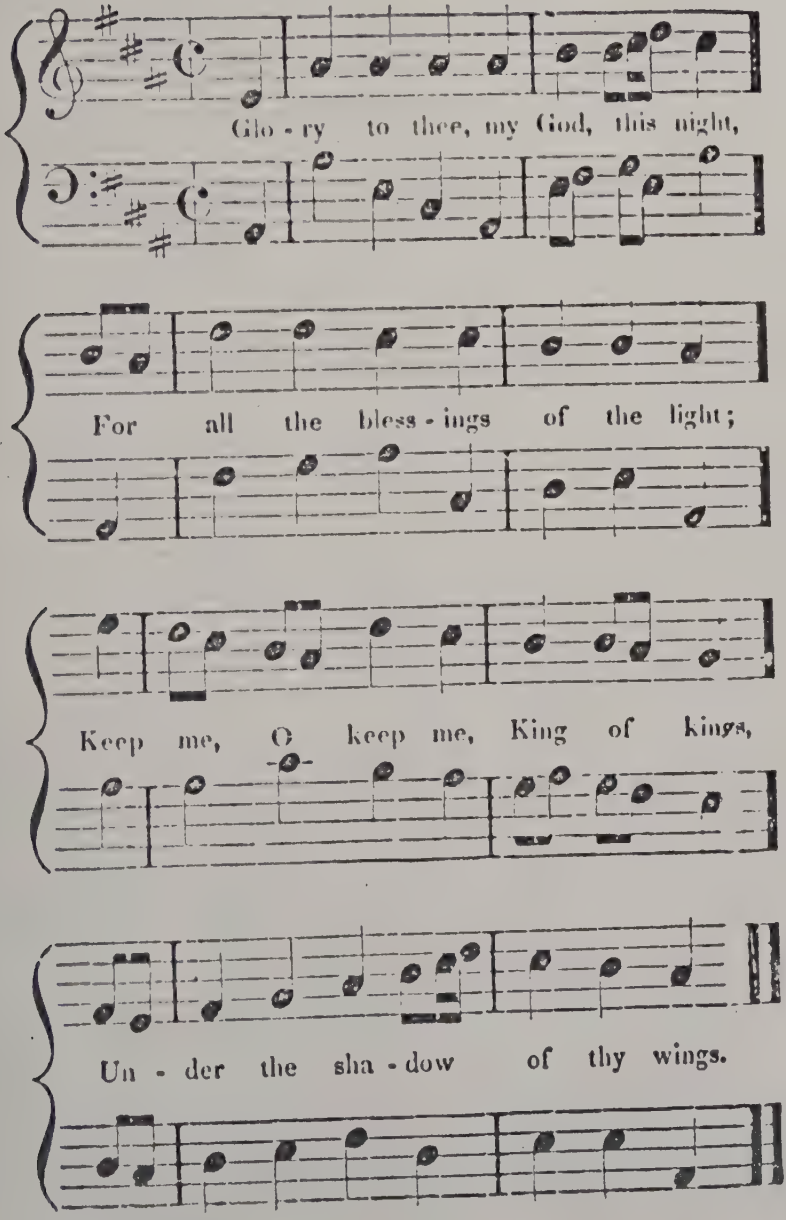
1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to *be*;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee!

3 O guide me through the various maze,
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day—
Thy love, the rapture of the skies!


Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night,
For all the bless - ings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Un - der the sha - dow of thy wings.

102. *Evening Hymn.*

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

7 May he celestial joys rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse,
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

8 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, to sing thy love.

9 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King!

10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

103. *Evening.*

1 Great God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord, his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy Name.

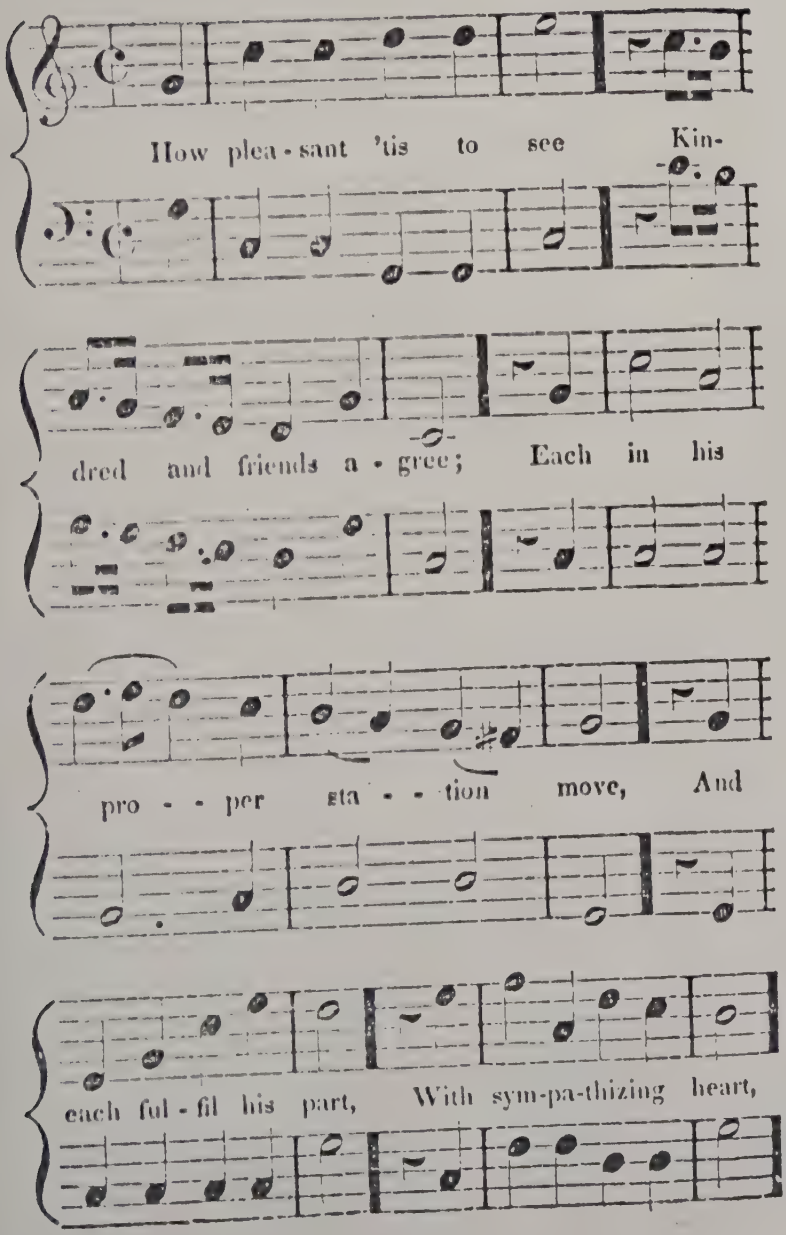
104. *Night.*

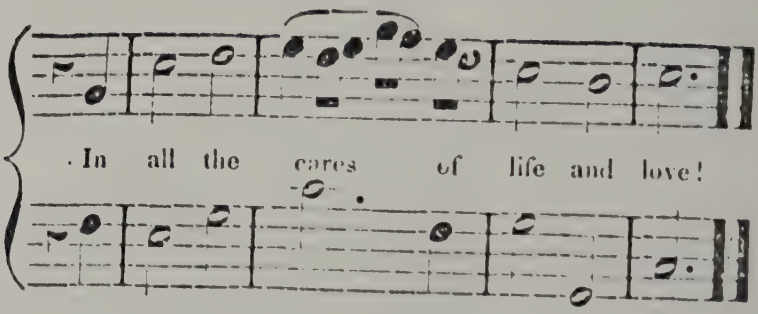
1 When restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
Then shall reflection's brighter power
Illume the lone and midnight hour.

2 If hush'd the breeze, and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of memory glide,
And all the past, a gentle train,
Waked by remembrance, live again.

3 If loud the wind, the tempest high,
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
I tune to life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.

4 Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,
O mark my trembling soul, and save!
Give to my view that harbor near,
Where thou wilt chase each grief and fear!


How plea - sant 'tis to see Kin-
dred and friends a - gree; Each in his
pro - - per sta - - tion move, And
each ful - fil his part, With sym-pa-thizing heart,



105. *Brotherly Love.*

1 How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree;
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

106. *Public Worship.*

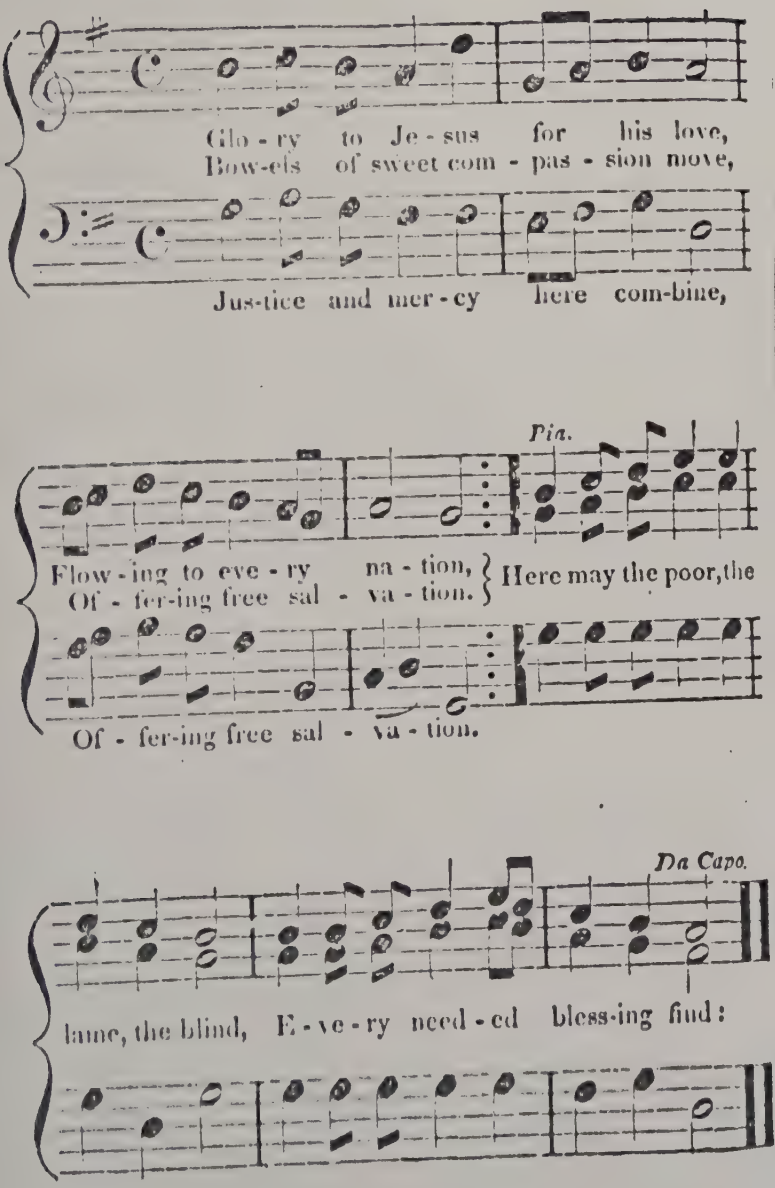
1 How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round!
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!
For here my friends and kindred dwell:"
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.


Glo - ry to Je - sus for his love,
Bow-els of sweet com - pas - sion move,
Jus-tice and mer - cy here com-bine,
Pia.
Flow - ing to eve - ry na - tion,
Of - fer-ing free sal - va - tion.
Here may the poor, the
Of - fer-ing free sal - va - tion.
Da Capo.
lame, the blind, E - ve - ry need - ed bless-ing find:

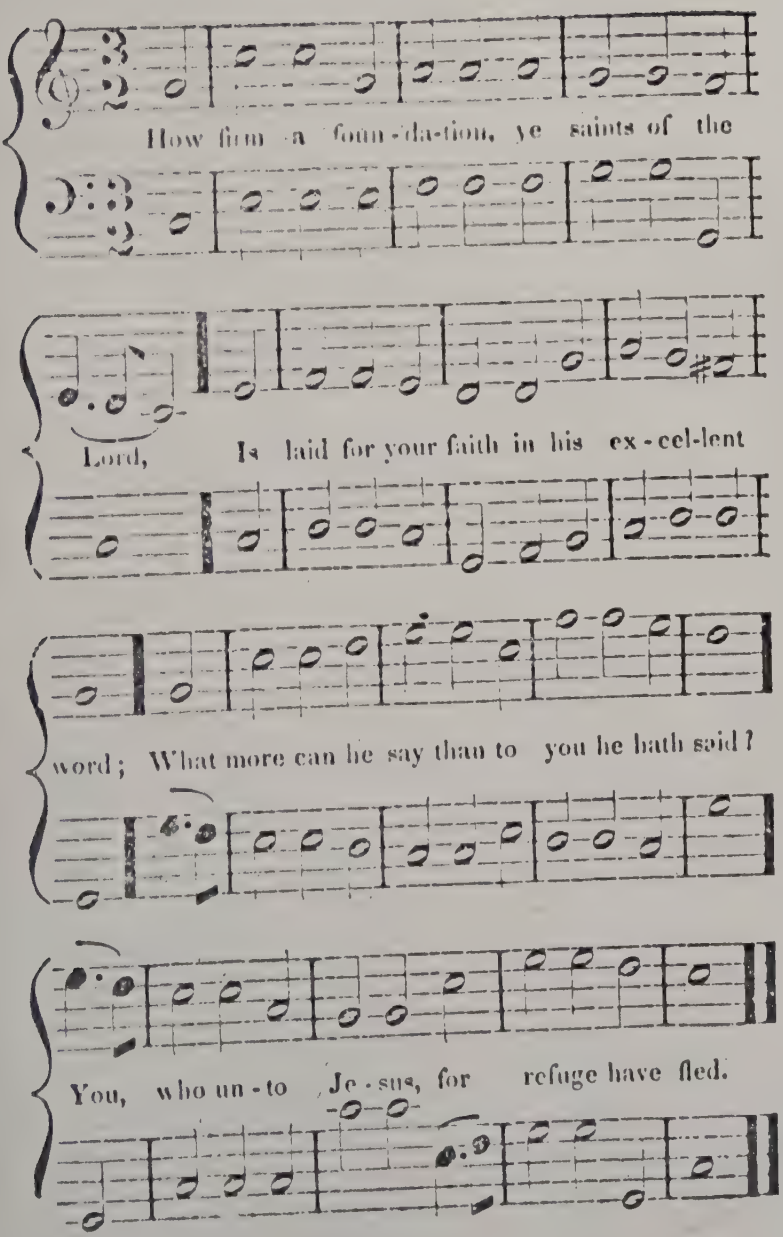
107. *Jesus' Love.*

1 Glory to Jesus for his love,
Flowing to every nation,
Bowels of sweet compassion move,
Offering free salvation.
Here may the poor, the lame, the blind,
Every needed blessing find:
Justice and mercy here combine,
Offering free salvation.

2 Sinners, repair to Jesus' arms,
Why will you slight his favor?
Now he invites you to his charms,
Willing to be your Savior.
O that you would on him believe,
All your transgressions he'll forgive;
Comfort and peace shall you receive,
Flowing from Christ for ever.

3 Now is the time, no more delay,
Fly from the path of nature;
Fear not what scoffing sinners say;
Yield to your great Creator.
So shall your dying souls obtain
Freedom from all your guilt and pain;
So shall you soon in glory reign,
Praising your great Creator.

4 Then shall the heavenly arches ring—
"Glory to God our Savior!"
Angels and saints shall join to sing
Praises for all his favor.
Then shall the theme of perfect love,
Sounding through all the courts above,
Every tuneful passion move,
Praising the Lord for ever.


How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the
Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent
word; What more can he say than to you he hath said?
You, who un-to Je-sus, for refuge have fled.

108. *Precious Promises.*

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said?
You, who unto Jesus, for refuge have fled.

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, so thy succor shall be.

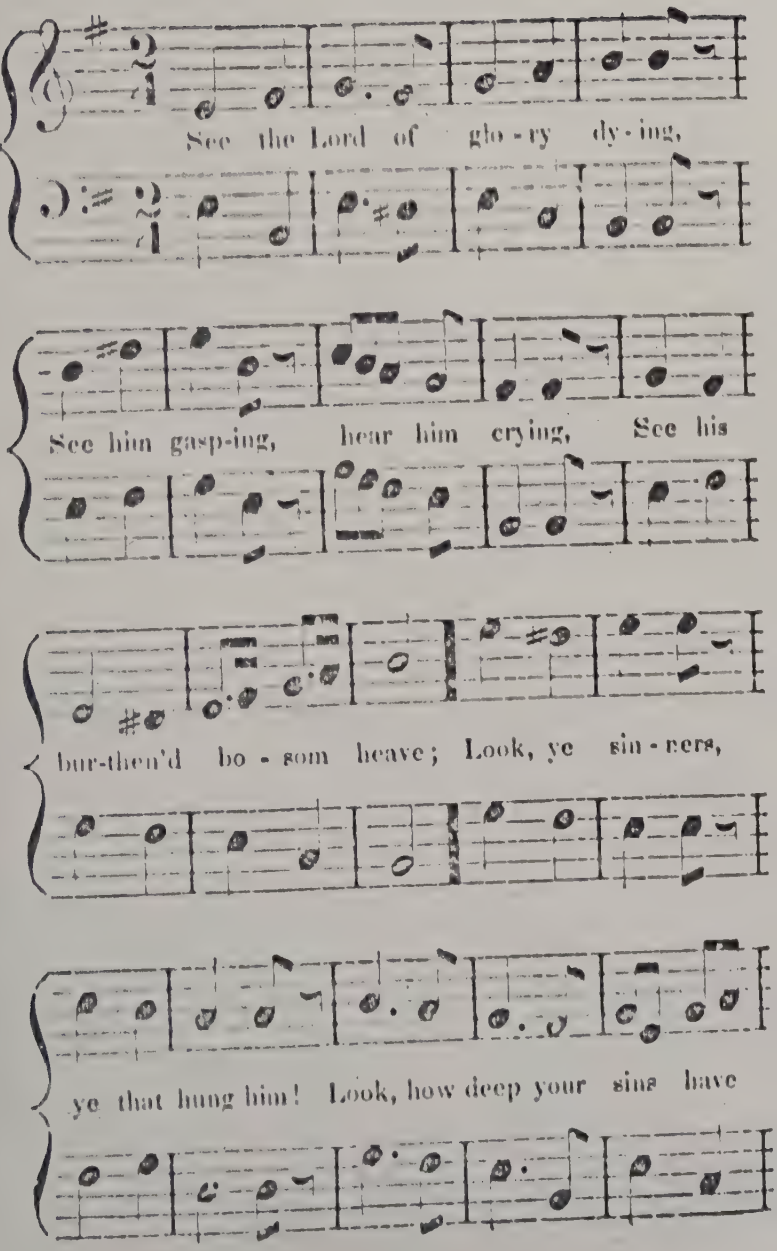
3 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismay'd!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

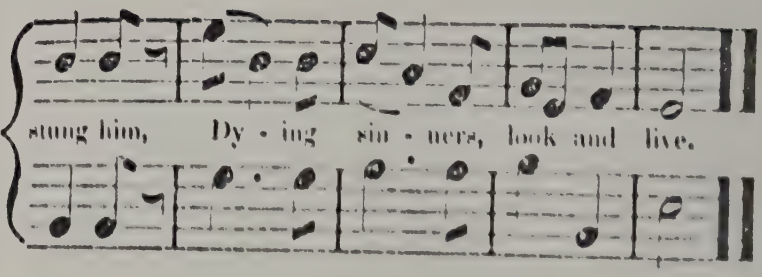
4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when grey hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"


See the Lord of glo-ry dy-ing,
See him gasp-ing, hear him crying, See his
bur-then'd bo-som heave; Look, ye sin-ners,
ye that hung him! Look, how deep your sins have



109. *Jesus' Death and Glory.*

1 SEE the Lord of glory dying,
See him gasping, hear him crying,
See his burthen'd bosom heave;
Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him,
Look, how deep your sins have stung him;
Dying sinners, look and live.

2 See the rocks and mountains shaking,
Earth unto her centre quaking,
Nature's groans awake the dead;
Look on Phœbus, struck with wonder,
While the peals of legal thunder
Smite the blest Redeemer's head:

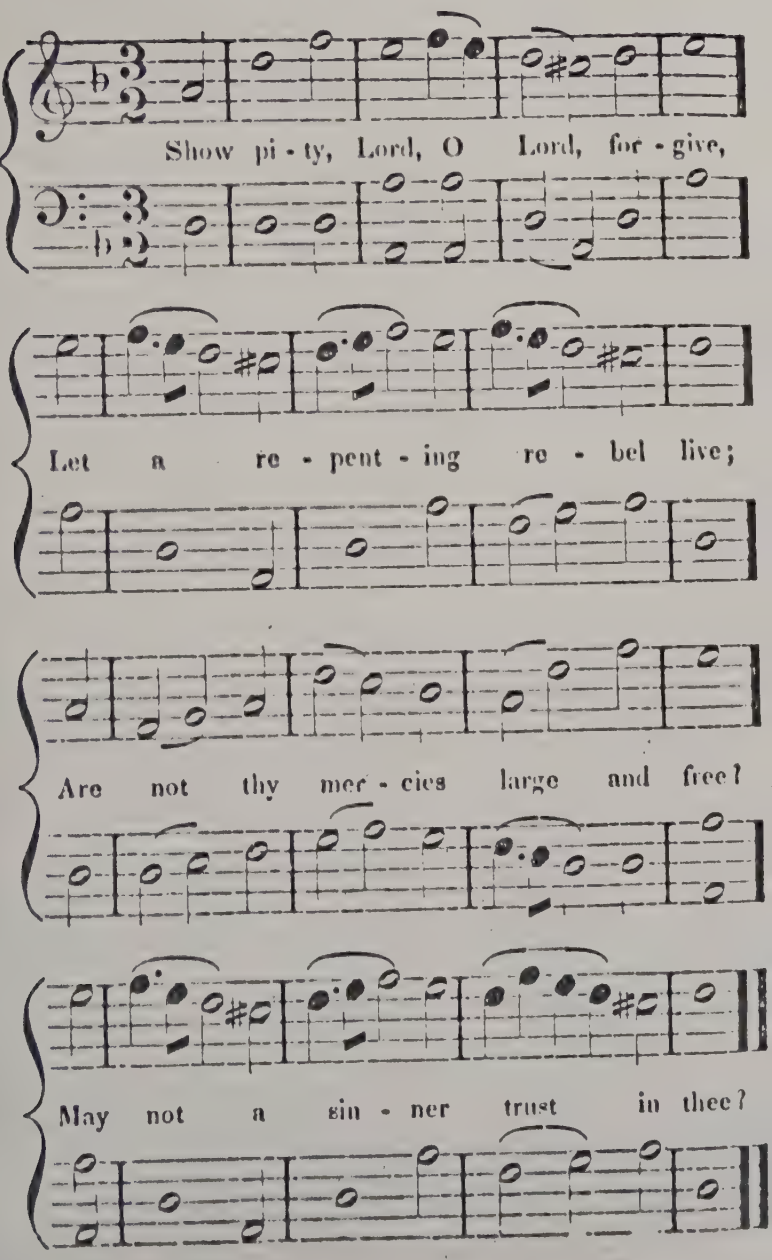
3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,
Chanting to the tuneful regions,
Cease to trill the quivering string;
Songs seraphic all suspended,
Till the mighty war is ended
By the all-victorious King:

4 Hell, and all the powers infernal,
Vanquish'd by the King eternal,
When he pour'd the vital flood!
By his groans, which shook creation,
Lo! we found the proclamation,
'Peace and pardon through his blood.'

5 Shout, ye saints, with admiration;
Fill with songs the wide creation,
Since he's risen from the grave:
Shout with joy and acclamation,
To the rock of your salvation,
Who alone hath power to save.

6 Bear with patience tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
'Till the glorious jubilee;
Soon he'll come, with bursts of thunder,
Then shall we adore and wonder,
Singing on the highest key.

7 See the blissful scene before us;
Join the universal chorus;
Bid the flowing numbers rise!
Songs immortal sweetly sounding
Notes angelic loud rebounding,
Trembling round the vocal skies.


Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, for - give,
Let a re - pent - ing re - bel live;
Are not thy mer - cies large and free?
May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

110. *Pleading for Pardon.*

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in depth;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

111. *Mourning for Sin.*

1 Oh! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn;
Give me, with broken heart to see
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 Oh, could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon the wondrous sight:
O that with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Savior die.

3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 Father of mercy, drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son;
And with my broken heart comply,
O give me Jesus, or I die.

5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wilt ease me of my guilt;
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
O save me, Jesus, or I die.

112. *A Dying Savior*

1 Stretch'd on the cross, the Savior dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise:
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes.

3 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart!
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

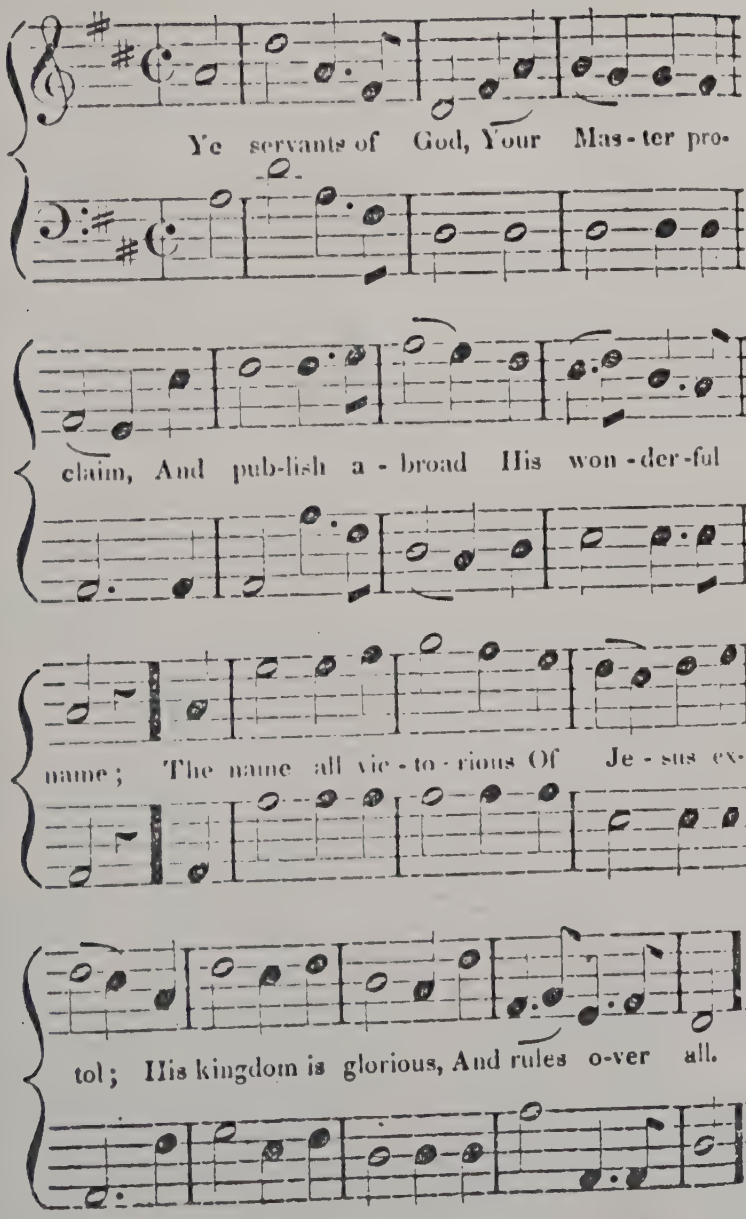
113. *Frailty of Man.*

1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days!
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears.

3 Vain his ambition, noise and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mix'd with wo,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine;
My God, I bow before thy throne,
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on thee alone.


Ye servants of God, Your Mas-ter pro-
claim, And pub-lish a-broad His won-der-ful
name; The name all vic-to-rious Of Je-sus ex-
tol; His kingdom is glorious, And rules o-ver all.

114. *Praise to the Savior.*

1 Ye servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad,
His wonderful name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation,
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son;
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing,
And infinite love.

115. *Blessedness of a Believer.*

1 O WHAT shall I do,
My Savior to praise,
So faithful and true,
So plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver,
So good to redeem
The weakest believer
That hangs upon him.

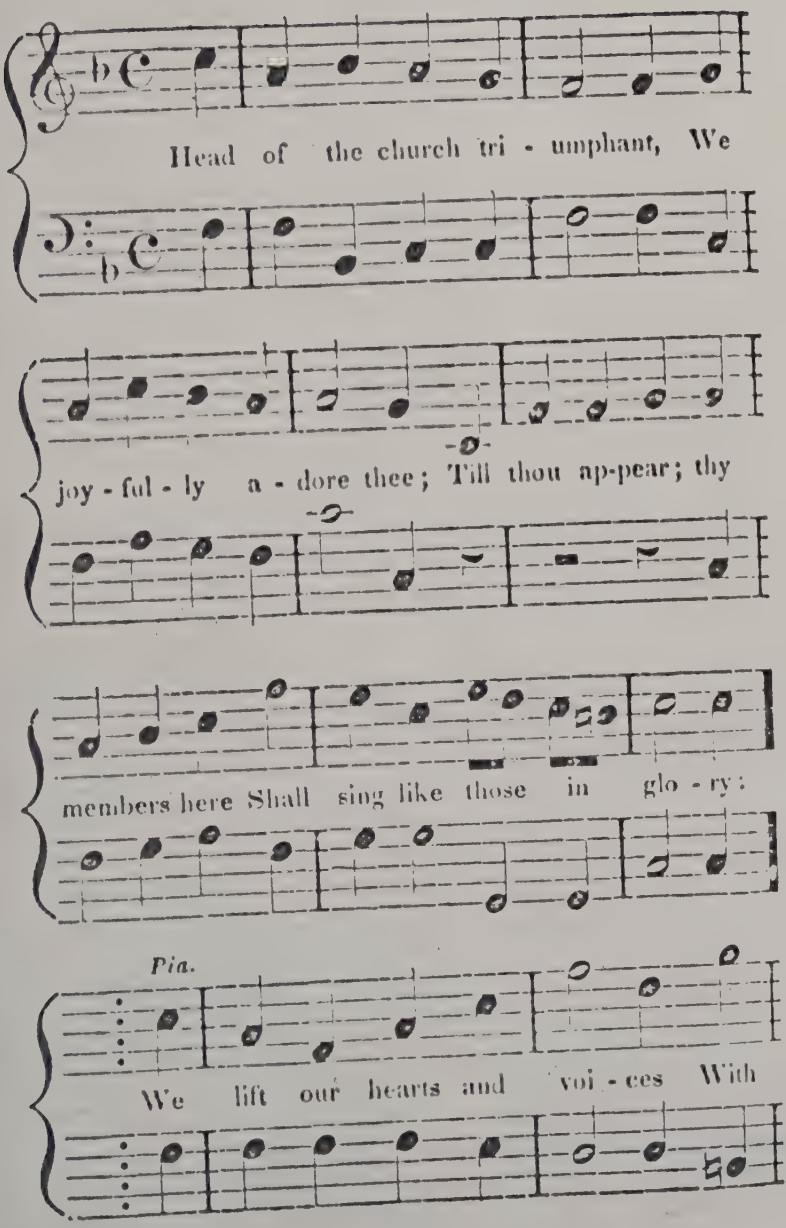
2 How happy the man
Whose heart is set free,
The people that can
Be joyful in thee;
Their joy is to walk in
The light of thy face,
And still they are talking
Of Jesus's grace.

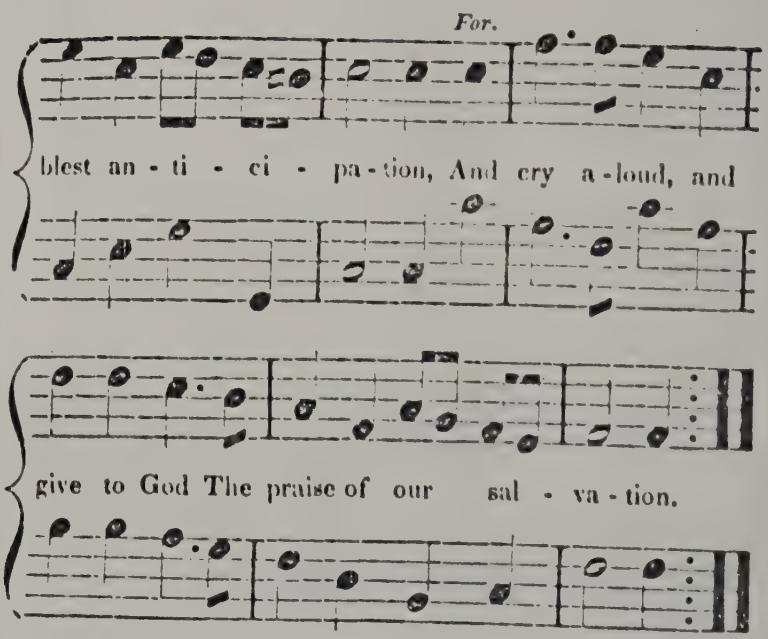
3 Their daily delight
Shall be in thy name,
They shall as their right
Thy righteousness claim:
Thy righteousness wearing,
And cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in
The presence of God.

4 For thou art their boast,
Their glory and power,
And I also trust
To see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation,
A life from the dead,
The day of salvation
That lifts up my head.

5 For Jesus, my Lord,
Is now my defence;
I trust in his word,
None plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favor
He all things will do;
My King and my Savior
Shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see
The bliss of thine own;
Thy secret to me
Shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness
I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness
Of all that believe.


Head of the church tri - umphant, We
joy - ful - ly a - dore thee; Till thou ap-pear; thy
members here Shall sing like those in glo - ry:
Pia.
We lift our hearts and voi - ces With



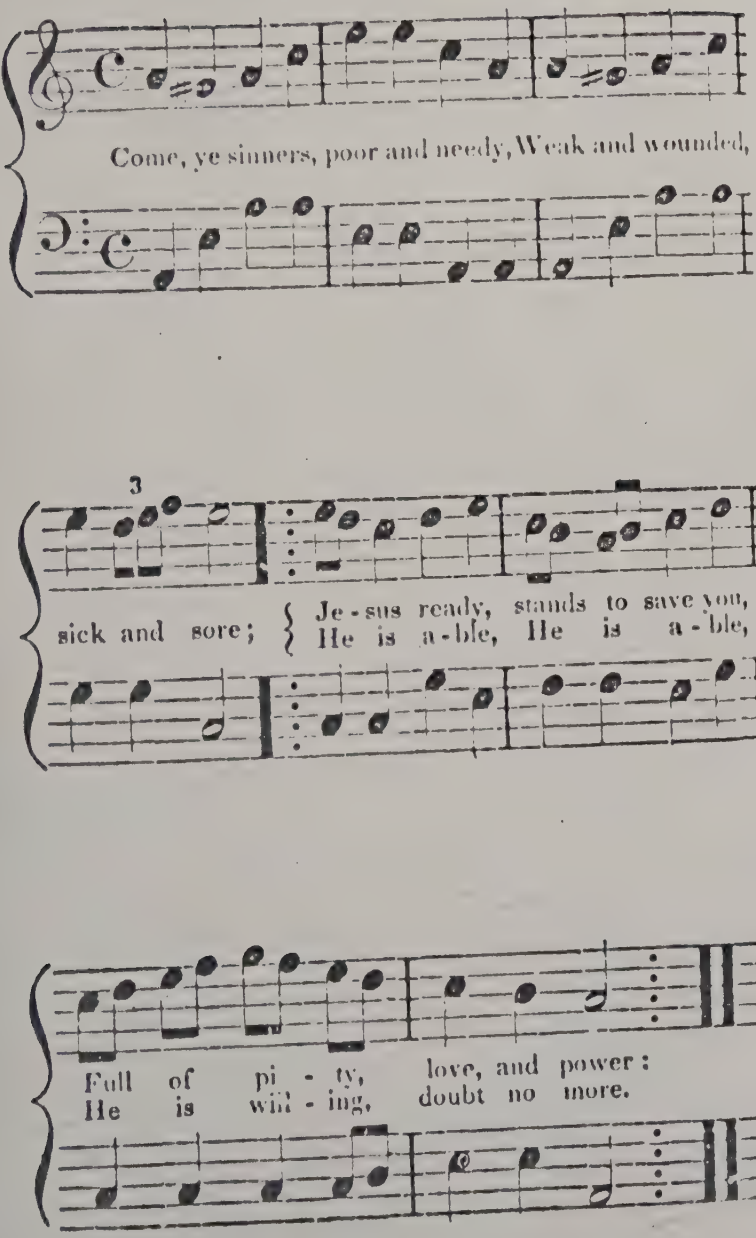
116. *Rejoicing and Praise.*

1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favor;
The love divine, which made us thine,
Can keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory,
To which thou shalt restore us;
The cross despise, for that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us;
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.


Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded,
3
sick and sore; Je - sus ready, stands to save you,
He is a - ble, He is a - ble,
Full of pi - ty, love, and power:
He is will - ing, doubt no more.

117. *Come, ye Sinners.*

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream,
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

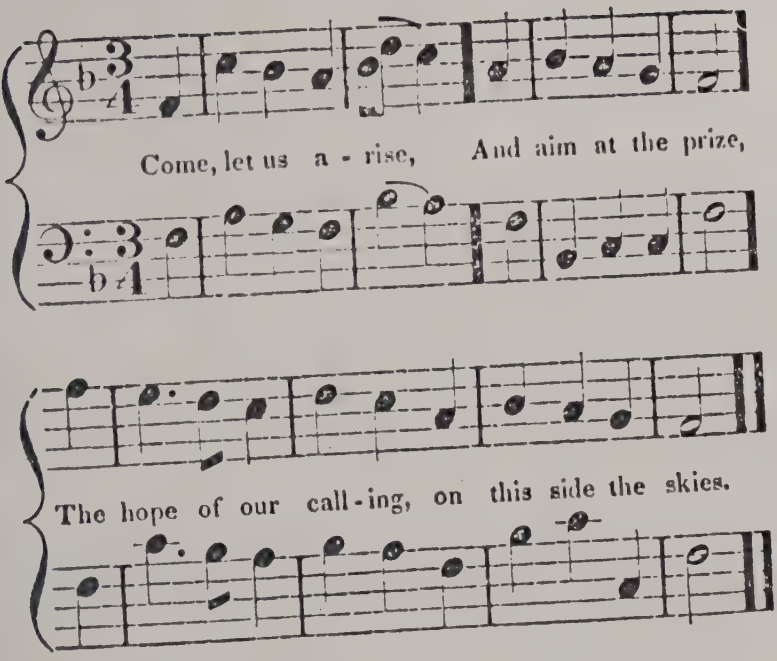
7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

118. *Idolatry Falling.*

1 See, how many lately bowing
To their idols, wood and stone,
Now, a blessed change avowing,
Bow before the Savior's throne,
And with gladness
Praise the Savior's name alone.

2 This is cause of joy and wonder,
God has set the captives free,
He has burst their bonds asunder,
Happy they and glorious he,
God our Savior!
Who can be compared to thee?

3 When thou workest, who shall stay thee?
Who shall stay the work begun?
Lord, go on, thy people pray thee,
Till the glorious day is won;
And the gospel
Takes its circuit like the sun.



119. *Pressing Forward.*

1 Come, let us arise,
And aim at the prize,
The hope of our calling, on this
side the skies.

2 By works let us show,
That Jesus we know,
While steadily on to perfection
we go.

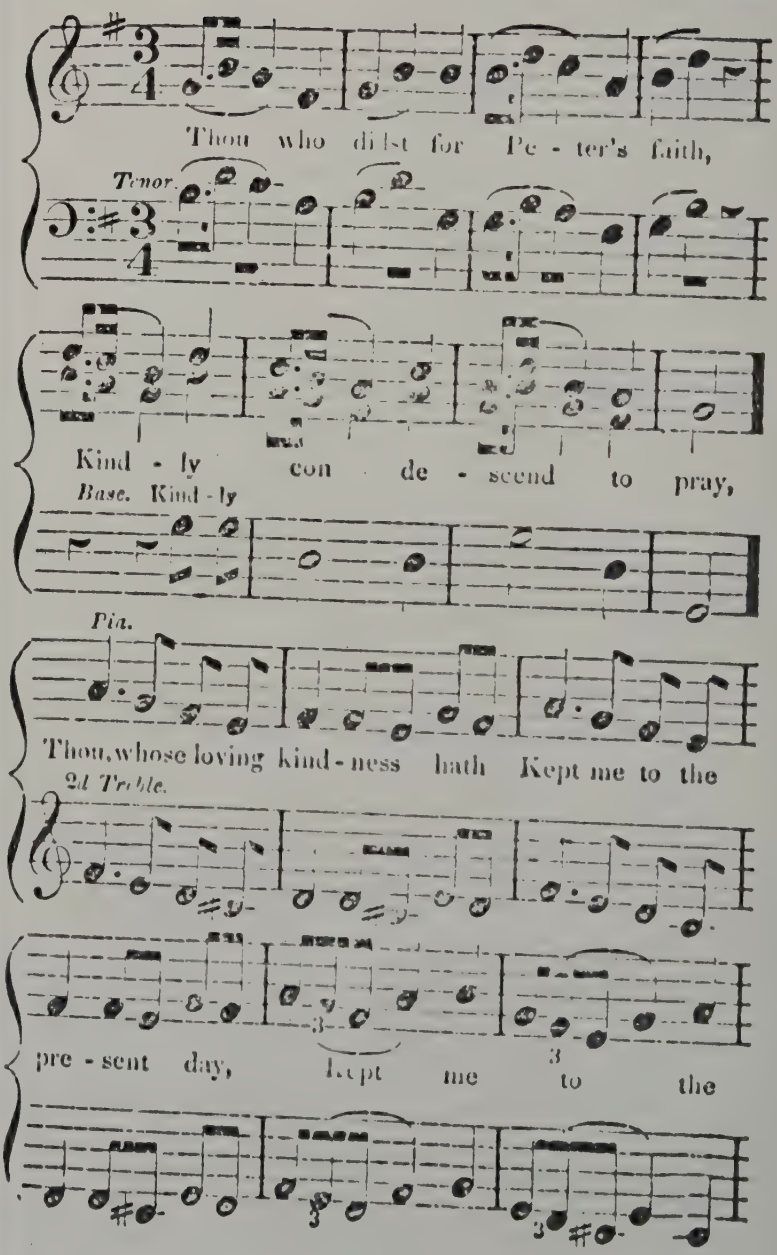
3 We rest on his word,
We shall be restored
To his image, the servant shall be
as his Lord

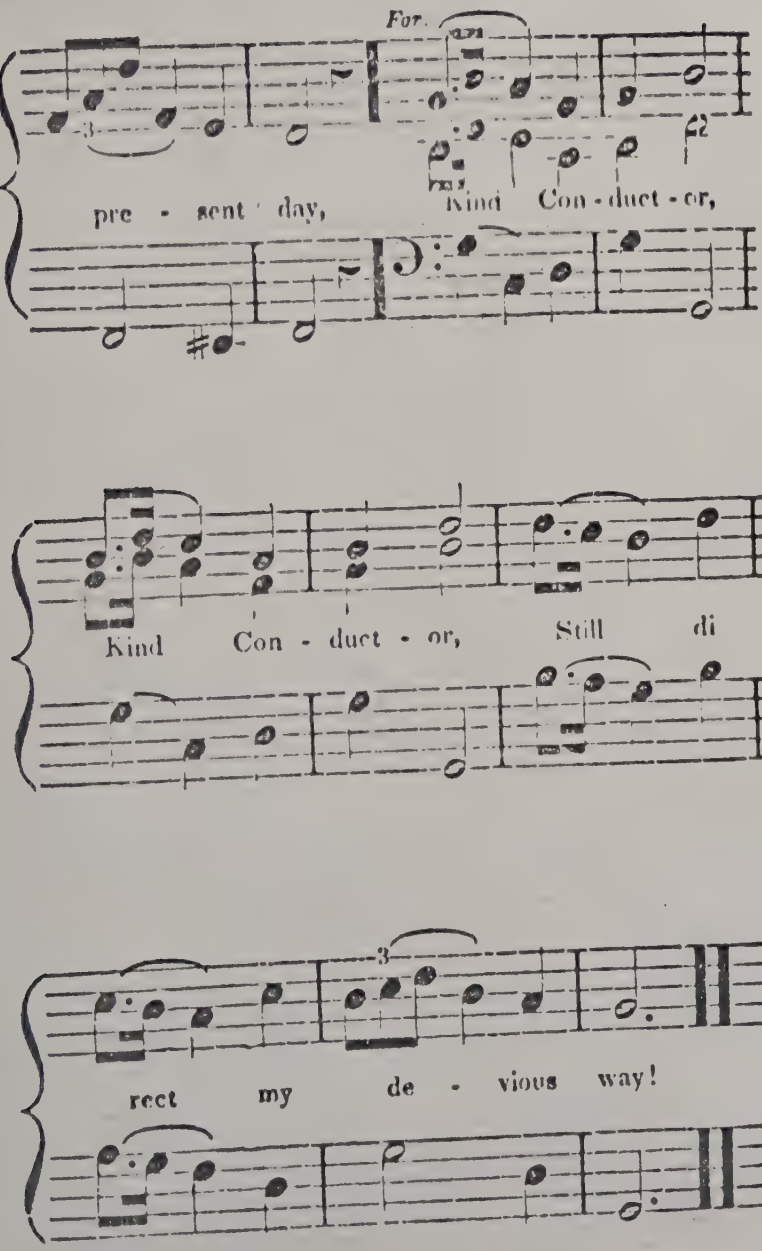
4 Then let us not stop,
But continue in hope,
Rejoicing, till all in his image
wake up.

5 His purity share,
His cha acter bear,
And the truth of his hallowin
promise declare.

6 Thus, thus let us stay,
And wait for the day
When the angels are sent to co
duct us away:

7 When with joy we remove
To our brethren above,
And fly up to heaven in a char
of love.


Thou who didst for Pe - ter's faith,
Tenor.
Kind - ly con de - scend to pray,
Base. Kind - ly
Pia.
Thou, whose loving kind - ness hath Kept me to the
2d Treble.
pre - sent day, kept me to the


For.
pre - sent day, kind Con - duct - or,
Kind Con - duct - or, Still di
rect my de - vious way!

120. *Guidance through Life.*

1 Thou who didst for Peter's faith
Kindly condescend to pray,
Thou, whose loving kindness hath
Kept me to the present day,
Kind Conductor,
Still direct my devious way!

2 When a tempting world in view
Gains upon my yielding heart,
When its pleasures I pursue,
Then one look of pity dart,
Teach me pleasures,
Which the world can ne'er impart.

3 When with horrid thoughts profane,
Satan would my soul invade,
When he calls religion vain,
Mighty Victor! be my aid!
Send the Spirit,
Bid me conflict undismay'd.

4 When my unbelieving fear
Makes me think myself too vile,
When the legal curse I hear,
Cheer me with a gospel smile,
Or if hiding,
Hide thee only for a while.

5 When I sit beneath thy word,
At thy table cold and dead,
When I cannot see my Lord,
All my little day-light fled,
Sun of glory,
Beam again around my head.

6 When thy statutes I forsake,
When my graces dimly shine,
When the covenant I break,
Jesus, then remember thine!
Check my wanderings
By a look of love divine.

7 Then, if heavenly dews distil,
If my hopes are bright and clear,
While I sit on Zion's hill,
Temper joy with holy fear;
Keep me watchful,
Safe alone when thou art near.

8 When afflictions cloud my sky,
When the tide of sorrow flows,
When thy rod is lifted high,
Let me on thy love repose;
Stay thy rough wind,
When thy chilling eastern blows.

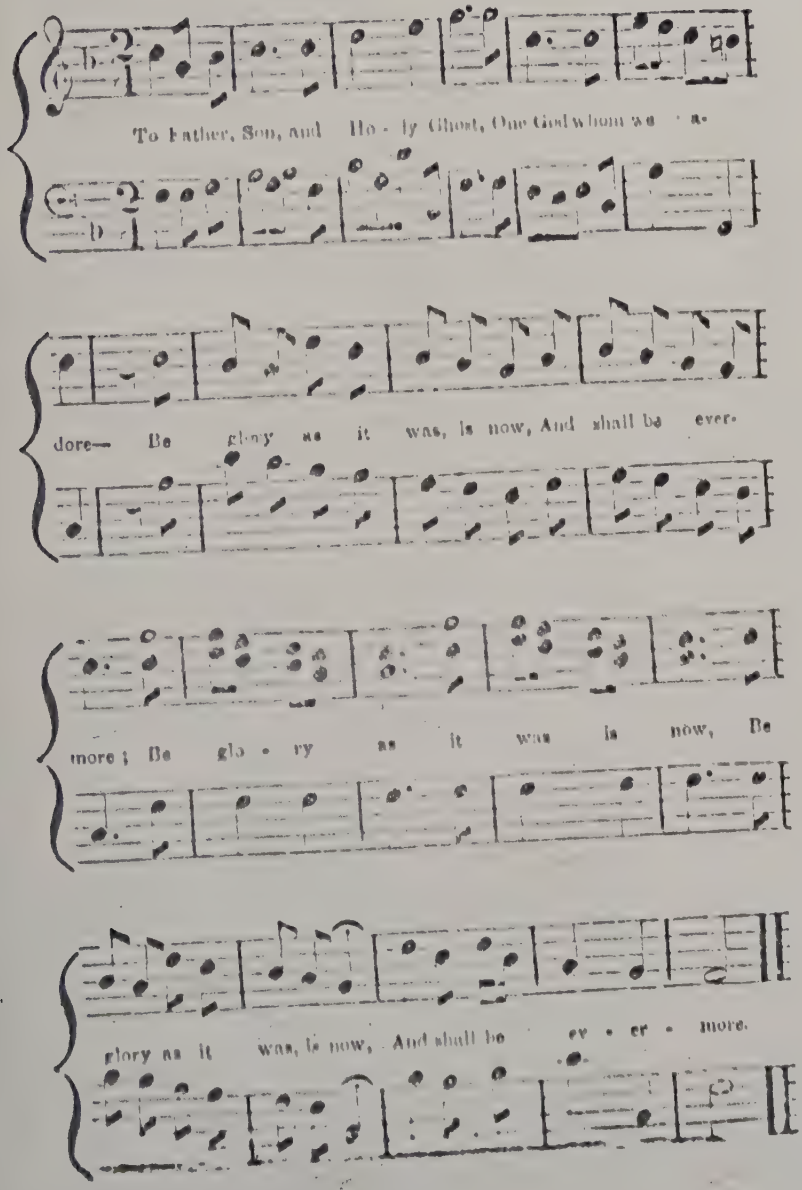
121. *Support in Death.*

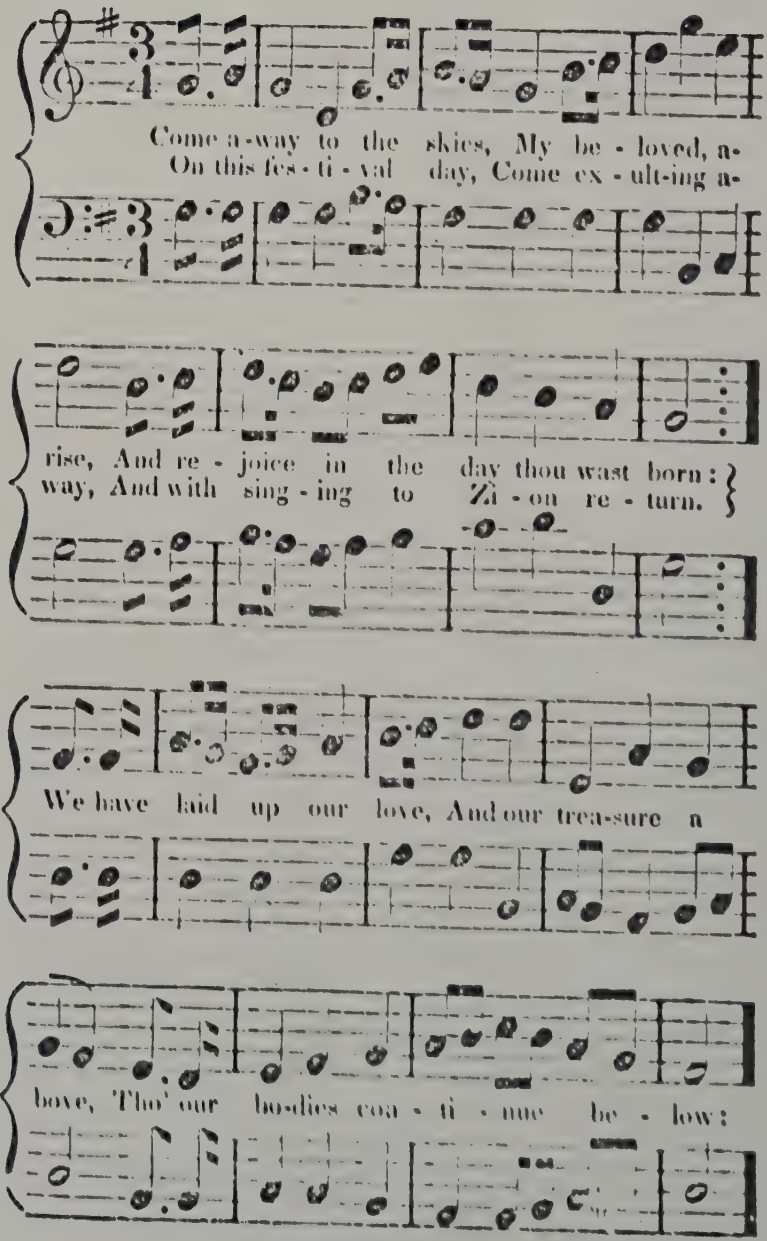
1 When the vale of death appears,
(Faint and cold this mortal clay,)
Kind Forerunner, sooth my fears,
Light me through the darksome way:
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

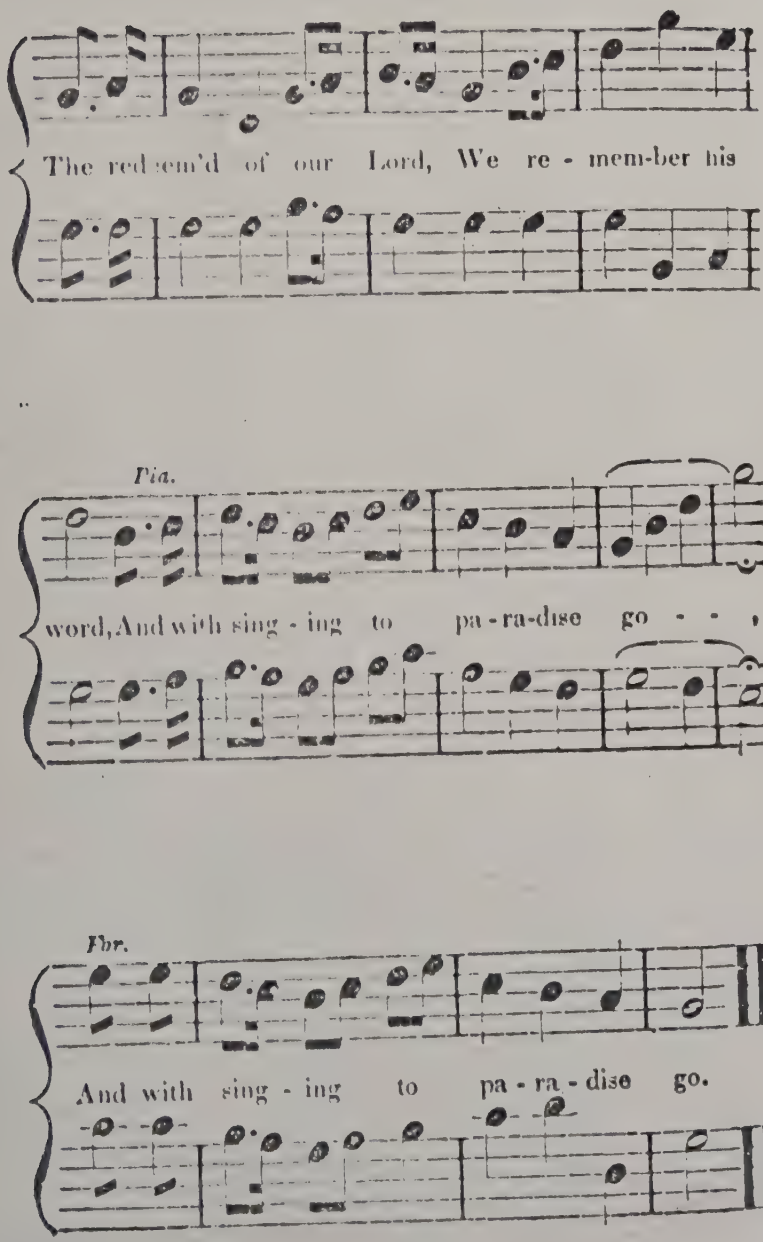
2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire,
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Dwell for ever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 From the sparkling turrets there,
O't I'll trace my pilgrim way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

4 And when mighty trumpets blown,
Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
From the central burning throne,
'Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransom'd,
Judge and Savior, own my name!


To Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One God whom we a-
dore— Be glory as it was, is now, And shall be ever-
more; Be glo - ry as it was is now, Be
glory as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.


Come a-way to the skies, My be - loved, a-
On this fes - ti - val day, Come ex - ult-ing a-
rise, And re - joice in the day thou wast born:
way, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.
We have laid up our love, And our trea-sure a
bove, Tho' our bo-dies con - ti - nue be - low:


The red-eem'd of our Lord, We re - mem-ber his
Pia.
word, And with sing - ing to pa - ra-dise go - - -
Fbr.
And with sing - ing to pa - ra - dise go.

122. *Come away.*

1 Come away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born:
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love,
And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below:
The redeem'd of our Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are,
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine:
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet,
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Savior in glory adore.

Hallelujah, we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah, again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In assurance of hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, "It is he!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

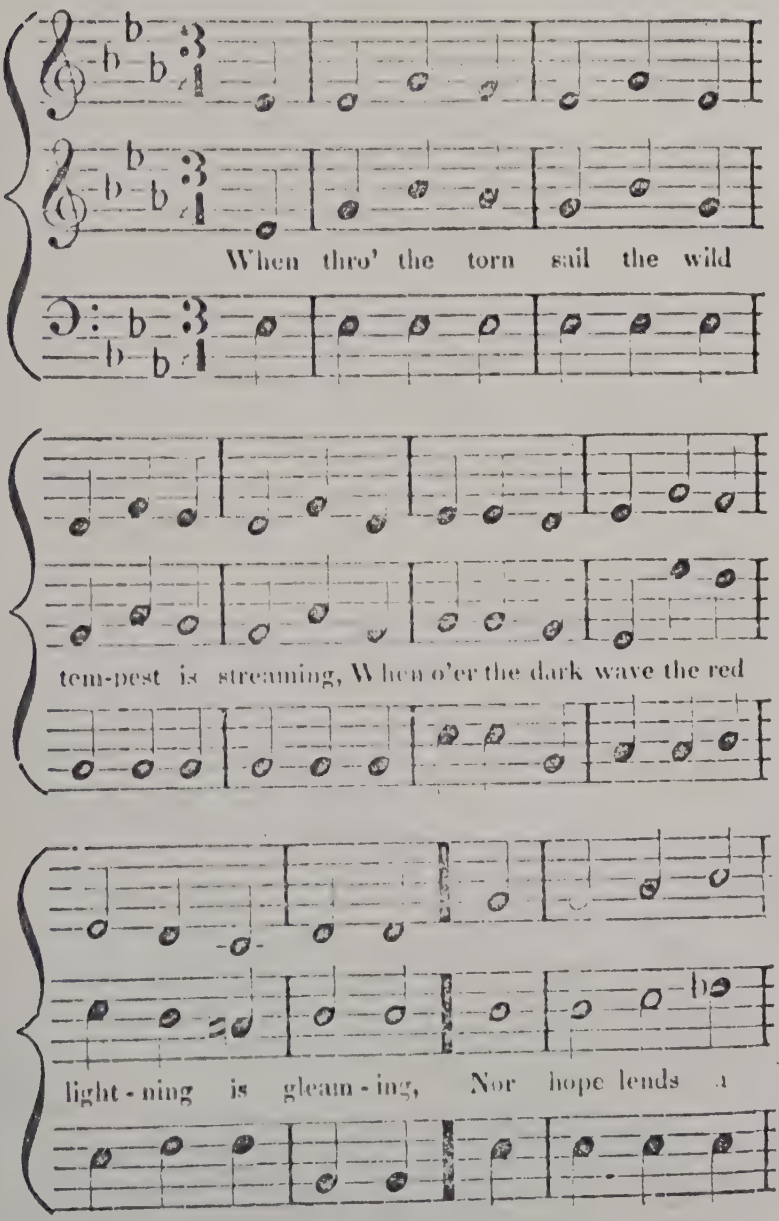
123. *Help to the Lord.*

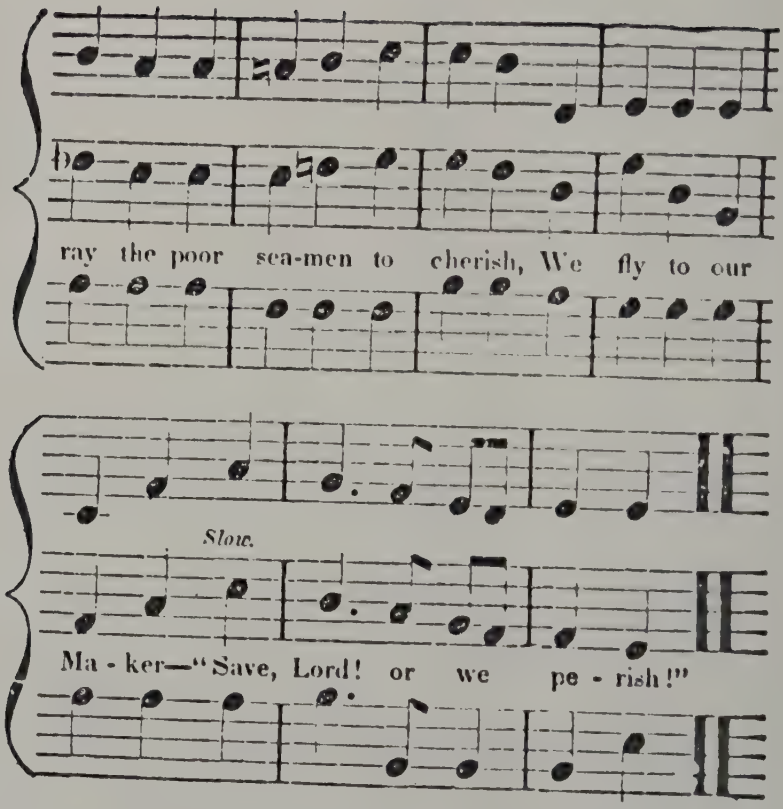
1 Ye people away,
Nor talk of delay,
The time for exertion is come,
The summons is given,
The Lord calls from heaven:
Let no man now tarry at home.

2 The Lord in his might
Is gone to the fight;
And if we should shrink from the toil,
The day will be won,
The work will be done
And others will gather the spoil.

3 And should we decline,
His standard to join;
Our slackness will meet its reward,
A wo they will find,
Who tarry behind,
Nor go to the help of the Lord.

4 Then cast off delay,
"To arms," and away;
To arms—'tis the Lord gives the word:
With sword and with shield,
Away to the field;
"Away to the help of the Lord."


When thro' the torn sail the wild
tem-pest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red
light-ning is gleam-ing, Nor hope lends a



124. *Save, Lord! or we perish.*

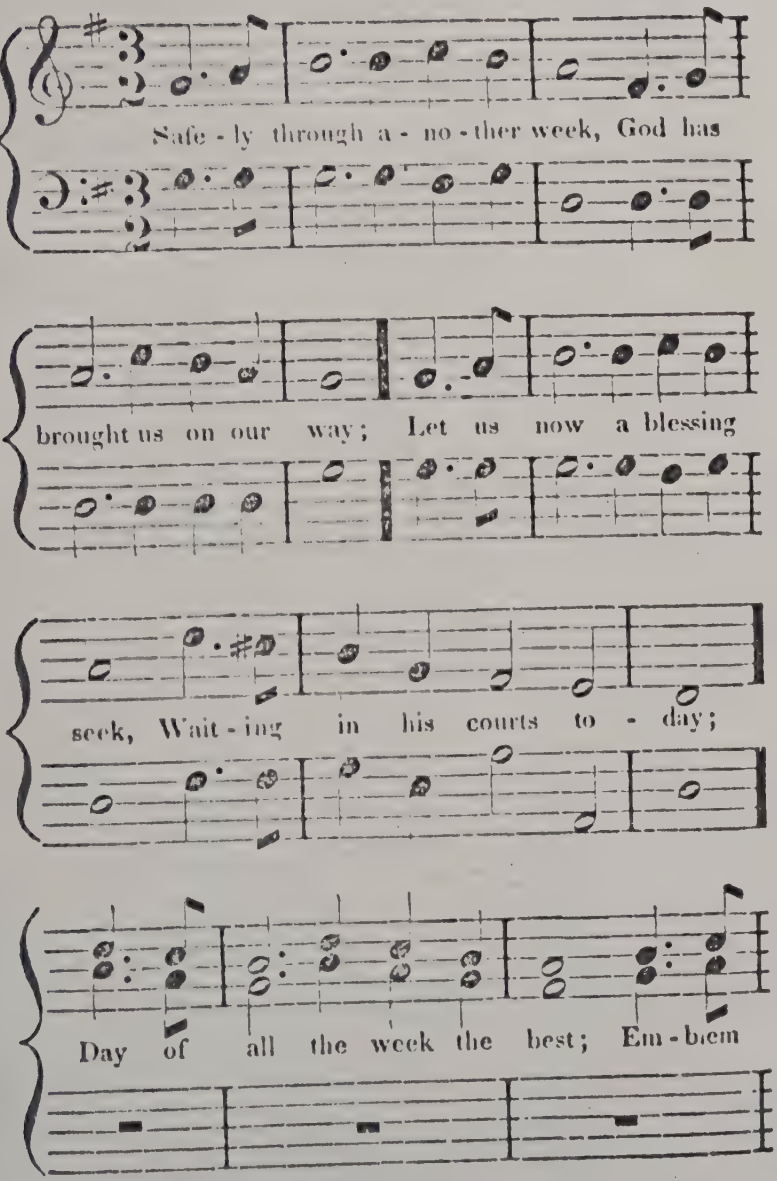
1 When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seamen to cherish,
We fly to our Maker—"Save, Lord! or we perish!"

2 Oh, Jesus! once toss'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger—"Save, Lord! or we perish!"

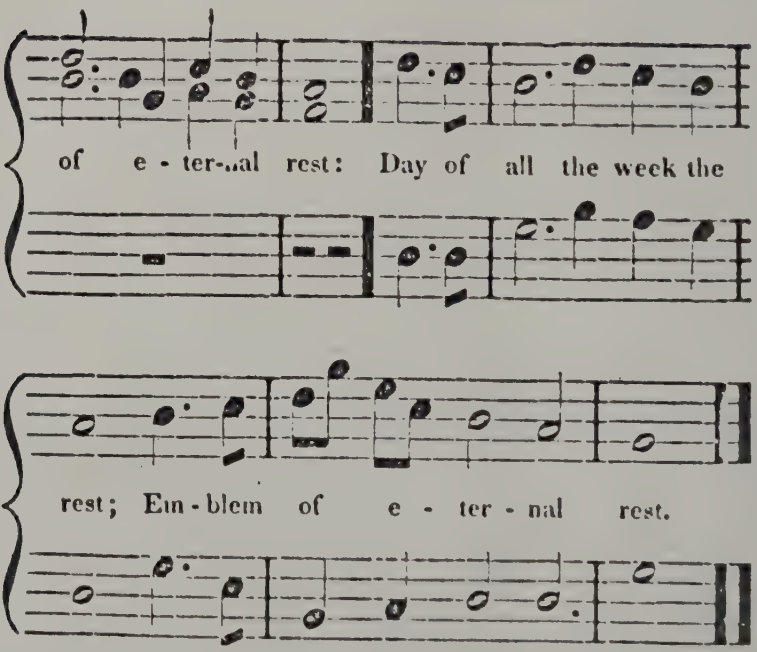
3 And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
Arise in thy strength thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer—"Save, Lord! or we perish!"

SATURDAY NIGHT.*

BY L. MASON.


Safe - ly through a - no - ther week, God has
brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing
seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day;
Day of all the week the best; Em - blem

* Published by permission of the author.



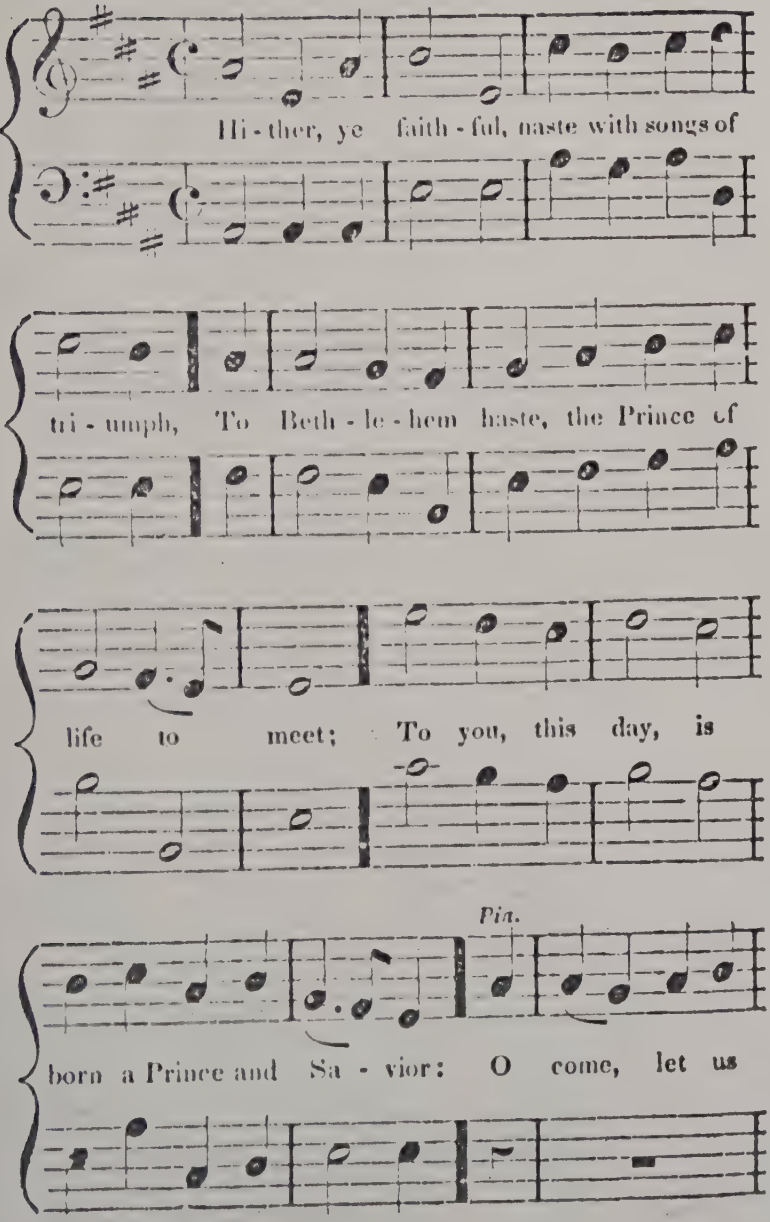
125. *Saturday Night.*

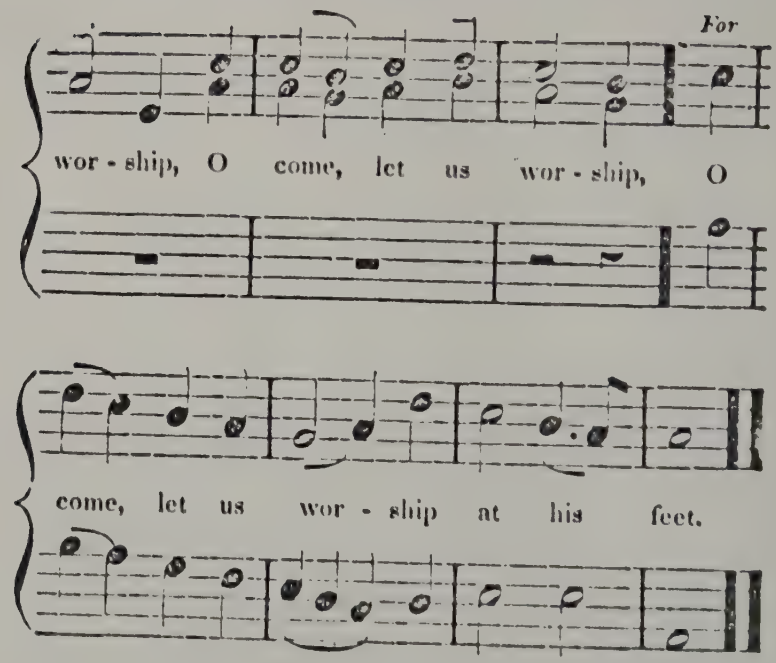
1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest—
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee—
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast—
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound
Bring relief from all complaints.
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above—
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.


Hi - ther, ye faith - ful, haste with songs of
tri - umph, To Beth - le - hem haste, the Prince of
life to meet; To you, this day, is
Pia.
born a Prince and Sa - vior: O come, let us

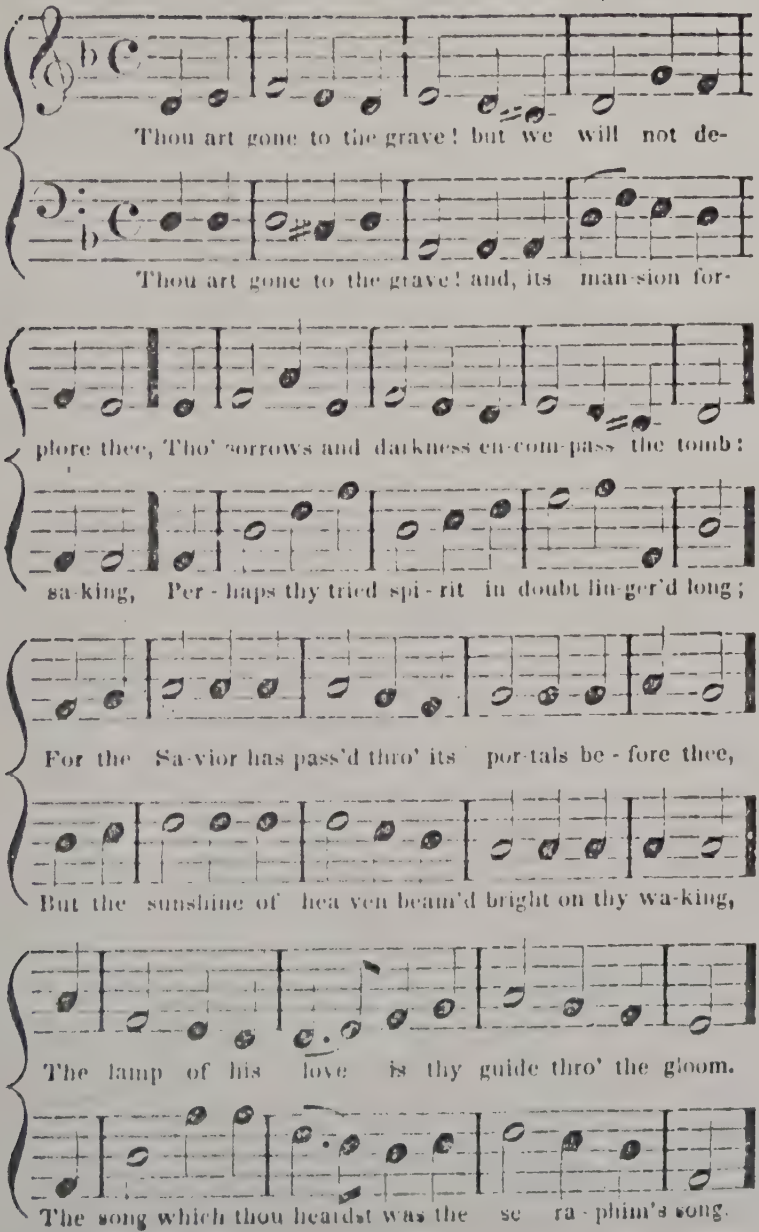


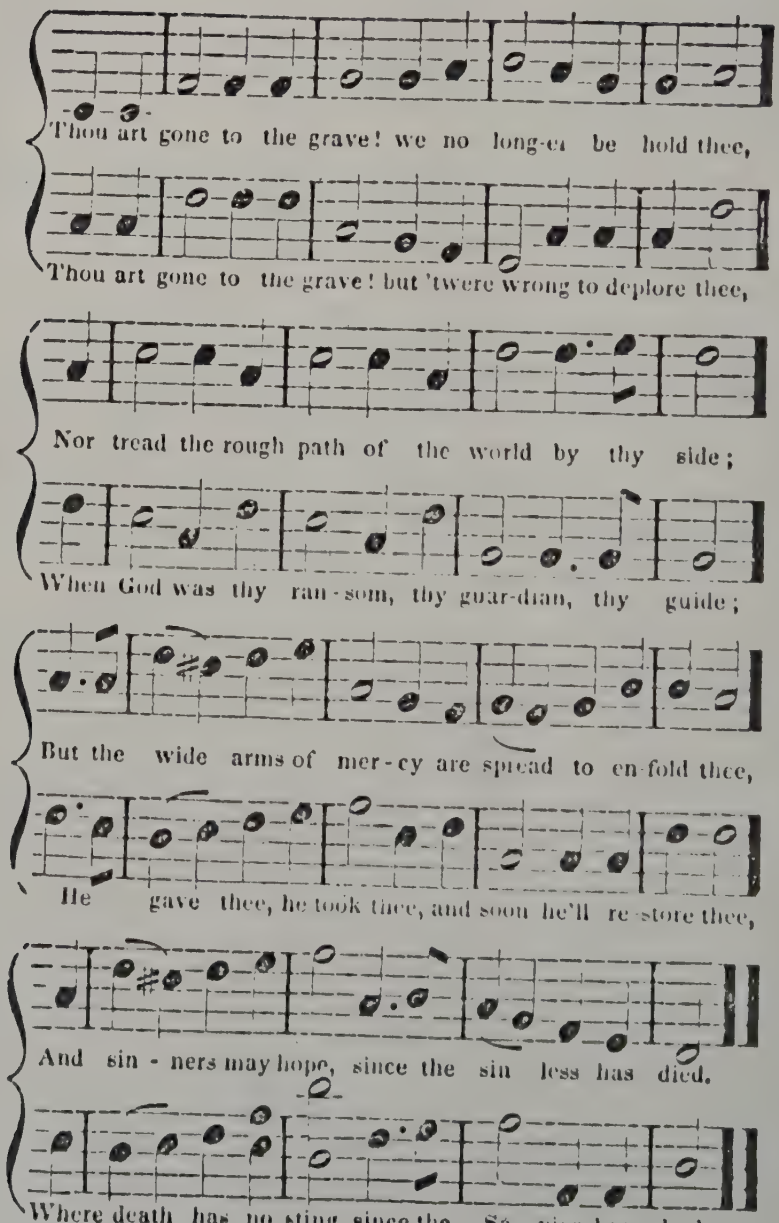
126. *O come, let us worship.*

1 Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem haste, the Prince of life to meet;
To you, this day, is born a Prince and Savior:
O come, let us worship at his feet.

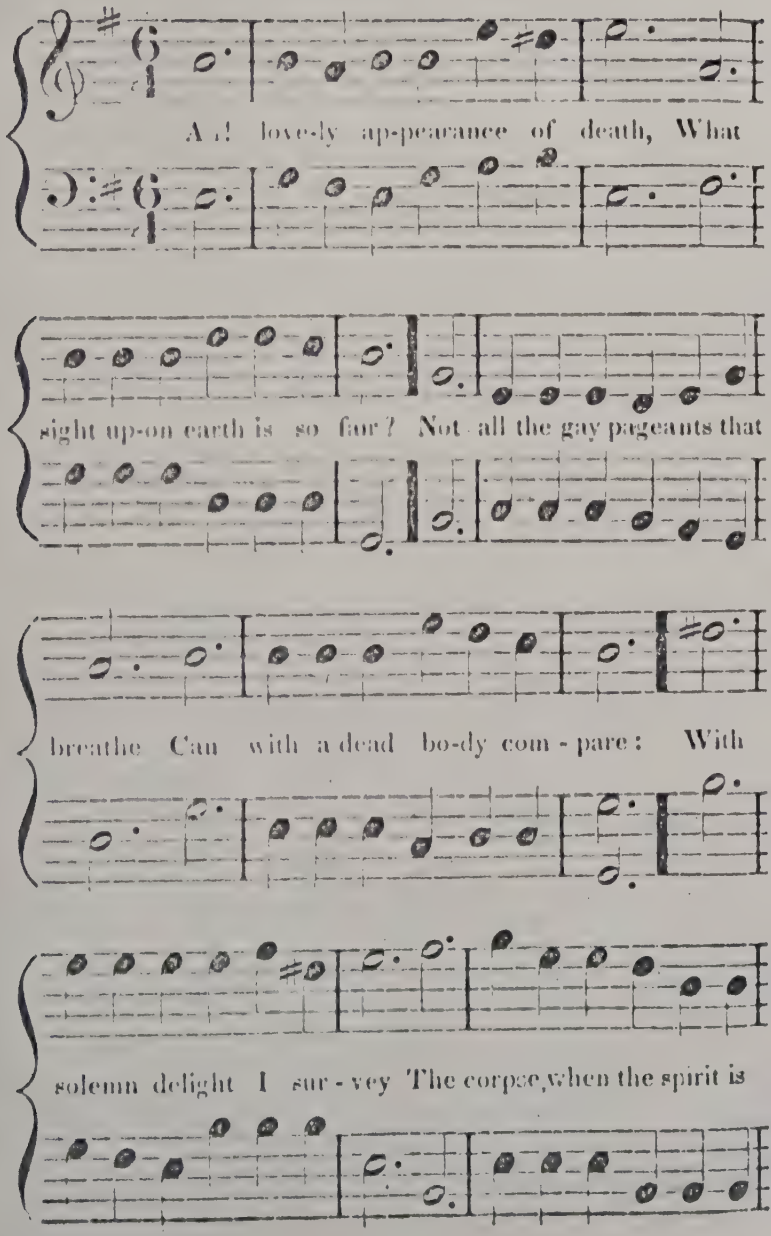
2 Jesus, our Savior, for such condescension,
Our praise and our reverence are an offering meet;
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us:
O come, let us worship at his feet.

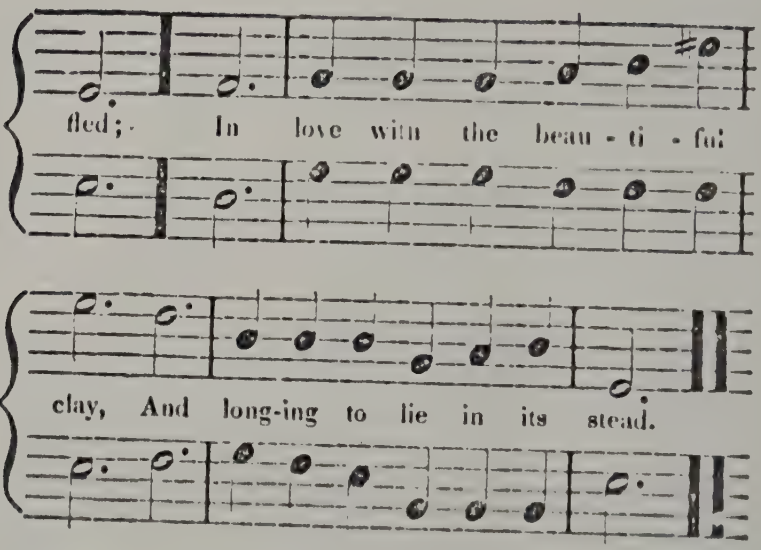
3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Give to our Savior glory in the highest:
O come, let us worship at his feet.


Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de-
Thou art gone to the grave! and, its man-sion for-
plore thee, Tho' sorrows and darkness en-com-pass the tomb:
sa-king, Per-haps thy tried spi-rit in doubt lin-ger'd long;
For the Sa-vior has pass'd thro' its por-tals be-fore thee,
But the sunshine of hea-ven beam'd bright on thy wa-king,
The lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.
The song which thou heardst was the se ra-phim's song.


Thou art gone to the grave! we no long-er be hold thee,
Thou art gone to the grave! but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
When God was thy ran-som, thy guar-dian, thy guide;
But the wide arms of mer-cy are spread to en-fold thee,
He gave thee, he took thee, and soon he'll re-store thee,
And sin-ners may hope, since the sin less has died.
Where death has no sting, since the Sa-vior has died.

J. H. ROLLO.


Ah! lovely appearance of death, What
sight upon earth is so fair? Not all the gay pageants that
breathe Can with a dead body compare: With
solemn delight I survey The corpse,when the spirit is



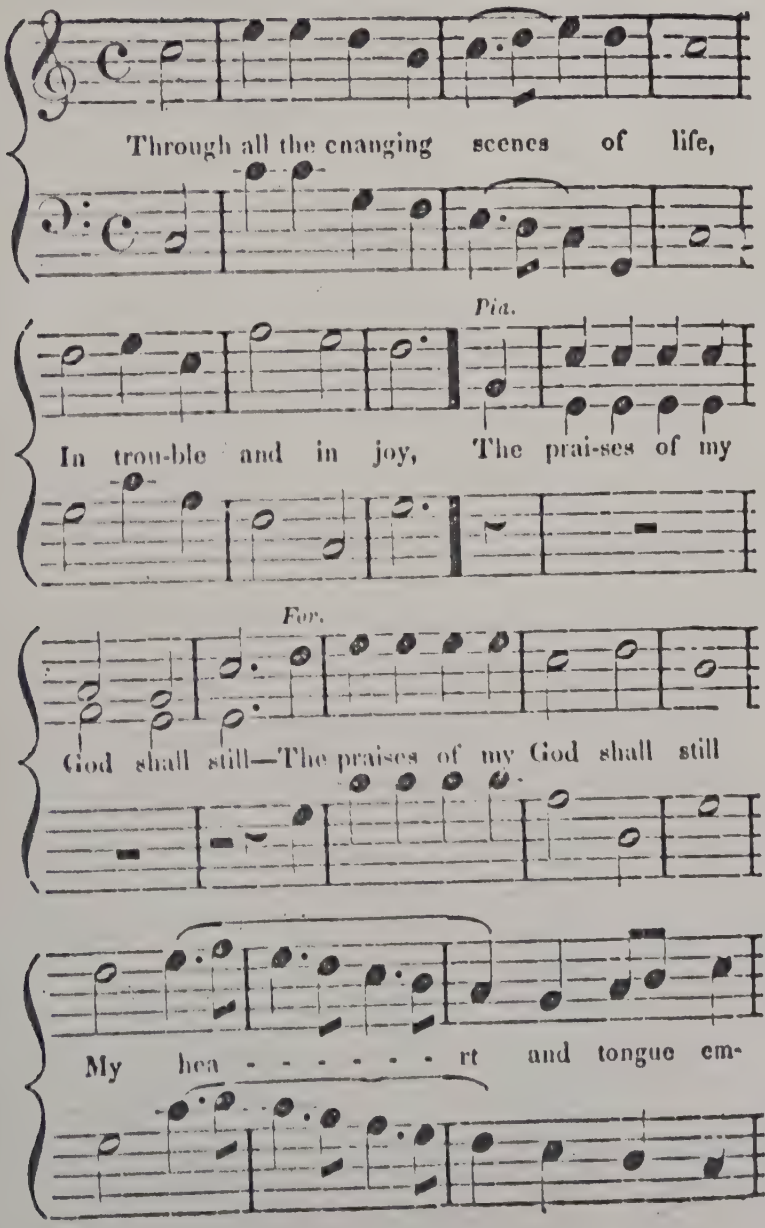
2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind,
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

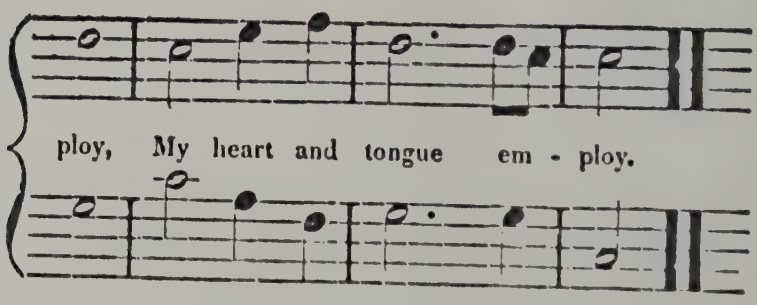
3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, nor shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
No anger, henceforward, nor shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay:
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immoveable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Now seal'd in their mortal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep!
These fountains can yield no supplies;
These hollows from water are free:
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance I pine,
And press to the issues of death;
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.


Through all the changing scenes of life,
Pia.
In trou-ble and in joy, The prai-ses of my
For.
God shall still—The praises of my God shall still
My hea - - - - - - rt and tongue em-



129. *The praises of God.*

1 THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Deliverance he affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.

4 O make but trial of his love,—
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make yo his service your delight—
He'll make your wants his care.

130. *O'er mountain tops.*

1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God
In latter days shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

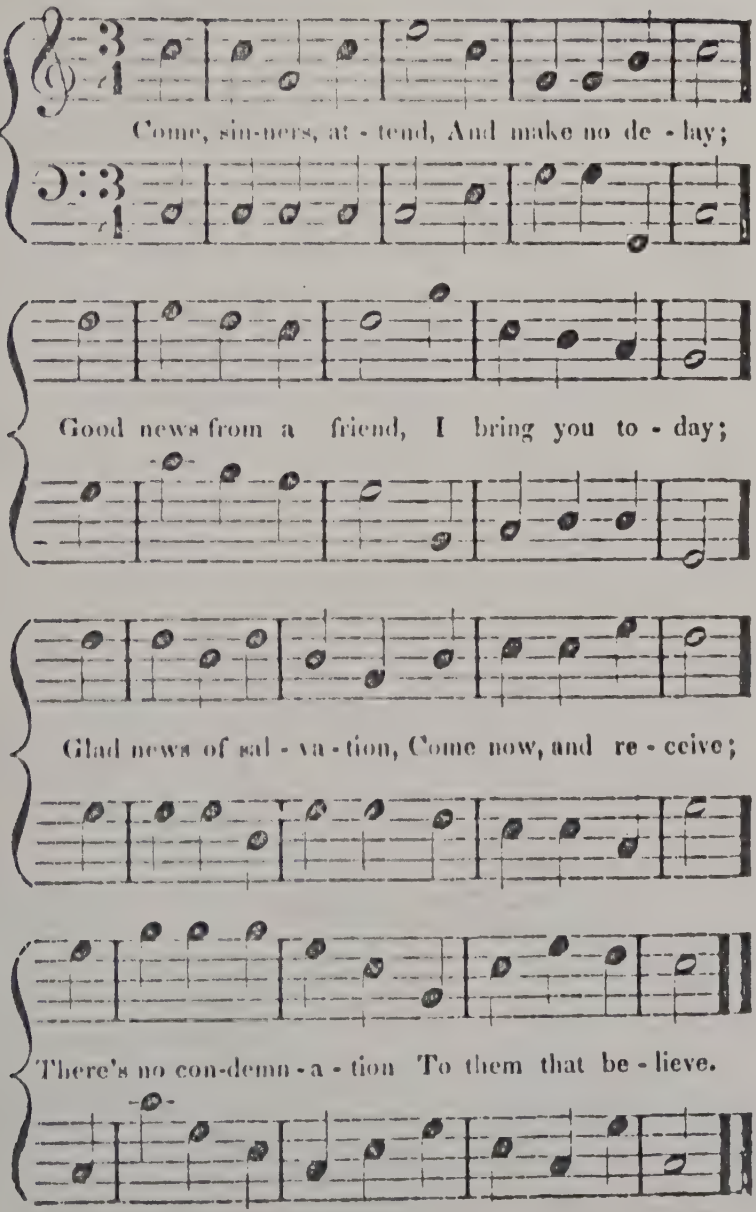
2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill,
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 For peaceful implements shall men
Exchange their swords and spears;
Nor shall they study war again
Throughout those happy years.

6 Come, O ye house of Jacob! come,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy graces shine.


Come, sin-ners, at - tend, And make no de - lay;
Good news from a friend, I bring you to - day;
Glad news of sal - va - tion, Come now, and re - ceive;
There's no con-demn - a - tion To them that be - lieve.

131. *Come, sinners, attend.*

1 Come, sinners, attend,
And make no delay;
Good news from a friend,
I bring you to day;
Glad news of salvation,
Come now, and receive;
There's no condemnation
To them that believe.

2 I AM THAT I AM
Hath sent me to you;
Glad news to proclaim,
Your sins to subdue:
To you, O distressed,
Afflicted, forlorn,
Whose sins are increased,
And cannot be borne.

3 But still if you cry,
"Oh, what is his name?"
You have the reply,
I AM THAT I AM:
Tho' blind, lame, and feeble,
And helpless you lie,
He's willing and able
Your wants to supply.

4 Then only believe,
And trust in his name;
He will not deceive,
Nor put you to shame;
But fully supply you
With all things in store;
Nor will he deny you
Because you are poor.

132. *Following Christ.*

1 Appointed by thee
We meet in thy name,
And meekly agree
To follow the Lamb;
To trace thine example,
The world to disdain,
And constantly trample
On pleasure and pain.

2 O what shall we do
Our Savior to love;
To make us anew,
Come, Lord, from above!
The fruit of thy passion,
Thy holiness give!
Give us the salvation
Of all that believe!

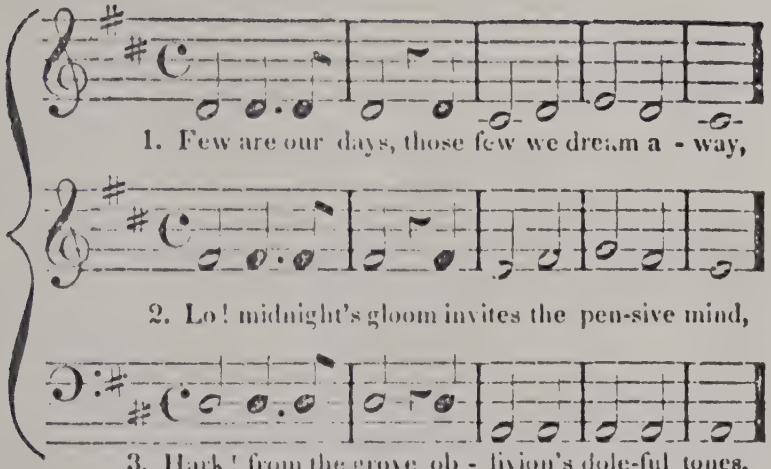
3 O Jesus, appear,
No longer delay
To sanctify here,
And bear us away:
The end of our meeting
On earth let us see;
Triumphantly sitting
In glory with thee!

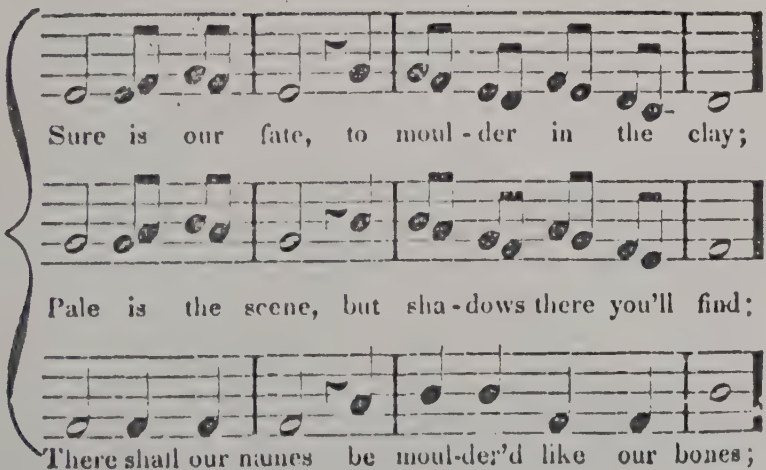
133. *The Father's Love.*

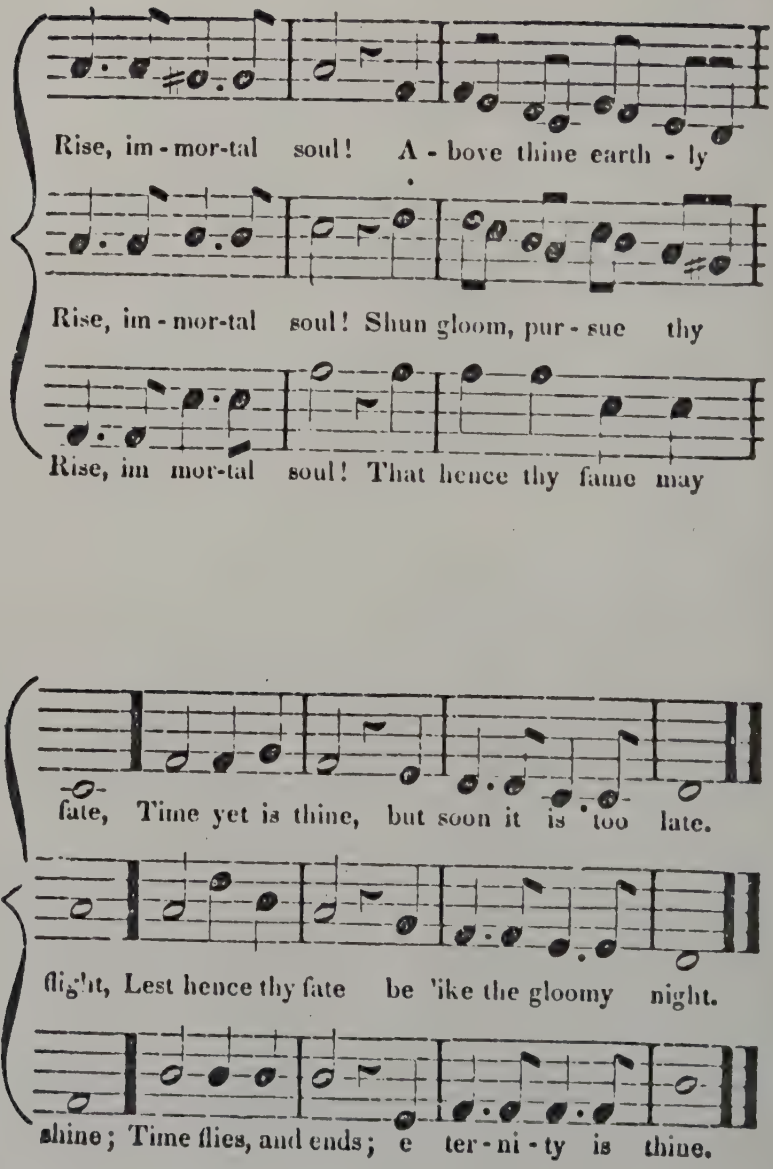
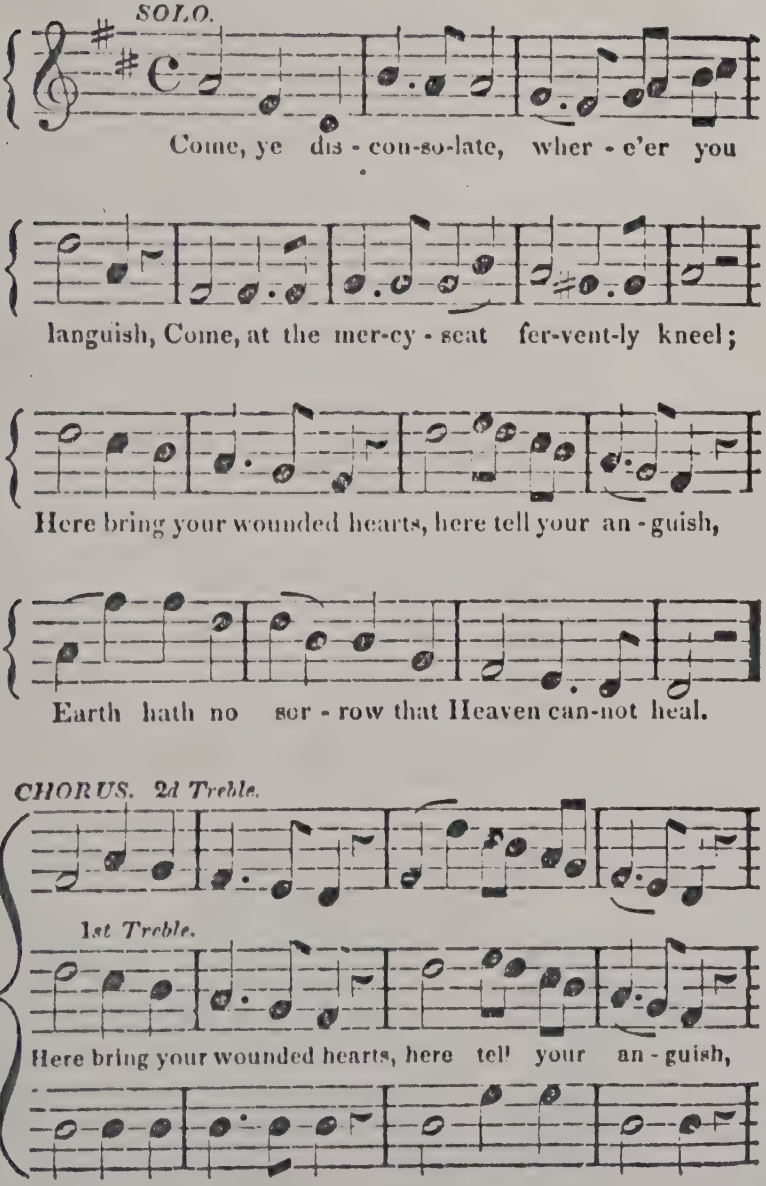
1 My Father, my God!
I long for thy love
O shed it abroad!
Send Christ from above!
My heart ever fainting,
He only can cheer:
And all things are wanting,
Till Jesus is here.

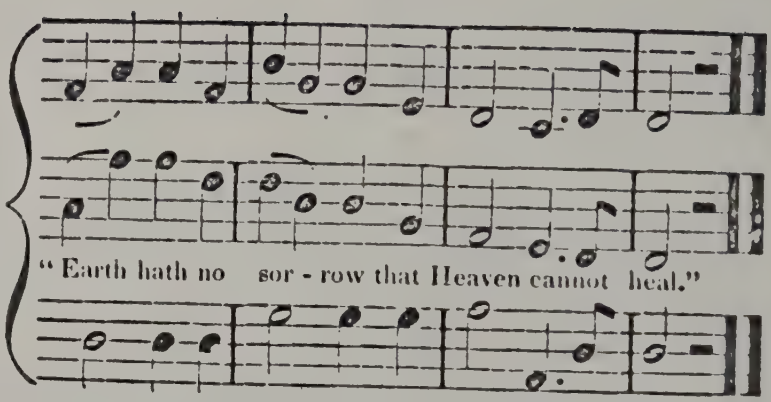
2 O when shall my tongue
Be fill'd with thy praise!
While all the day long
I publish thy grace,
Thy honor and glory
To sinners forth shew,
Till sinners adore thee,
And own thou art true.

3 Thy strength and thy power,
I now can proclaim;
Preserved every hour
Through Jesus's name:
For thou art still by me,
And holdest my hand;
No ill can come nigh me,
By faith while I stand.


1. Few are our days, those few we dream a - way,
2. Lo! midnight's gloom invites the pen-sive mind,
3. Hark! from the grove ob - livion's dole-ful tones,


Sure is our fate, to moul - der in the clay;
Pale is the scene, but sha - dows there you'll find;
There shall our names be moul-der'd like our bones;


Rise, im - mor-tal soul! A - bove thine earth - ly
Rise, im - mor-tal soul! Shun gloom, pur - sue thy
Rise, im mor-tal soul! That hence thy fame may
fate, Time yet is thine, but soon it is too late.
flight, Lest hence thy fate be like the gloomy night.
shine; Time flies, and ends; e ter - ni - ty is thine.

SOLO.
Come, ye dis - con-so-late, wher - e'er you
languish, Come, at the mer-cy - seat fer-vent-ly kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish,
Earth hath no sor - row that Heaven can-not heal.
CHORUS. 2d Treble.
1st Treble.
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish,



135. *Come, ye Disconsolate.*

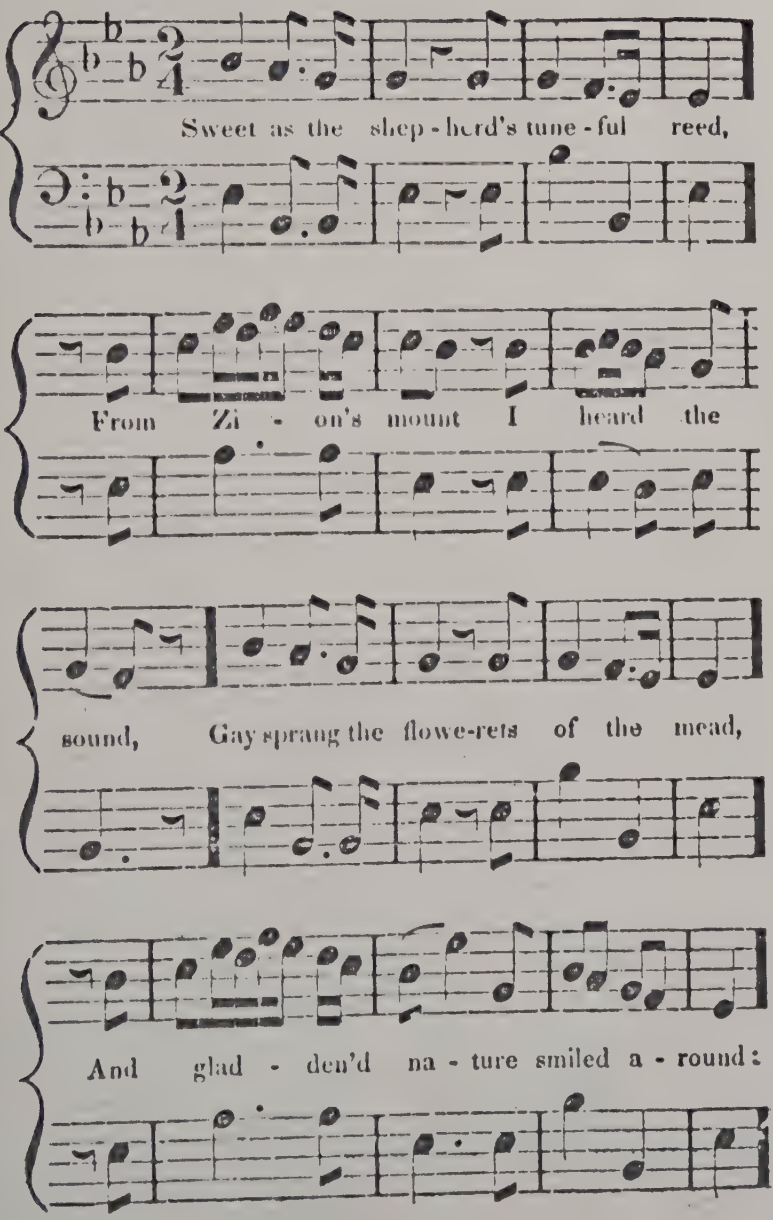
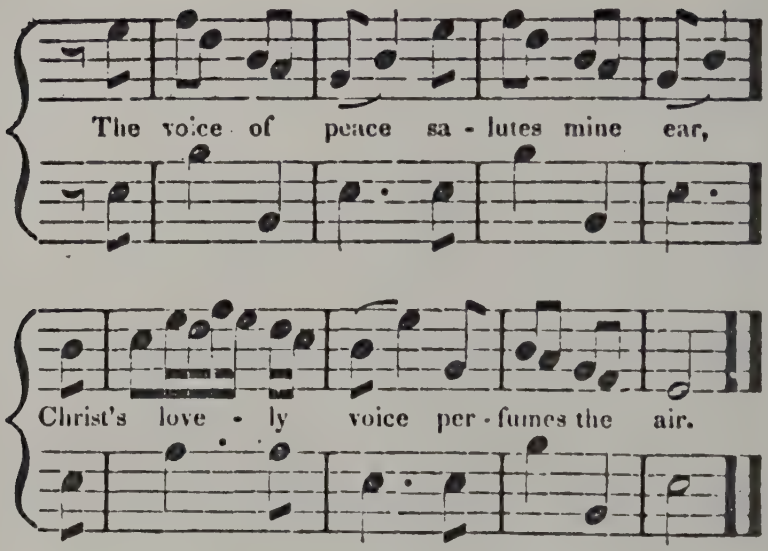
1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts,—here tell your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
"Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

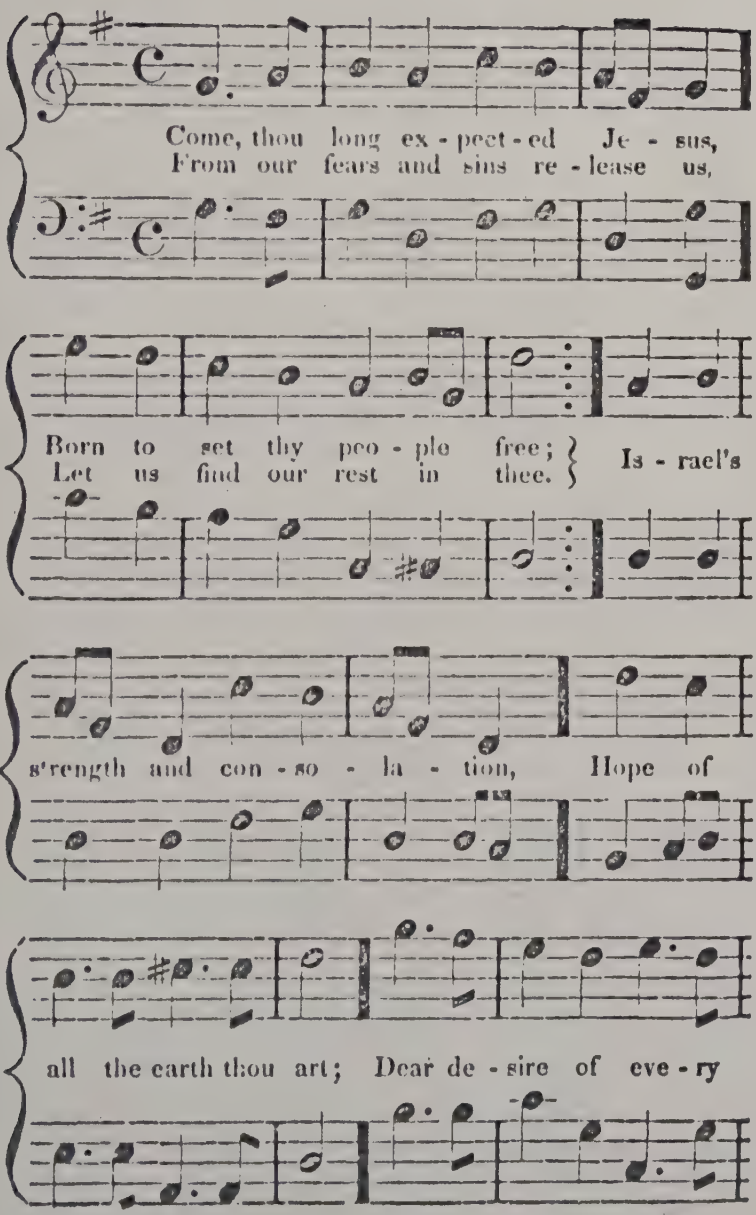
136. *The Dawn of Day.*

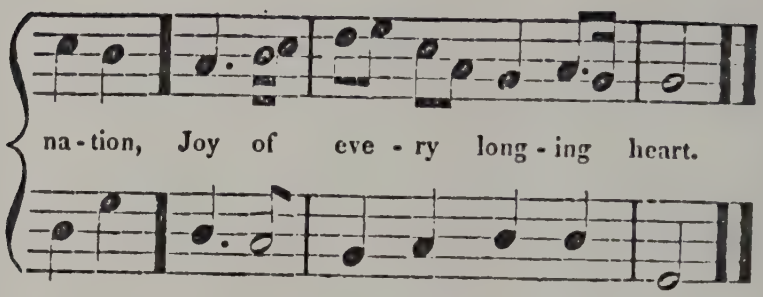
1 Father of mercies, when the day is dawning,
Then will I pay my vows to thee;
Like incense wafted on the breath of morning,
My heartfelt praise to thee shall be.

2 Yes—thou art near me, sleeping or waking,
Still doth thy love unchanged remain;
Where'er I wander, thy ways forsaking,
O lead me gently back again.


Sweet as the shep - herd's tune - ful reed,
From Zi - on's mount I heard the
sound, Gay sprang the flowe-rets of the mead,
And glad - den'd na - ture smiled a - round:

2 Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo,
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

3 Come, freely come, by sin oppress,
Unburthen here the weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
Safe on the bosom of thy God:
Thy God's thy Savior, glorious word,
That sheaths the avenger's glittering sword.

4 As spring the winter,—day, the night,
Peace, sorrow's gloom hath chased away,
And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay;
While glory weaves the immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

Come, thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus,
From our fears and sins re - lease us,
Born to set thy peo - ple free;
Let us find our rest in thee.
Is - rael's
strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of
all the earth thou art; Dear de - sire of eve - ry



138. *Christmas Hymn.*

1 COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

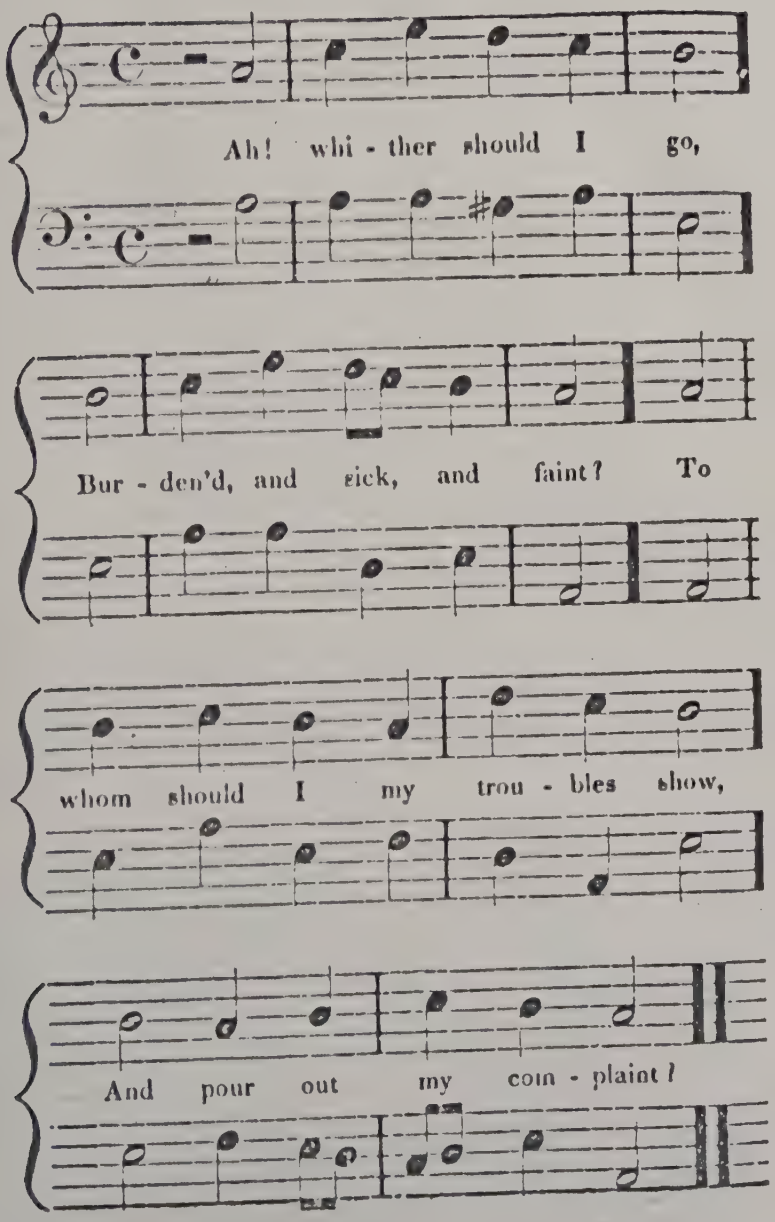
2 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

139. *Universal Praise.*

1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of all our joy.
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose nod can all destroy.
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

2 Round his awful footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here, his milder grace revealing,
Here, his wrath no thunder rolls:
Lo, the eternal page before us,
Bears the covenant of his love;
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deeds unrighteous, thoughts of sin;
Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within:
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal dwelling
Join the universal praise.


Ah! whi - ther should I go,
Bur - den'd, and sick, and faint? To
whom should I my trou - bles show,
And pour out my com - plaint!

140. *The Burden of Sin.*

1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint!
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Savior bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

3 What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Savior take
Possession of my heart?

4 Some cursed thing unknown,
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

5 Jesus, the hinderance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

6 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

7 I now believe in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!

8 In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

141. *Uncertainty of Life.*

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
Oh, be it still pursued—
Lest, slighted once, the season fair,
Should never be renew'd

5 To *Jesus* may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

142. *The Stream of Life.*

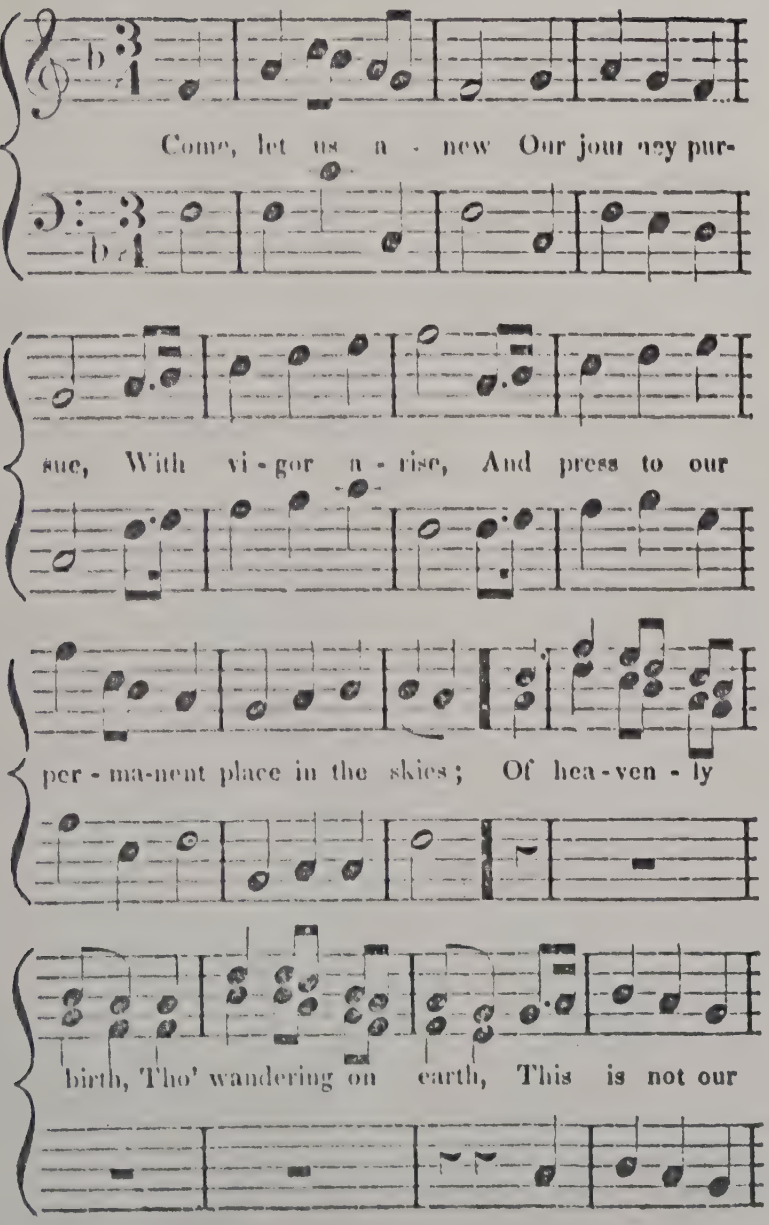
1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That hastens to the sea;
How strong the tide that bears our souls
On—to eternity!

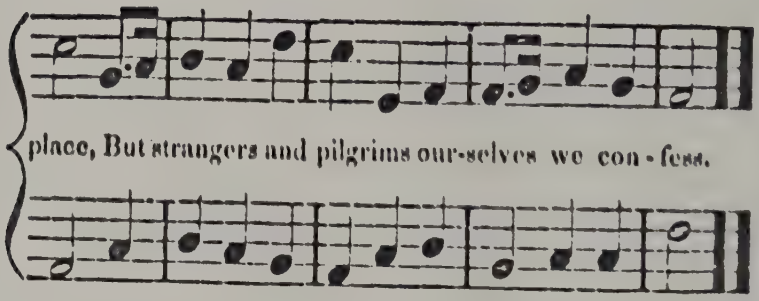
2 Our fathers, where are they?
With all they call'd their own;
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares
And wealth and honor, gone!

3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

4 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, on life's extremest verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.


Come, let us a - new Our jour-ney pur-
sue, With vi - gor a - rise, And press to our
per - ma-nent place in the skies; Of hea - ven - ly
birth, Tho' wandering on earth, This is not our



2 At Jesus's call
We give up our all,
And still we forego
For Jesus' sake, our enjoyments below;
No longing we find
For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.

3 A country of joy,
Without any alloy;
We thither repair:
Our hearts and our treasure already are there:
We march hand in hand
To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near!

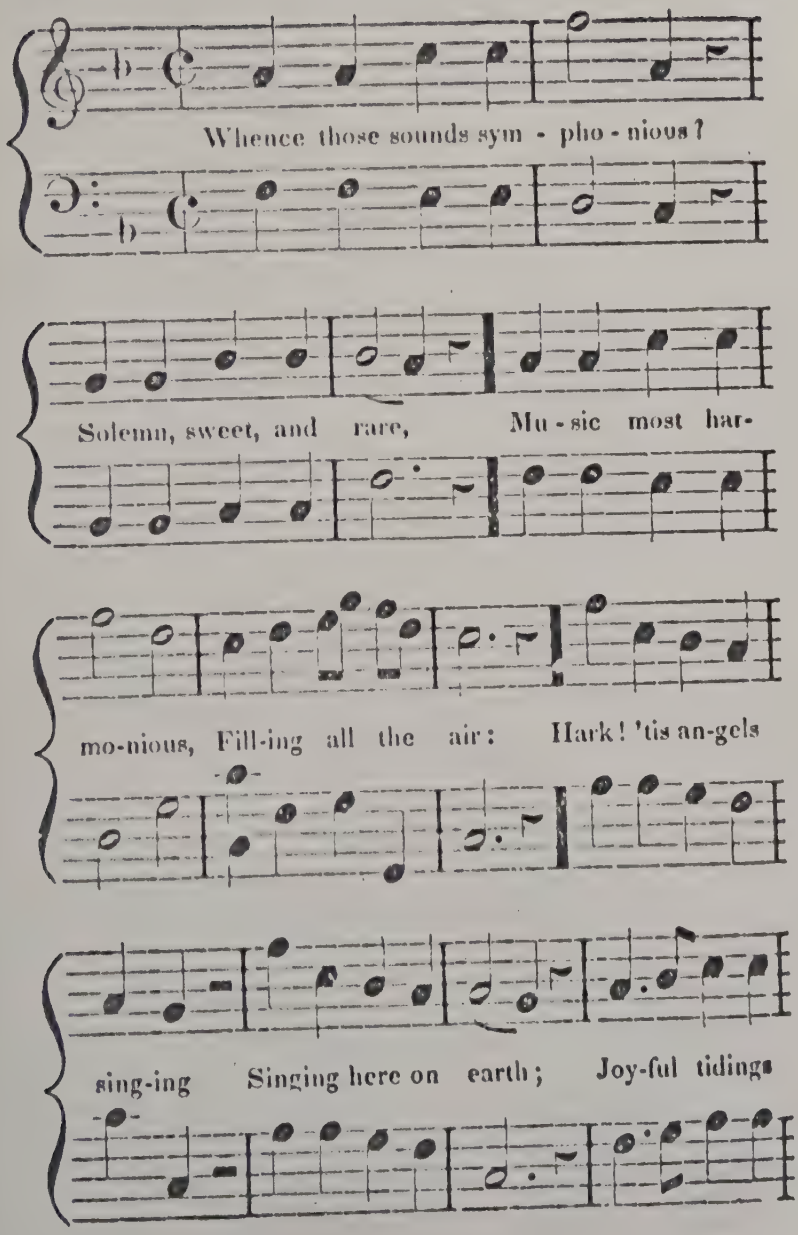
4 The rougher the way,
The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise,
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

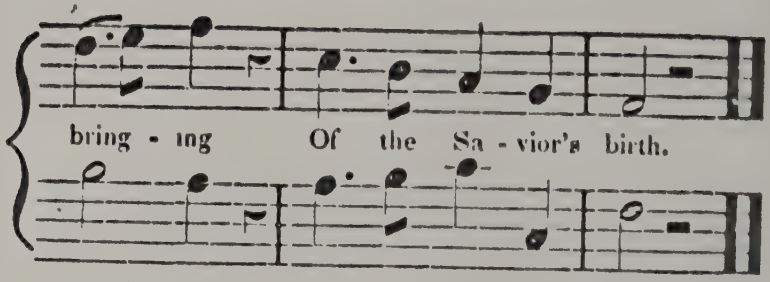
144. *The New Year.*

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life as a dream,
Our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone:
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here!

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say
"I have fought my way thro',
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do"'
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."


Whence those sounds sym - pho - nious?
Solemn, sweet, and rare, Mu - sic most har-
mo-nious, Fill-ing all the air: Hark! 'tis an-gels
sing-ing Singing here on earth; Joy-ful tidings



145. *Sounds Symphonious.*

1 WHENCE those sounds symphonious?
Solemn, sweet, and rare,
Music most harmonious,
Filling all the air:
Hark! 'tis angels singing,
Singing here on earth:
Joyful tidings bringing
Of the Savior's birth.

2 In that region yonder,
Where the angels sing,
Bursts of joy and wonder
Make the air to ring:
"Praise and adoration
Be to God above;
And to man, salvation,
Object of his love."

3 Now ye heavens, sing ye;
Earth, break forth and cry;
O ye mountains, ring ye
With the sound of joy;
For the Lord has done it:
His the victory,
His own arm has won it:
Israel shall be free.

146. *The Fall of Idols.*

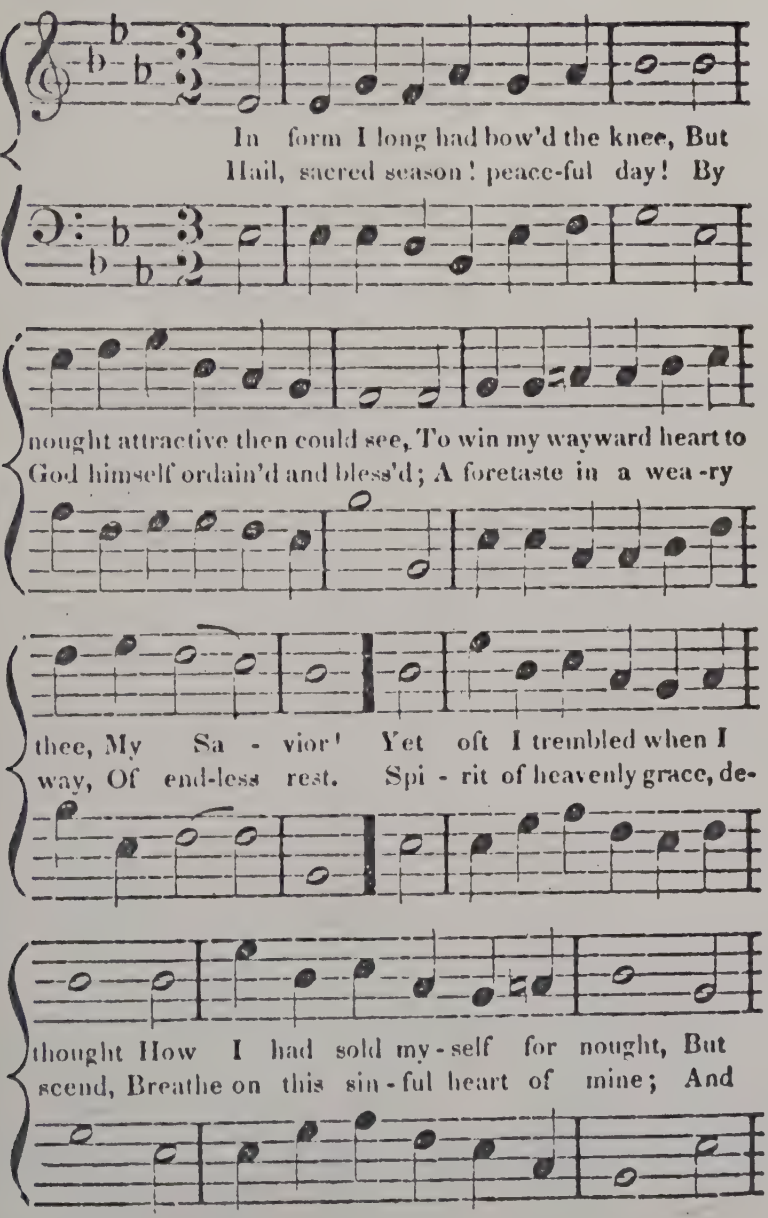
1 HARK! the sounds of gladness
From a distant shore;
Like relief from sadness,
Sadness, now no more:
'Tis the Lord has done it,
He has won the day,
His own arm has won it,
Joyful let us say.

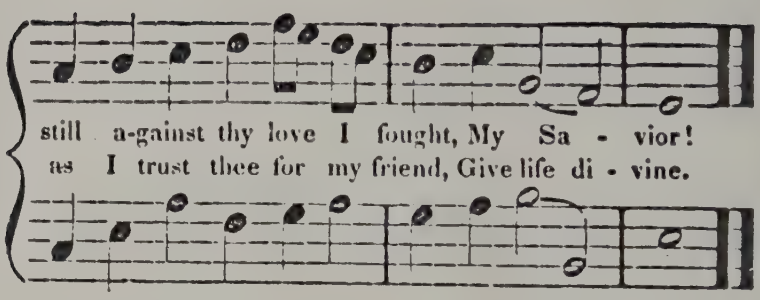
2 Idols lately bow'd to,
Lie by all abhorr'd;
And the people crowd to
Temples of the Lord:
What a change! how glorious!
Lord, thine arm is strong,
Thou hast proved victorious,
Though the fight was long.

3 Long the foe resisted,
Loth to yield his prey;
Every power enlisted,
And maintain'd the day:
But his arm is shatter'd,
And the slaves are free;
All his force is scatter'd;
Glory, Lord, to thee.

4 Hence those sounds of gladness
From a distant shore;
Then away with sadness,
And despond no more:
Ye who mourn with Zion,
And her welfare seek,
Think of Judah's lion,
Never faint nor weak.

5 When he wakes from slumber,
And puts on his might,
What is force or number
Match'd with him in fight?
When his foes assemble,
Hoping to prevail,
Soon the valiant tremble,
And the mighty fail.


In form I long had bow'd the knee, But
Hail, sacred season! peace-ful day! By
nought attractive then could see, To win my wayward heart to
God himself ordain'd and bless'd; A foretaste in a wea-ry
thee, My Sa - vior! Yet oft I trembled when I
way, Of end-less rest. Spi - rit of heavenly grace, de-
thought How I had sold my-self for nought, But
scend, Breathe on this sin-ful heart of mine; And



3 When self-accused I trembling stood,
I promised fair, as any could,
But never counted on thy blood,
My Savior!

4 Too soon the promise vain I proved
That sinners make, while sin is loved,
But still to thee, this heart ne'er moved, My Savior!

5 To pleasure prone, I thought it hard
From pleasure's path to be debarr'd,
Nor pleasure sought from thy regard, My Savior!

6 At length, despairing to be free,
A *willing* slave I meant to be;
'Twas then thou didst appear for me, My Savior!

7 Thou, whom I had so long withstood,
Thou didst redeem my soul with blood,
And thou hast brought me nigh to God, My Savior!

8 Through storms and waves of conflict past,
Thy potent arm has held me fast,
And thou wilt save me to the last,
My Savior!

9 And when I reach the happy shore,
I hope to rest, but not before,
And never to offend thee more,
My Savior!

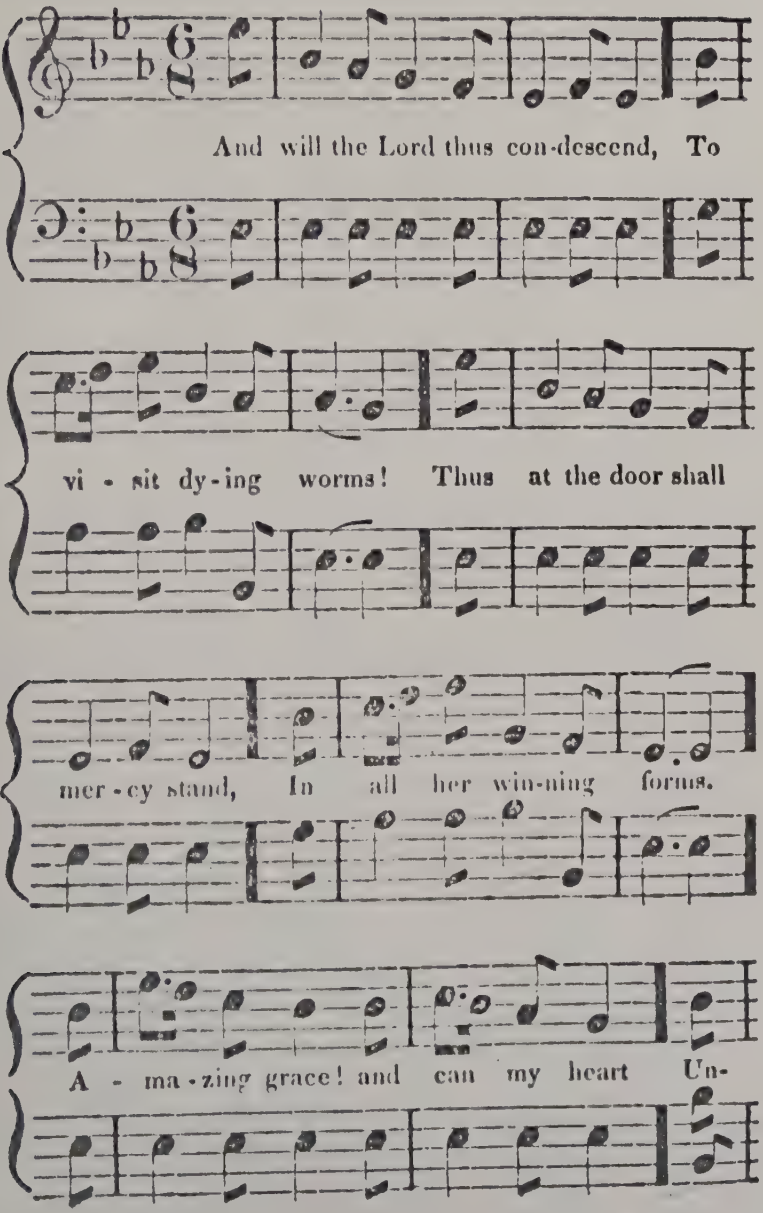
148. *The Sacred Season.*

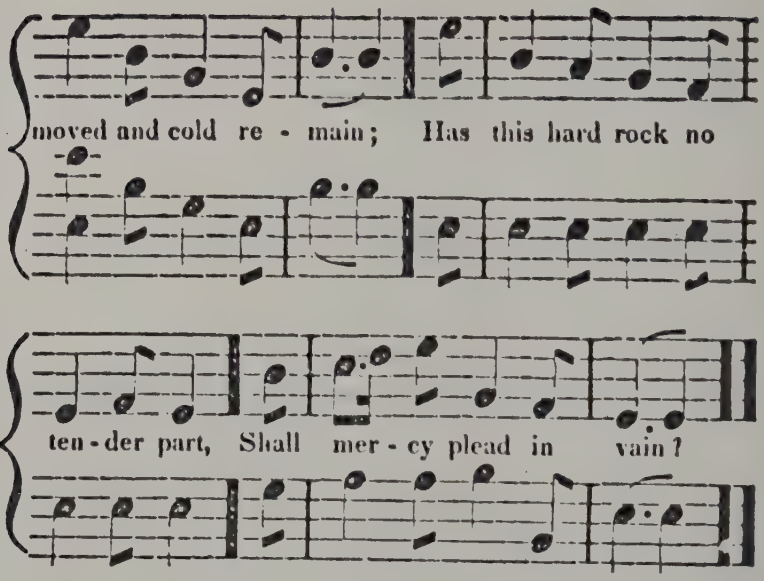
1 HAIL, sacred season! peaceful day!
By God himself ordain'd and bless'd;
A foretaste in a weary way,
Of endless rest.

2 Spirit of heavenly grace, descend,
Breathe on this sinful heart of mine;
And as I trust thee for my friend,
Give life divine.

3 Devoted day of calm repose,
Close of creation, sweetly bless'd,
A pause to labor,—balm of woes—
An hour of rest.

4 Great Spirit, who ordain'd and bless'd,
Shed on this heart its tranquil powers;
And teach my bosom how to rest
In sacred hours.


And will the Lord thus con-descend, To
vi - sit dy-ing worms! Thus at the door shall
mer - cy stand, In all her win-ning forms.
A - ma-zing grace! and can my heart Un-

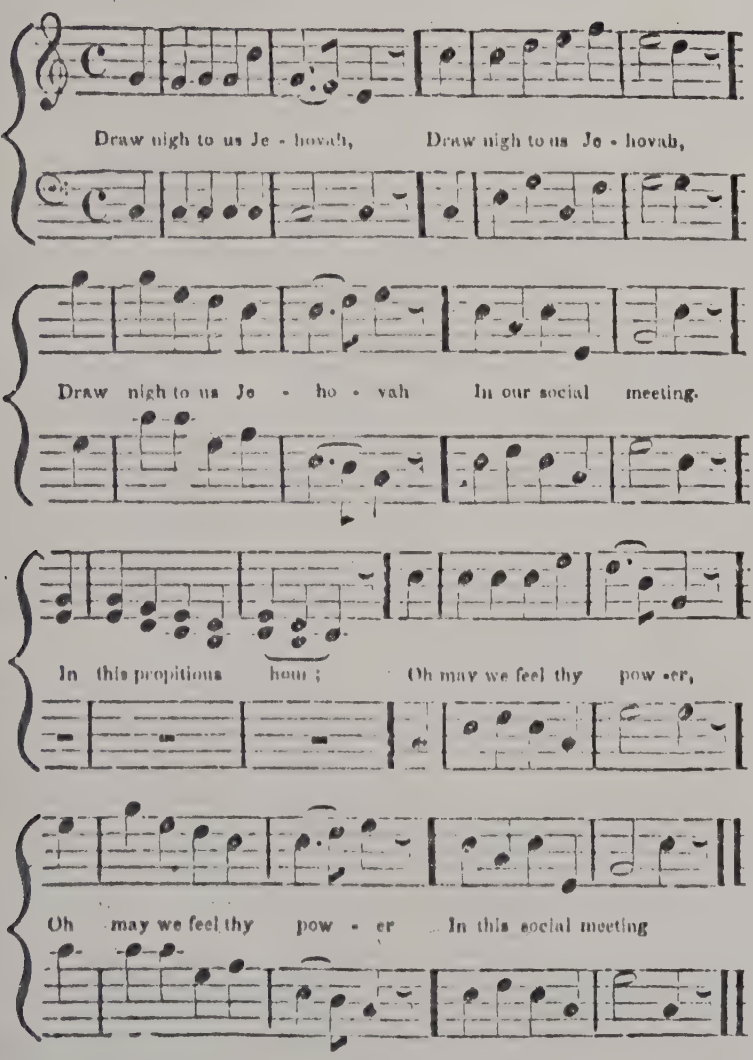


2 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His soothing voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd?
'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant power,
The lodging has possest;
And crowds of traitors bar the door,
Against the heavenly guest.

3 Lord, rise in thy all-conquering grace,
Thy mighty power display;
One beam of glory from thy face,
Can drive my foes away.
Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Savior, enter in
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

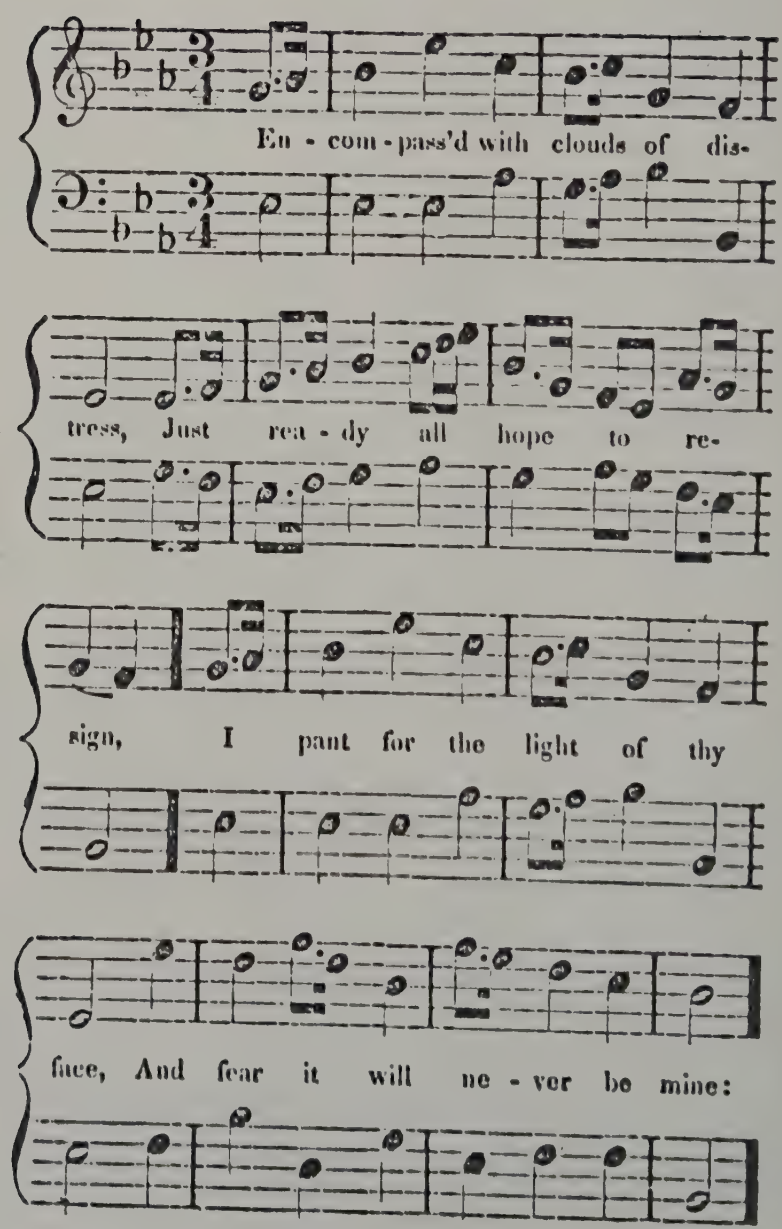
151. *Pleasures Unseen.*

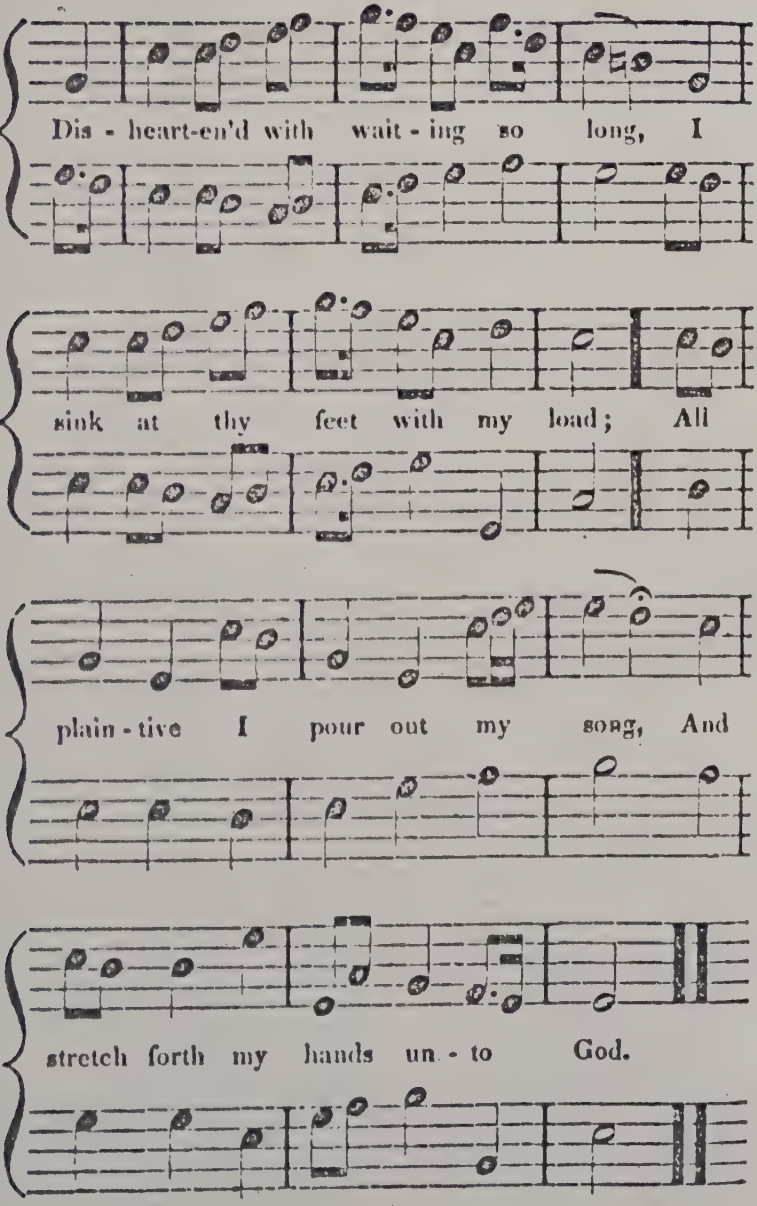
1 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

2 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.
Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies.

Draw nigh to us Je - hovah, Draw nigh to us Je - hovah,
Draw nigh to us Je - ho - vah In our social meeting.
In this propitious hour; Oh may we feel thy pow - er,
Oh may we feel thy pow - er In this social meeting

2. Draw nigh to us blest Jesus
In our social meeting;
Oh may we find thy favor,
Thou ever blessed Savior,
In this social meeting.

3. Draw nigh to us blest Spirit,
In our social meeting;
Convince and renovate us,
Anew in Christ create us,
In this social meeting.


En - com - pass'd with clouds of dis-
tress, Just rea - dy all hope to re-
sign, I pant for the light of thy
face, And fear it will ne - ver be mine:


Dis - heart-en'd with wait - ing so long, I
sink at thy feet with my load; All
plain - tive I pour out my song, And
stretch forth my hands un - to God.

152. *Faith fainting.*

1 Encompass'd with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it never will be mine:
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord! and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,—
The rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Savior! for sweet is thy voice,
Thy presence is fair to behold;
Attend to my sorrows and cries—
My groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests, with a roar,—
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah! tell me how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee!
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower:
Come, succor and gladden my heart,—
Let this be the day of thy power.

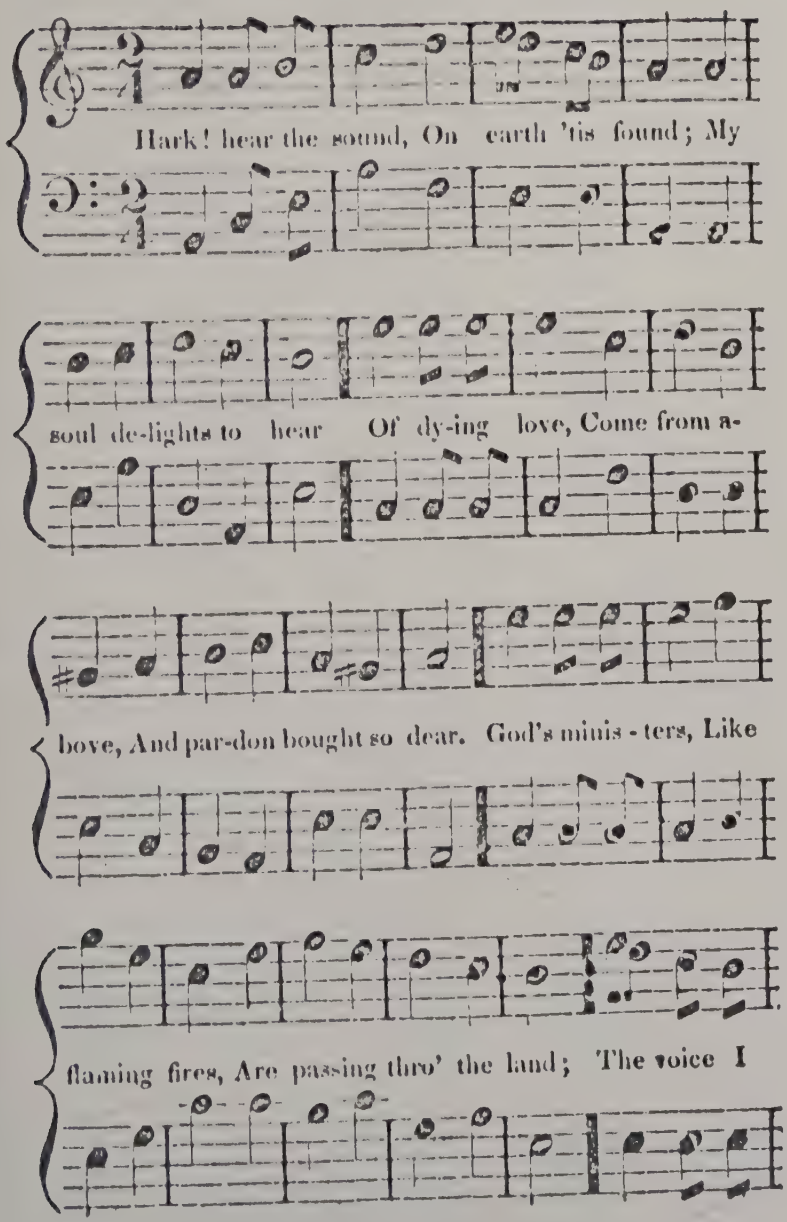
153. *Faith conquering.*

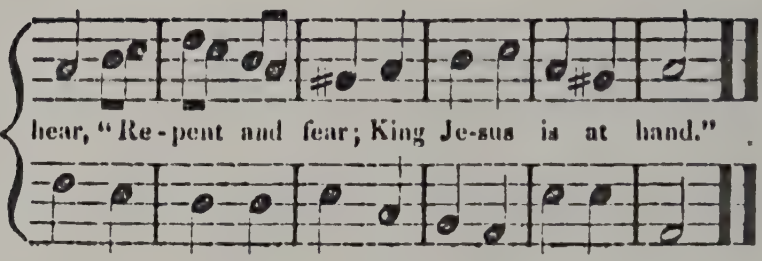
1 The moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,—
Redemption in full through his blood:
Though thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he through Christ can oppose,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2 The faith, that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such Salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name;
The work of God's Spirit it is;
A principle, active and young,
That lives under pressure and load;
That makes out of weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.

3 It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquishes death and despair;
And oh! let us wonder to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer;
Permits a vile worm of the dust,
With God to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end

4 It says to the mountains, 'Depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole;
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.


Hark! hear the sound, On earth 'tis found; My
soul de-lights to hear Of dy-ing love, Come from a-
bove, And par-don bought so dear. God's minis - ters, Like
flaming fires, Are passing thro' the land; The voice I



154. *A Revival.*

1 HARK! hear the sound,
On earth 'tis found;
My soul delights to hear
Of dying love,
Come from above,
And pardon bought so dear.

2 God's ministers,
Like flaming fires,
Are passing through the land;
The voice I hear,
"Repent and fear;
King Jesus is at hand."

3 God's people shine,
With grace divine,
They're sanctified by truth;
The saints, in prayer,
Cry, "Lord, draw near;
Have mercy on our youth."

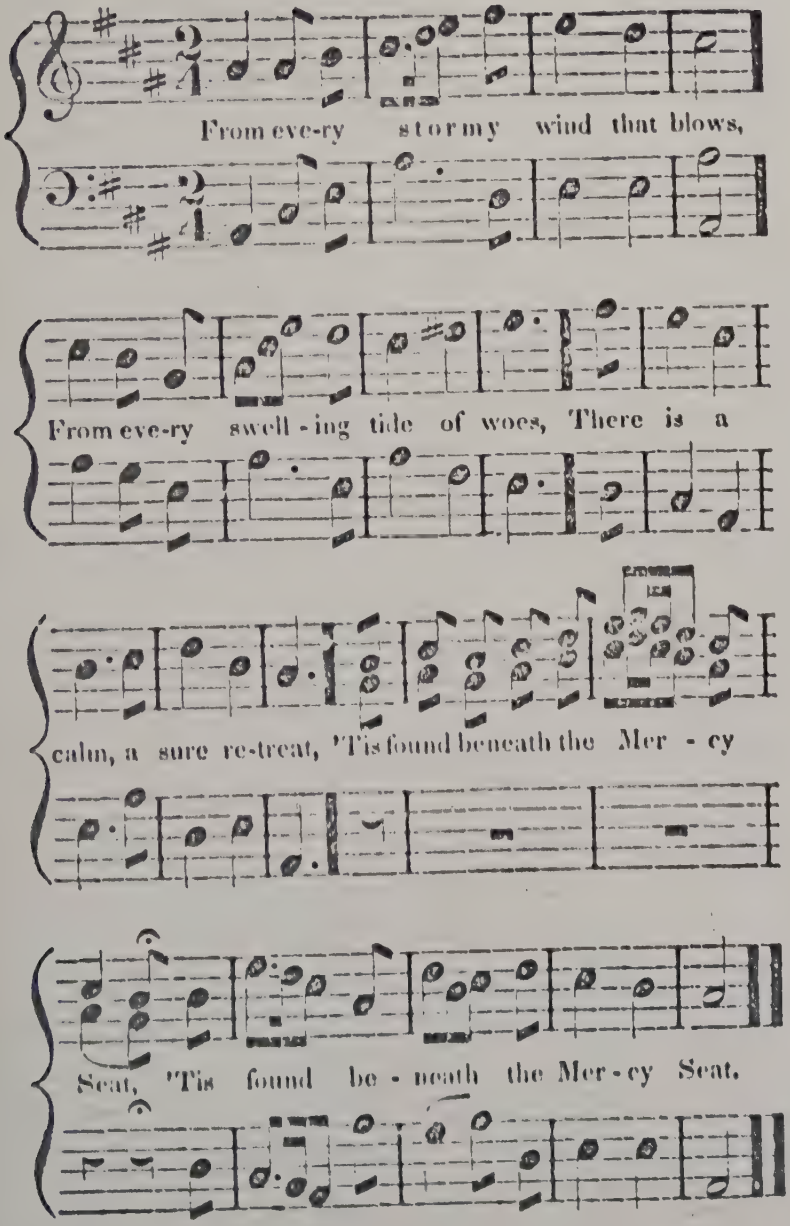
4 Convinced of sin,
Men now begin
To call upon the Lord;
Trembling they pray,
And mourn the day,
In which they scorn'd his word.

5 Young converts sing,
And praise their King,
And bless God's holy name;
While older saints,
True penitents,
Rejoice to join the theme.

6 God grant a shower
Of his great power,
On every burden'd heart;
Who earnestly
Do mourn and cry,
That they may have a part.

7 From this glad hour,
Exert thy power,
To melt each stubborn heart;
In those that bleed,
Let love succeed,
And holy joys impart.

8 Come, lovely youth,
Embrace the truth,
And pray with one accord;
Saints, raise your songs,
With joyful tongues,
To hail the approaching Lord.


From eve-ry stormy wind that blows,
From eve-ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a
calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found beneath the Mer-cy
Seat, 'Tis found be-neath the Mer-cy Seat.

155. *The Mercy Seat.*

BY THE REV. HUGH STOWELL.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood bought Mercy Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sunder'd far—by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.

5 There! *there*, on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

6 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
'This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy Seat.

156. *The River of God.*

1 There is a pure, and peaceful wave,
That rolls around the throne of love;
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The bright and heavenly shores above.

2 While streams which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away;
And on this desert world descend,
Over our barren land to stray.

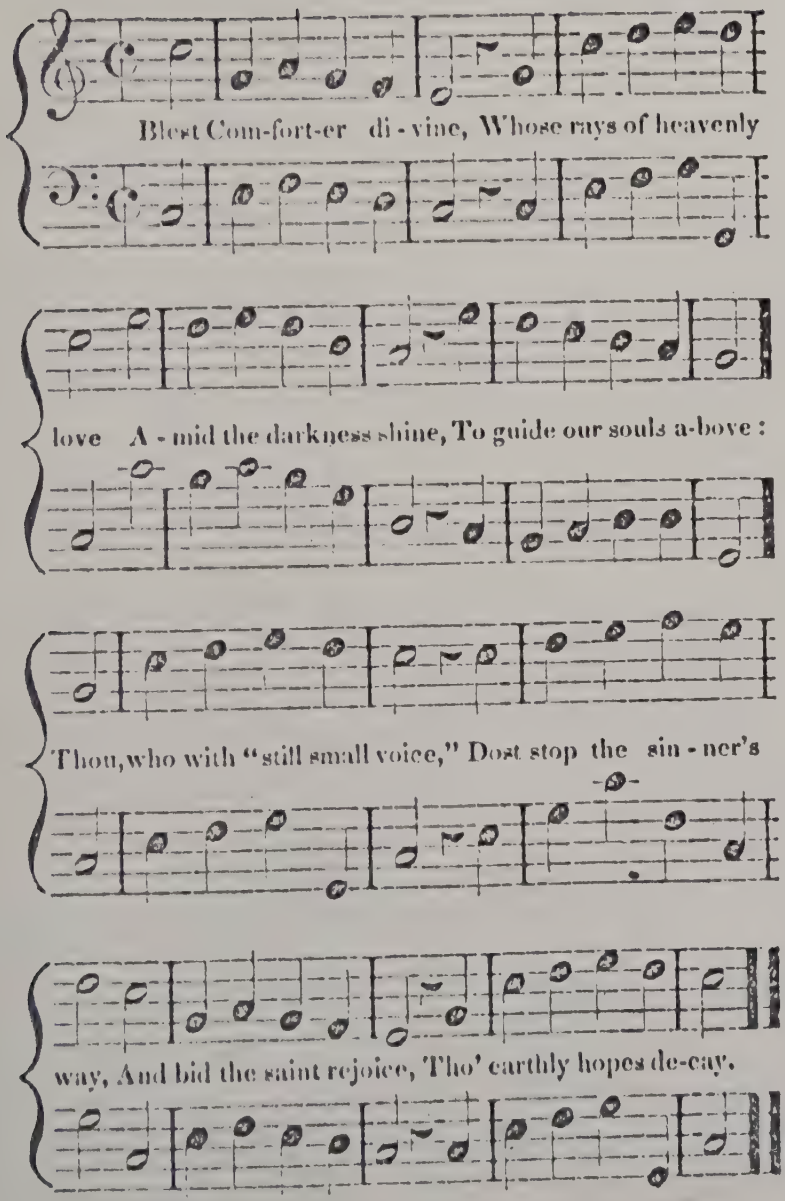
3 The pilgrim faint, and near to sink,
Beneath his load of earthly wo,
Refresh'd beneath its verdant brink,
Rejoices in its gentle flow.

4 There, O my soul, do thou repose,
And hover o'er the hallow'd spring;
To drink the crystal wave; and there,
To lave thy wounded, weary wing.

5 It may be, that the waft of love
Some leaves on that pure tide hath driven;
Which passing from the shores above,
Have floated down to us from heaven.

6 So shall thy wants and woes be heal'd,
By the blest influence they bring;
So thy parch'd lips shall be unseal'd,
Thy Savior's worthy name to sing.

From the Moravian Tune Book.


Blest Com-fort-er di - vine, Whose rays of heavenly
love A - mid the darkness shine, To guide our souls a-bove:
Thou, who with "still small voice," Dost stop the sin - ner's
way, And bid the saint rejoice, Tho' earthly hopes de-cay.

157. *To the Holy Spirit.*

Written for the Lyre.

1 Blest Comforter divine,
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid the darkness shine,
To guide our souls above:
Thou, who with "still small voice,"
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the saint rejoice,
Though earthly hopes decay.

2 Thou, whose inspiring breath,
Can make the cloud of care,
And even the vale of death,
A smile of glory wear:
Oh! deign to fill our heart
With love to all our race;
And to our prayers impart
The blessings of thy grace

H.

158. *Our Great High Priest.*

A Moravian Hymn.

Go up, with shouts of praise!
Go up, High Priest, to heaven!
Who hast the ransom'd race
Upon thy heart engraven:
Though seated on thy throne,
Thou deign'st to hear our prayer;
Nor art ashamed to own,
That we thy brethren are.

159. *Bought with Blood.*

Moravian.

1 We, sinners, void of good,
Defiled by sin, and stain'd,
Yet bought with Jesus' blood,
Who our salvation gain'd,
As helpless, vile and poor,
Appear before his face,
And humbly him adore,
For our blest lot of grace.

2 When we thy mercy weigh,
By nails and scourges torn,
Our debt immense to pay,—
With tears we bow and mourn:
Thy pain, thy stripes and wounds,
Thy death, thou slaughter'd Lamb,
Whence all our bliss redounds,
Our grateful praises claim.

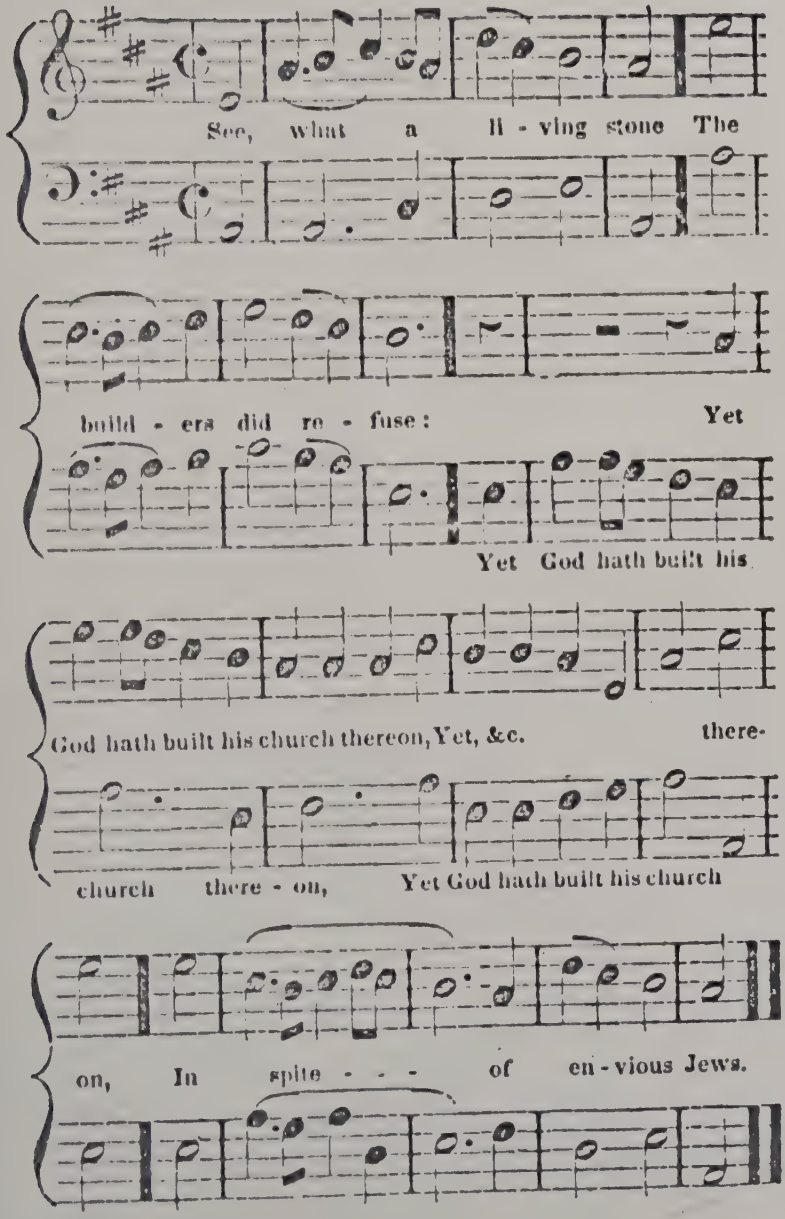
3 Eternal thanks be thine,
Author of all our joys!
Thou didst our hearts incline
To hear thy gracious voice:
We are thy property;
O may we thine abide;
This is our only plea,
That thou for us hast died.

160. *Trusting in Grace.*

1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and care,
Who earth and heaven commands;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thine eye,
So shall thy work be done:
No profit canst thou gain,
By self consuming care;
To him commend thy cause,
He hears the softest prayer.

3 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all our wants, and knows
What best for each will prove;
And whatso'er thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings!
Whate'er thy wisdom choose,
Thy power to being brings.


See, what a li - ving stone The
build - ers did re - fuse: Yet
Yet God hath built his
God hath built his church thereon, Yet, &c.
there-
church there - on, Yet God hath built his church
on, In spite - - - of en - vious Jews.

161. *Salvation by Christ.*

1 See, what a living Stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The Scribe and angry Priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine;
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made:
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints; He comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

162. *Self Denial.*

1 Destruction's dangerous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers find the way
Through Christ, the living gate;
But those who hate this holy way
Complain it is too strait.

3 If self must be denied,
And sin no more caress'd,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it best.

4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They say, so many can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.

5 But hear the Savior's word,—
"Strive for the heavenly gate,
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their cries too late."

6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ is always small,
And none are safe but they.

7 Lord, open sinner's eyes,
Their awful state to see;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

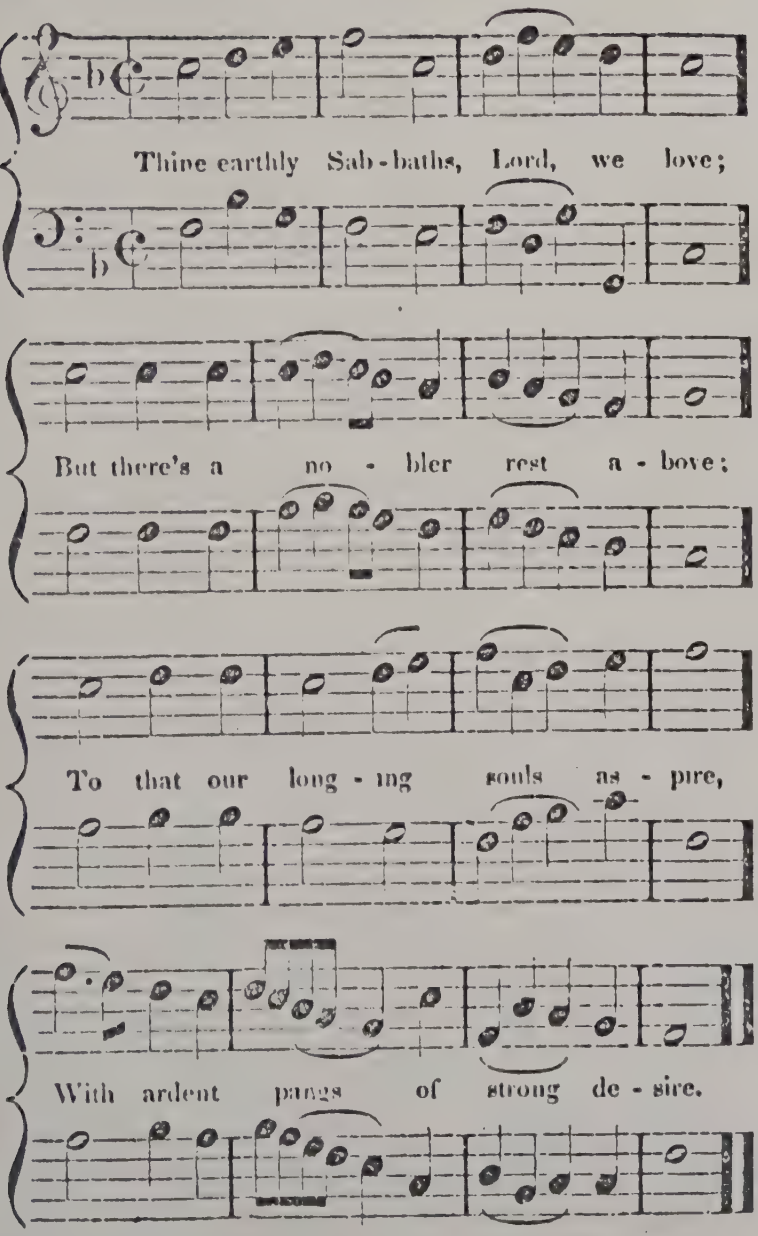
163. *A Thankful Song.*

1 Prepare a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name;
Let his high praise employ our tongue,
And every heart inflame.

2 He laid his glory by,
And bitter pains endured;
That rebels such as you and I,
From wrath might be secured.

3 The Holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn souls to move:
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

4 Assured that Christ our King
Will put our foes to flight;
We on the field of battle sing,
And triumph while we fight.


Thine earthly Sab - baths, Lord, we love;
But there's a no - bler rest a - bove;
To that our long - ing souls as - pire,
With ardent pangs of strong de - sire.

164. *The Eternal Sabbath.*

1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
Obscures the lustre of thy throne.

4 Around thy throne, grant we may meet,
And give us but the lowest seat;
We'll shout thy praise, and join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

165. *Thy Kingdom Come.*

1 Ascend thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thy own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known, the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat;
Let humble mourners seek thy face;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name;
Be thou thro' heaven and earth adored.

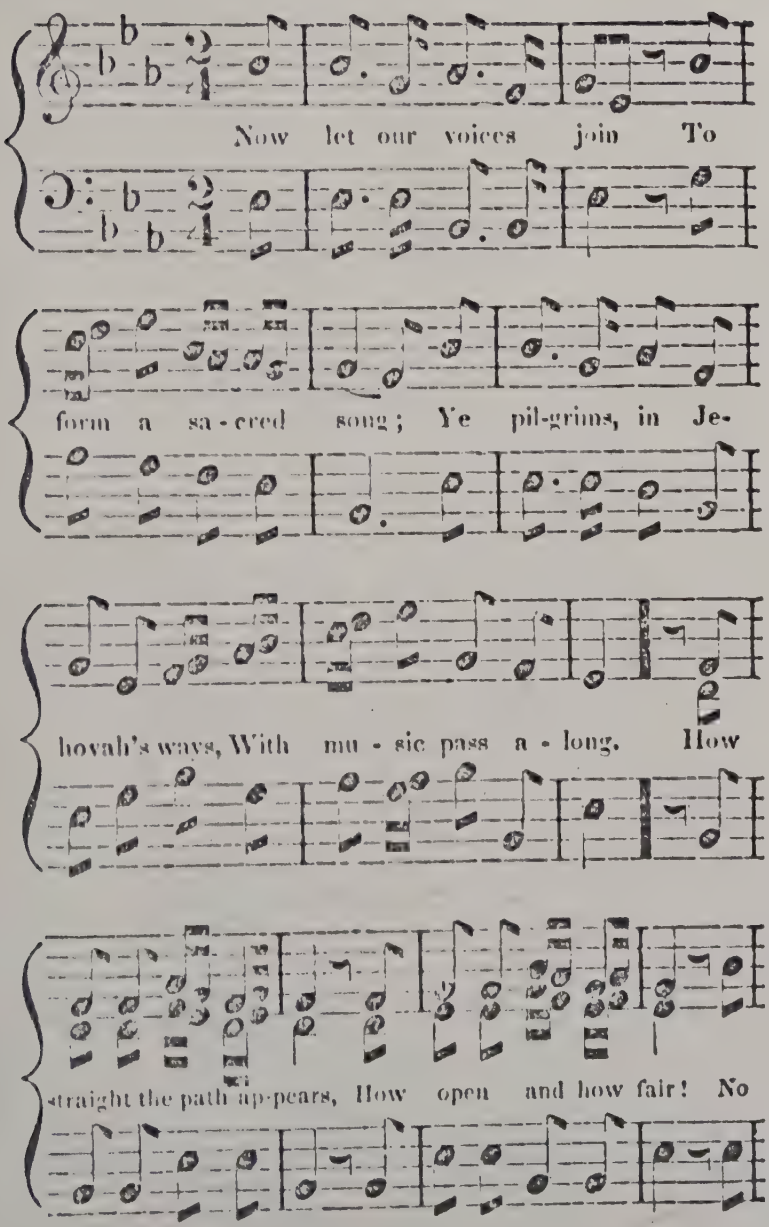
166. *The Departing Moment.*

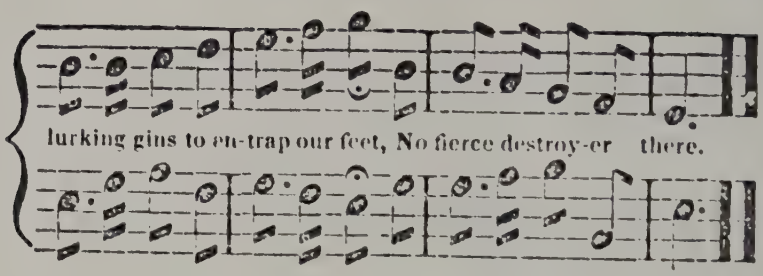
1 Absent from flesh! O blissful thought!
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischief sin hath wrought,
From pains and tears and all their springs.

2 Absent from flesh! illustrious day!
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke!
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

3 Absent from flesh! then rise, my soul!
Where feet or wings could never climb,
Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4 I go where God and glory shine:
His presence makes eternal day:
My all that's mortal I resign,
For Jesus waits and points the way.


Now let our voices join To
form a sa-cred song; Ye pil-grims, in Je-
hovah's ways, With mu-sic pass a-long. How
straight the path ap-pears, How open and how fair! No



167. *Rejoicing in God.*

1 Now let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins to entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle thro' the skies.

5 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way!
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day!

168. *Autumn.*

1 SWEET sabbath of the year!
While evening lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away!

2 Amid thy silent bowers,
'Tis sad, but sweet to dwell;
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers
Around me breathe—Farewell.

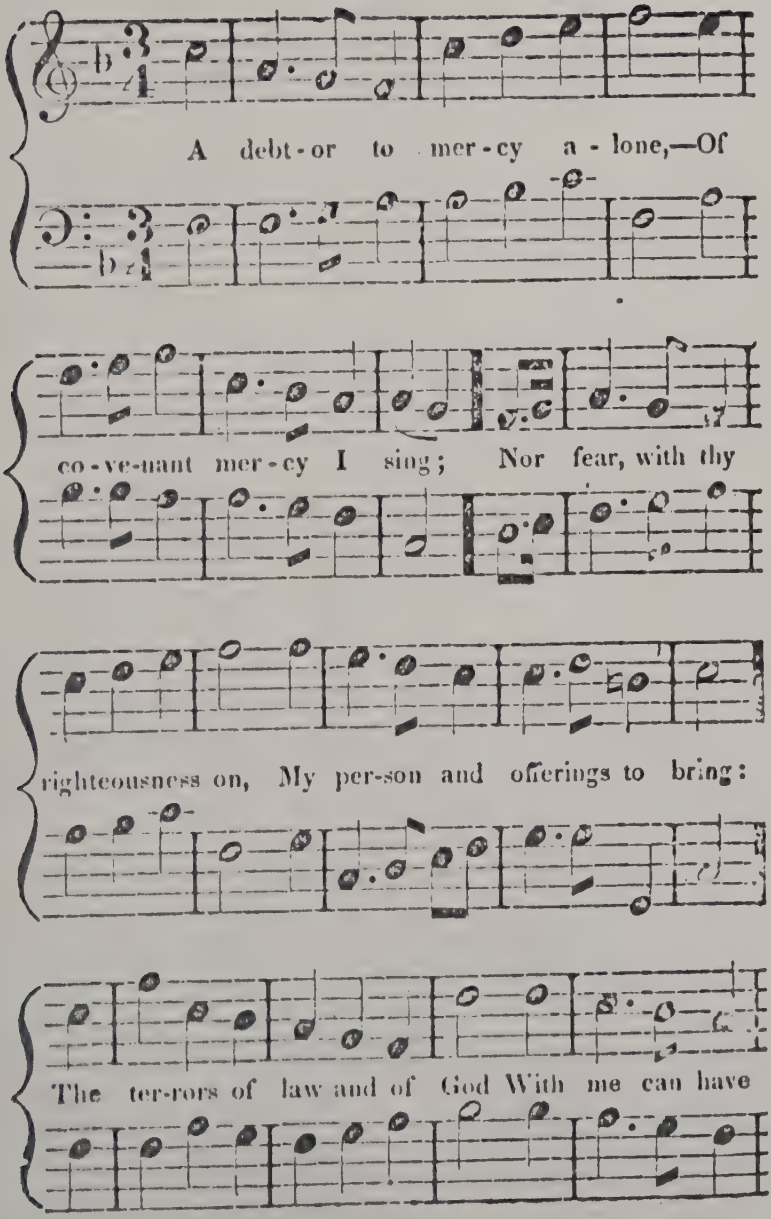
3 Along thy sunset skies,
Their glories melt in shade;
And like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.

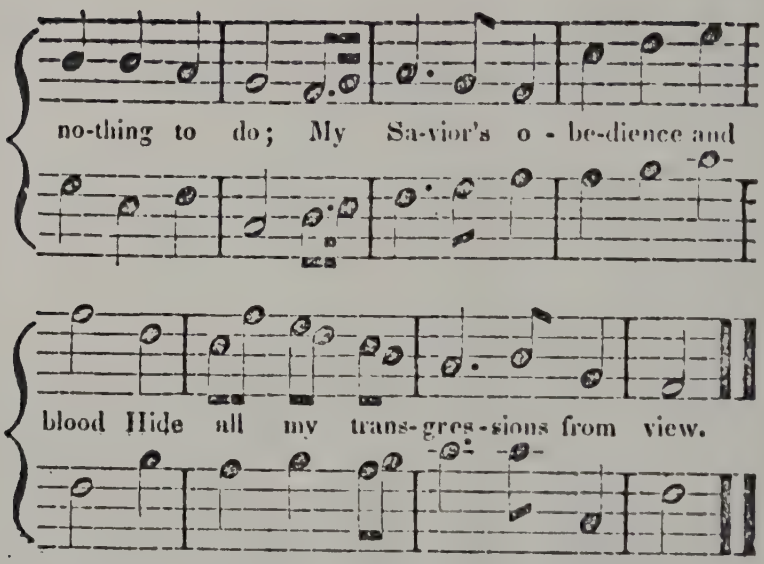
4 A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves disclose;
As on consumption's waning cheek,
Mid ruin, blooms the rose.

5 Thy scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay;
Of fair and early-faded things,
Too exquisite to stay.

6 Of joys that come no more;
Of flowers whose bloom is fled;
Of farewells wept upon the shore;
Of friends estranged or dead;

7 Of all that now may seem
To memory's tearful eye,
The vanish'd beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh.


A debt-or to mer-cy a-lone,—Of
co-ve-nant mer-cy I sing; Nor fear, with thy
righteousness on, My per-son and offerings to bring:
The ter-rors of law and of God With me can have



169. *Faith Triumphing.*

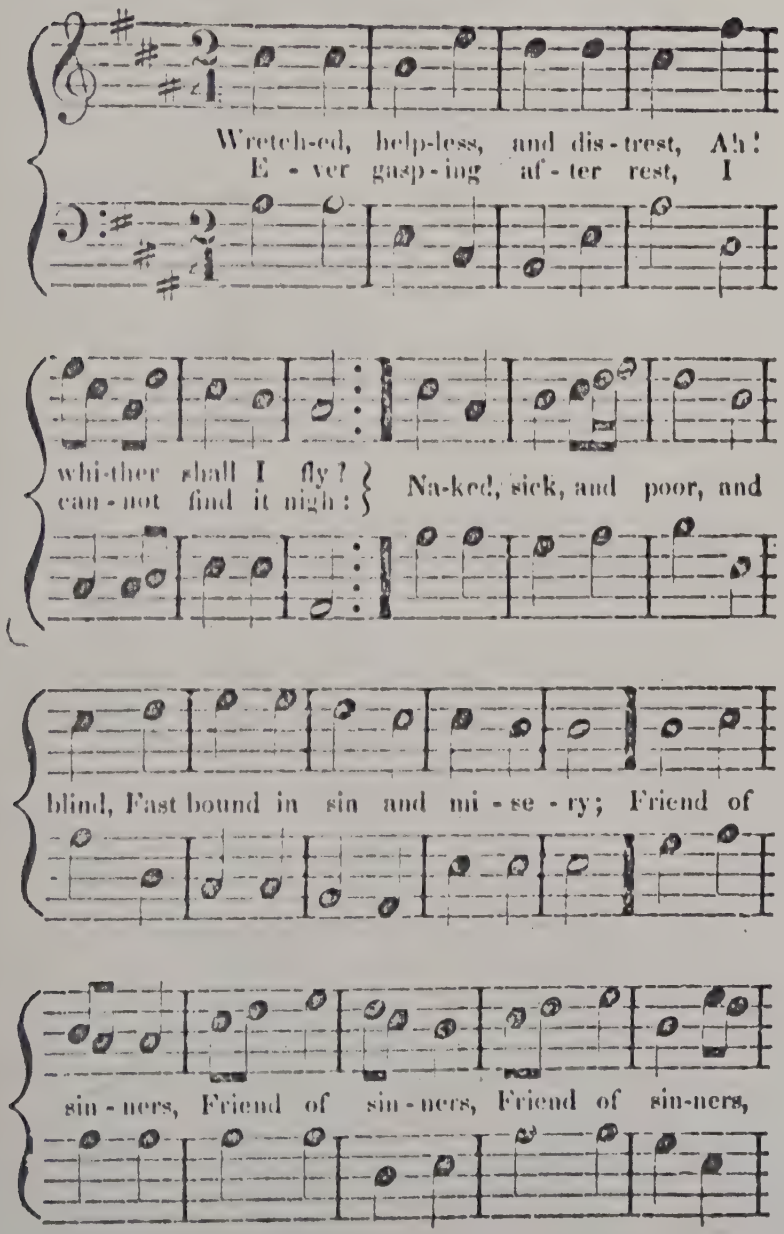
1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,—
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Savior's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

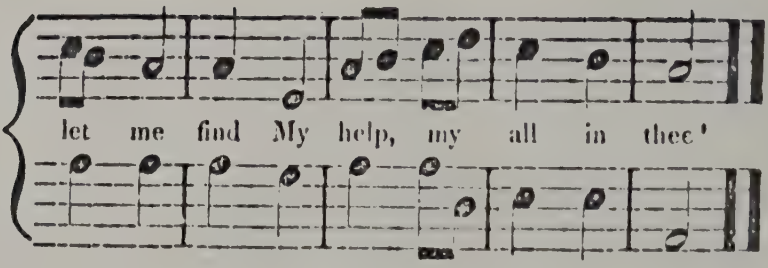
2 The wo k which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete:
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,—
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes! I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given:
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

170. *Worship.*

THIS *God* is the *God* we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis *Jesus*, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.


Wretch-ed, help-less, and dis-trest, Ah!
E - ver gasp-ing af-ter rest, I
whi-ther shall I fly?
can-not find it nigh:
Na-ked, sick, and poor, and
blind, Fast bound in sin and mi-se-ry; Friend of
sin-ners, Friend of sin-ners, Friend of sin-ners,



171. *Longing for Rest.*

1 WRETCHED, helpless, and distrest,
Ah! whither shall I fly?
Ever gasping after rest,
I cannot find it nigh:
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Fast bound in sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all in thee!

2 I am all unclean, unclean,
Thy purity I want;
My whole heart is sick of sin,
And my whole head is faint:
Full of putrefying sores,
Of bruises and of wounds, my soul
Looks to Jesus, help implores,
And gasps to be made whole.

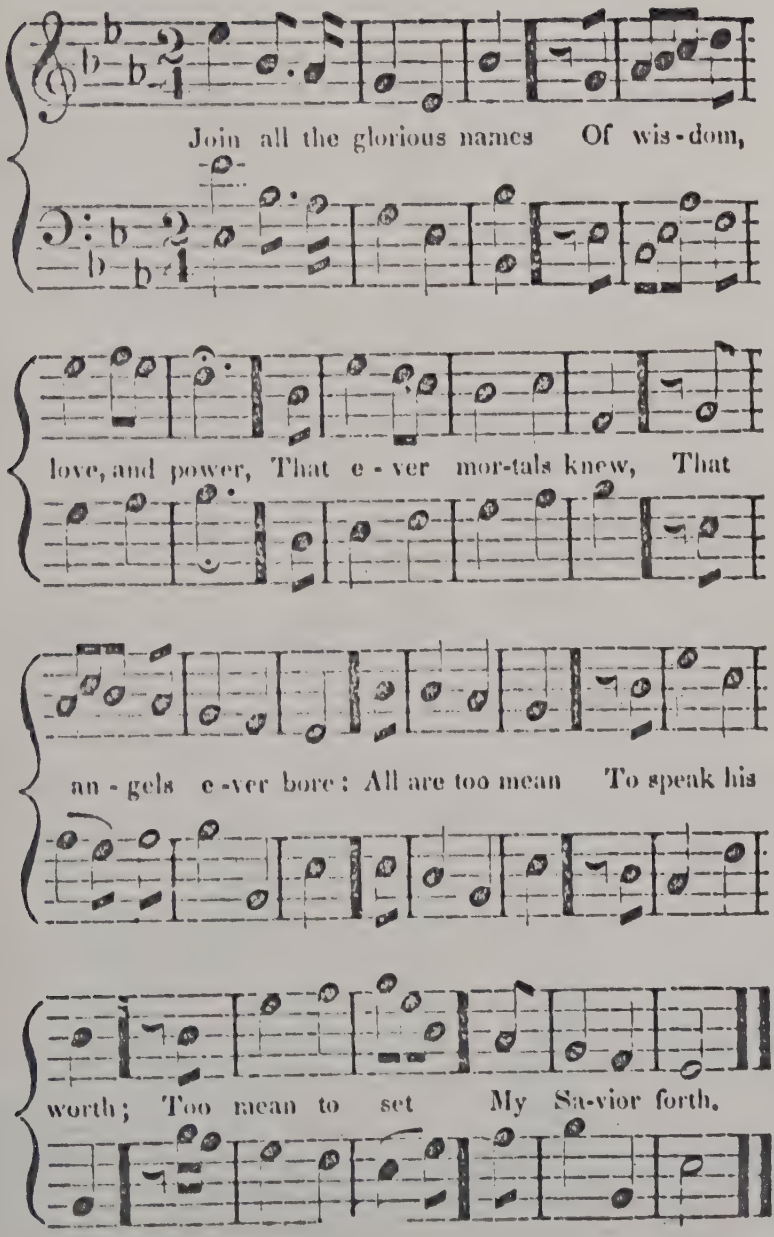
3 In the wilderness I stray,
My foolish heart is blind:
Nothing do I know; the way
Of peace I cannot find:
Jesus, Lord, restore my sight,
And take, O take the veil away,
Turn my darkness into light;
My midnight into day.

4 Naked of thine image, Lord,
Forsaken, and alone:
Unrenew'd and unrestored,
I have not thee put on:
Over me thy mantle spread,
Seal down thy likeness from above;
Let thy goodness be display'd,
And wrap me in thy love!

5 Poor, alas! thou know'st I am,
And would be poorer still:
See my wretchedness and shame,
And all my vileness feel.
No good thing in me resides,
My soul is all an aching void,
Till thy Spirit here abides,
And I am fill'd with God.

6 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want;
Be the wanderer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint:
Make me rich, for I am poor;
In thee may I my Eden find;
To the dying, health restore,
And eye-sight to the blind.

7 Clothe me with thy holiness,
Thy meek humility;
Put on me thy glorious dress,
Endue my soul with thee:
Let thine image be restored,
Thy Name and Nature let me prove;
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.


Join all the glorious names Of wis-dom,
love, and power, That e-ver mor-tals knew, That
an-gels e-ver bore: All are too mean To speak his
worth; Too mean to set My Sa-vior forth.

2 But oh, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Does our *Redeemer* use,
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes, with joy
And wonder, see
What forms of love
He bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an *Angel* stands;
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

4 Great *Prophet* of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news
Of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued,
And peace with heaven.

5 Be thou my *Counsellor*,
My *Pattern* and my *Guide*,
And, through this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side:
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way!

6 I love my *Shepherd's* voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul, among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names;
His bosom bears
The tender lambs

7 To this dear *Surety's* hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul
At freedom set,
My *Surety* paid
The dreadful debt.

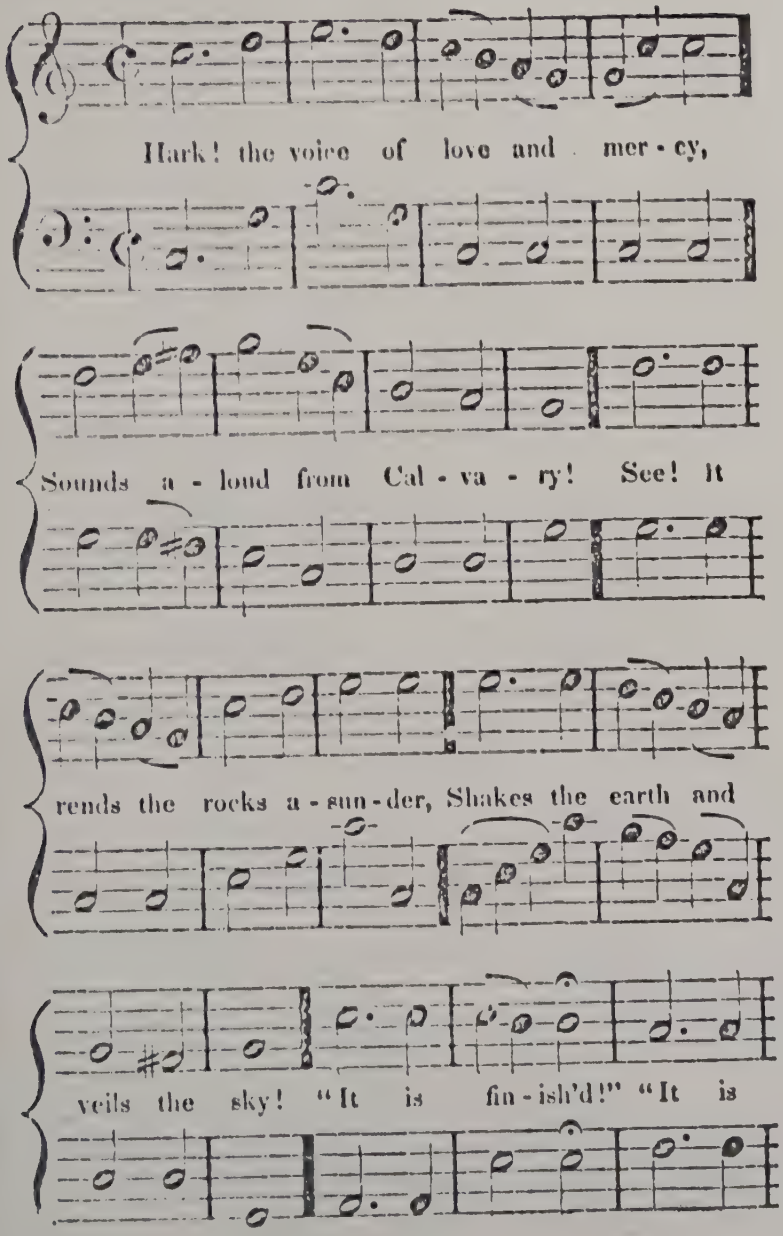
8 *Jesus*, my great *High Priest*,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the throne.

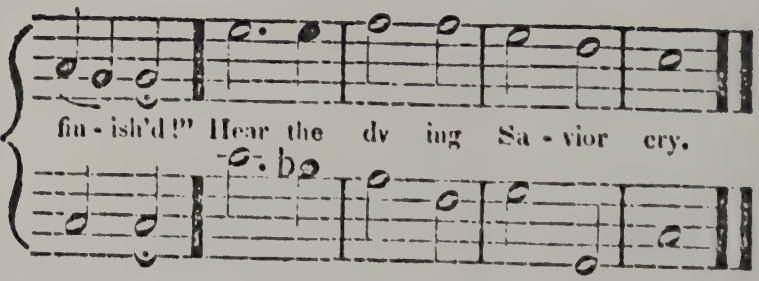
9 My *Advocate* appears
For my defence, on high;
The Father hears his cries,
And lays his thunder by:
Not all that hell
Or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart,
His love, away.

10 My dear, Almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqueror* and my *King*
Thy sceptre and thy sword,—
Thy reigning grace, I sing
Thine is the power;
Behold I sit,
In willing bonds,
Beneath thy feet.

11 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down;
My *Captain* leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint
Shall win the day,
Though death and hell
Obstruct the way.

12 Should all the hosts of death
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe—
For *Christ* displays
Superior power,
And guardian grace.


Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy,
Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry! See! it
rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth and
veils the sky! "It is fin - ish'd!" "It is



173. *Finished Redemption.*

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"—
Hear the dying Savior cry!

2 "It is finish'd!"—O what pleasure
Do those charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finish'd!"—
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finish'd!"—
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul reviving food;
Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant
As the Savior's flesh and blood:
"It is finish'd!"—
Christ has borne the heavy load.

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb

174. *The Judgment.*

1 See the eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne;
Now, poor sinner, Christ shall show thee
He is the eternal Son
Trumpets call thee!
Come, to hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the sinner thus lamenting,
At the thoughts of future pain;
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he cries and weeps in vain:
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

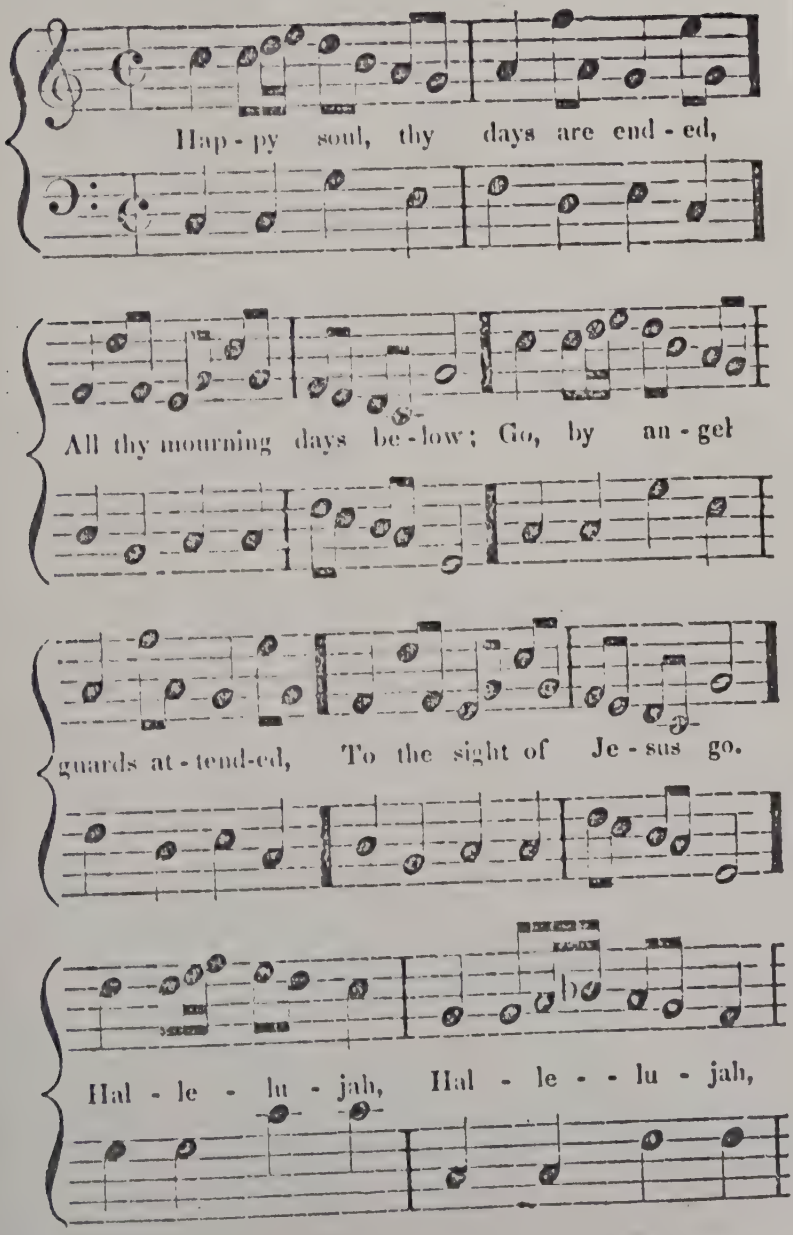
3 "Yonder stands the glorious Savior,
With the marks of dying love;
O! that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move!
Doomed justly,
For I have against him strove.

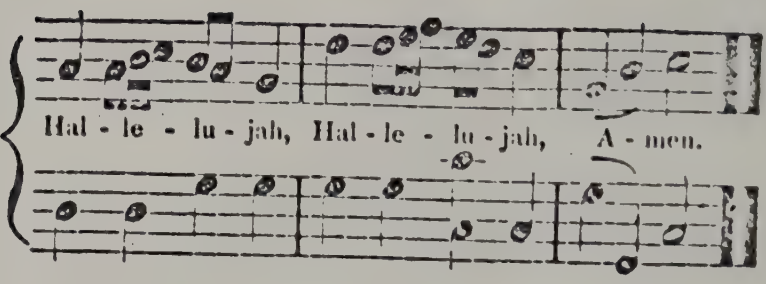
4 "All his warnings I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul;
If some vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke the whole:
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll!

5 "Yonder stand my godly neighbors,
Who were once despised by me;
They are clad in dazzling splendor,
Waiting my sad fate to see—
Farewell, neighbors:
Dismal gulf! I'm bound for thee!

6 "Spirits, hail! who dwell in darkness,
Groaning, wailing in your chains;
Christ has now denounced our sentence,
We must dwell in endless pains:
Awful judgment!
Hope will ne'er return again."

7 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part;
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, 'Depart!'
Lost, for ever!
How it quails the sinner's heart!


Hap - py soul, thy days are end - ed,
All thy mourning days be - low; Go, by an - gel
guards at - tend-ed, To the sight of Je - sus go.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - - lu - jah,



175. *Happy Soul.*

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.
Hallelujah, &c.

2 Wait ing to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Savior stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvat'on,
To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die to live a life of glory:
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

175. *Hosanna to Christ.*

1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou everlasting King!
Thou didst suffer to redeem us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

2 Hail, thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By thy merits we find favor:
Life is given through thy name.

3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made

4 All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood,
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

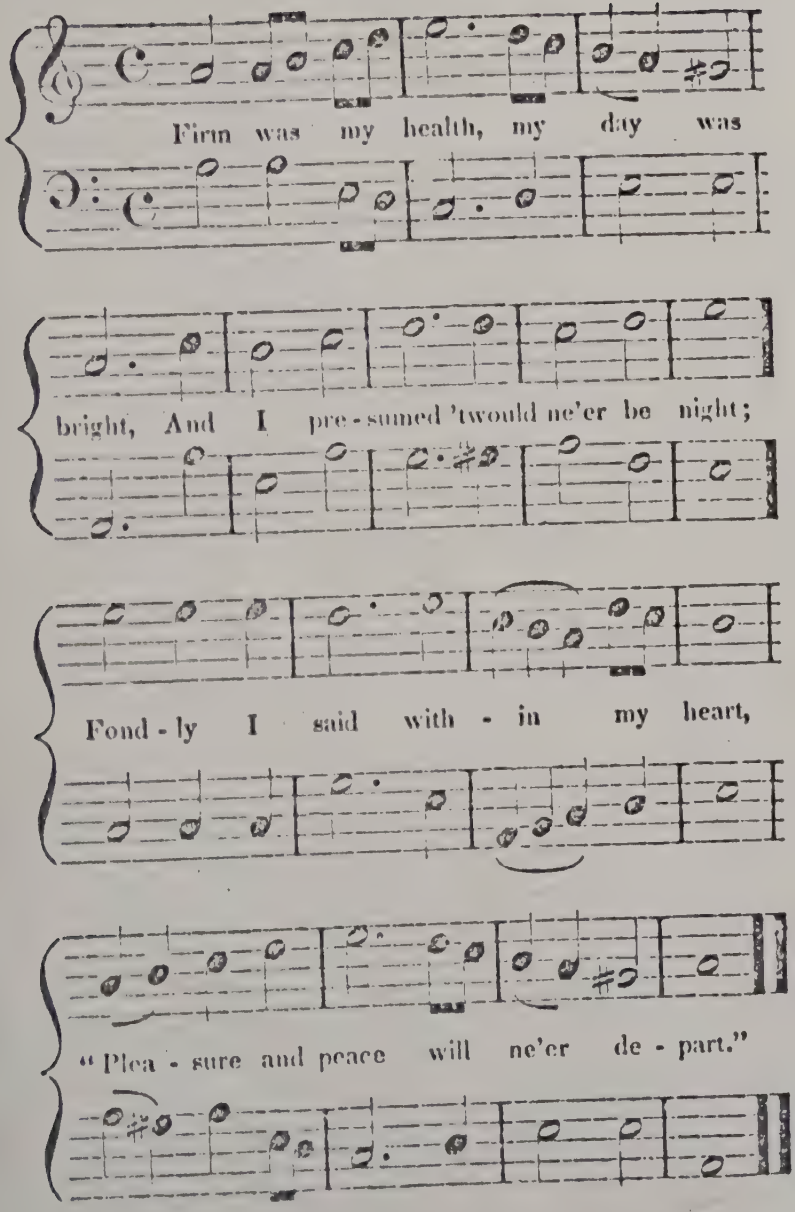
5 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:

6 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

7 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

8 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Savior's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

WOBURN. L. M.


Firm was my health, my day was
bright, And I pre - sumed 'twould ne'er be night;
Fond - ly I said with - in my heart,
"Plea - sure and peace will ne'er de - part."

177. *Sickness and Recovery.*

1 Firm was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er part."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust, can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be heedless of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and heaven,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

178. *View of the Cross.*

1 When I the blest Redeemer see,
All bleeding on the accursed tree;
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

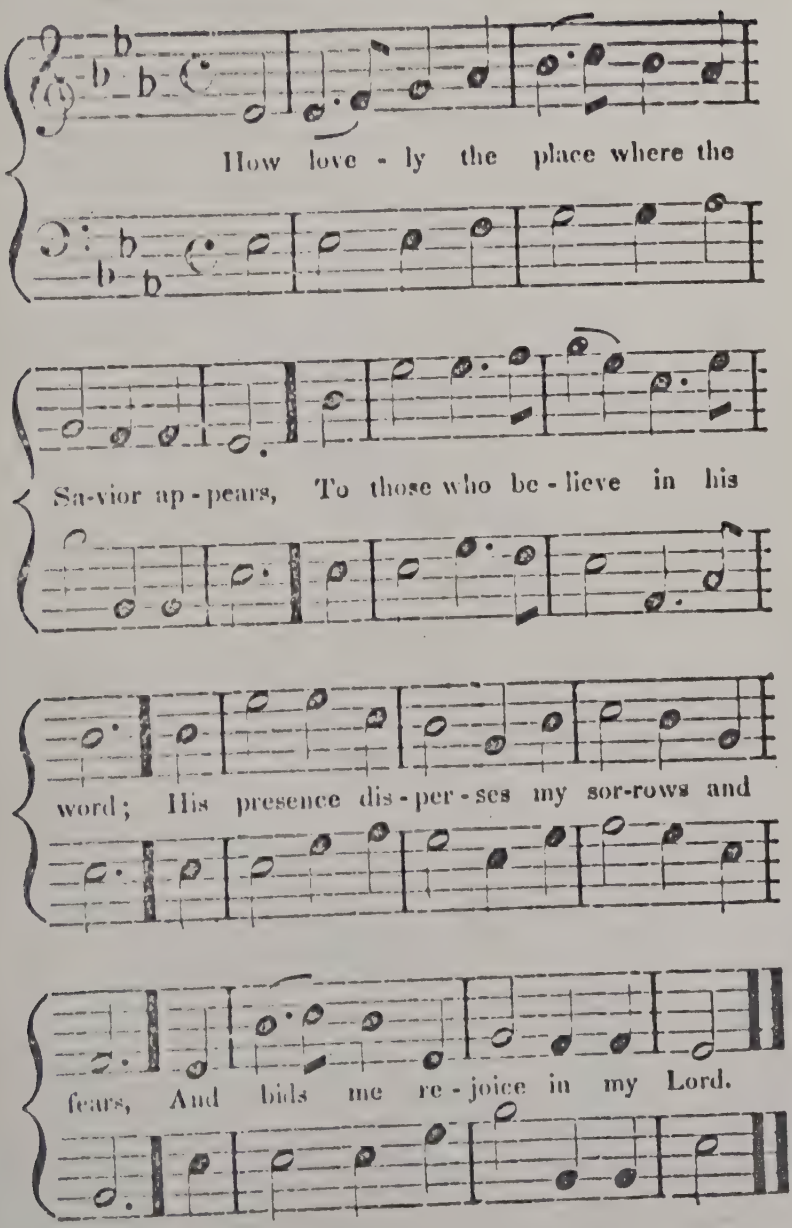
2 His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart,
In every groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see! he bows his head and dies!

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood!
Behold his side, and venture near,
The spring of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains:
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 Oh, that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for every wound,
Then I with love thy praise resound.


How love - ly the place where the
Sa-vior ap - pears, To those who be - lieve in his
word; His presence dis - per - ses my sor-rows and
fears, And bids me re - joice in my Lord.

179. *Social Worship.*

1 How lovely the place where the Savior appears,
To those who believe in his word;
His presence disperses my sorrows and fears,
And bids me rejoice in my Lord.

2 A day in his courts, than a thousand beside,
Is better and lovelier far—
My soul hates the tents where the wicked reside,
And all their delights I abhor.

3 Lord! give me a place with the humblest of saints,
For low at thy feet I would lie;
I know that thou hearest my feeble complaints;
Thou hearest the young raven's cry.

4 Give strength to the souls that now wait upon thee,
O! come, in thy chariot of love;
From earth's vain enchantments, O! help us to flee,
And to set our affections above.

180. *Contrition.*

1 O God of salvation, in mercy attend
The voice of contrition and wo;
While a suppliant knee at thy footstool we bend,
Thy pardon and favor bestow.

2 And may we, kind Father, still hope in thy grace?
And may we still seek thee in prayer?
With the heirs of thy love wilt thou give us a place,
And grant us thy presence to share?

3 Unworthy, unholy, and sinful we are;
Forgetful of mercies received;
From the paths of thy children we've wander'd afar,
And often thy spirit have grieved.

4 O grant us repentance for every misdeed,
And help us our ways to amend;
With the grace of thy Spirit supply us in need;
In every temptation defend.

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